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BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.—I.

BY LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

[Such an article as follows from the pen of Lord Curzon on the problems of British rule in India has the supreme merit, apart from its other qualities, of being the work of the greatest living authority on the subject. India fascinated Lord Curzon from his earliest youth; he visited it frequently long before he became its ruler and visited it, I need hardly say, not as a mere tourist, but as a statesman, a student and an administrator already familiar with the problems of Oriental government; and for seven years, from 1898 to 1905, he held the office of Viceroy and turned its powers and opportunities to masterful and resounding use. He has thus known the great dependency, as perhaps no other man has ever known it, both from the inside and the outside; he has been able to envisage it in relation to the foreign and Imperial interests of his country; and there is not a branch of Indian policy or a detail of Indian administration with which he has failed to familiarize himself or which has escaped the impress of his compelling personality.

It is odd to recall nowadays the start of astonishment and apprehension with which England twelve years ago heard the news of his appointment to the Viceroyalty of India. Disraeli hardly raised a greater commotion when he nominated Lord Lytton to the same high office. For some Lord Curzon was too young—a fantastic objection, first, because the most successful Viceroys of India have all been men of between forty and fifty; secondly, because Lord Curzon is precisely one of those men—Pitt was another and Mr. Winston Churchill is a third—who never have been and never could be really young. Others doubted the wisdom of sending out a man with just enough knowledge of the country, as they thought, to incline him to his own judgment and not

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enough to make that judgment really trustworthy. They feared lest Lord Curzon's naturally dogmatic and combative temperament would lead him to trust to his tourist impressions rather than to the advice of his official councillors. Still more, and these mainly members of the Liberal party, looking to the strong anti-Russian strain that runs through Lord Curzon's works on China and Persia, took his nomination as a sign that the designs of India's northern neighbor were to be checkmated by a new and vigorous policy which might end in serious embroilment. Remembering, too, Lord Curzon's staunchness as a party man, they saw little chance of his abandoning the Forward Policy which the Conservatives had apparently made their own. Others again somewhat dreaded the impact of his personality upon the Indian bureaucracy. The House of Commons, and indeed the whole country, was only just beginning, in 1898, to understand Lord Curzon and to pierce through his little mannerisms to the real man behind them. It admired him, but it rather laughed at him. He showed, perhaps, too openly a cold contempt for the stupidity of his fellow mortals who made up the bulk of his fellow members. He had chosen a public career for himself at an early age and fitted himself for it with an industry that might be called a passion, reading Blue Books while other men read novels, and burrowing in statistics while his frivolous contemporaries shot pheasants. Omniscience and the Oxford manner, it was complained, hung heavily upon him; and what Mr. Labouchere used to call "the sport of taking Curzon down a peg" became a regular Radical pastime. But it was a pastime not without its dangers. Few men came out of an encounter with Lord Curzon feeling that they had had the best of it. The average M.P. stood no chance whatever against his gorgeous rhetoric, his mastery of the grand manner and the annoying fact that he not only pronounced all the foreign places correctly, but had been to them, written of them, and "ought to know."

It was precisely this quality of overwhelmingness that those who knew the Indian bureaucracy best predicted would be Lord Curzon's chief stumbling-block. The society and officialdom of Simla and Calcutta, naturally enough, prefer a "manageable" Viceroy without much force of character or initiative, one who will contentedly remain a gold-gilt dummy and figurehead, who will put himself frankly in the hands of his Council, who will preside but abstain from governing and who will receive his policies and his information at third or fourth hand. Lord Curzon never had any intention of being a Viceroy of that stamp. He landed in India with a policy; he proceeded at once to unfold it; and up to the very moment of his resignation he was remorselessly absorbed in carrying it out. Perhaps that was why few Viceroys have ever been so abundantly criticised or have aroused, both personally and politically, such heated disagreement. The strength of his self-assurance, his merciless insistence on efficiency, the vast sweep of his reforms, the trenchancy of his dialectics and his unshakable resolve to deal fairly all round—all these characteristics stirred up against him, singly or together, a vast array of antagonisms. The Bengalis whom he lectured on their

untruthfulness; the British regiment whom he publicly disgraced because it failed to discover and punish the private who had murdered a native; the feudatory princes whom he admonished on statesmanlike lines, but somewhat in the tone of a reproving schoolmaster; the veteran civil servants whom he browbeat, overruled, outargued and made to feel that he was Viceroy in fact as well as name; and the society people whom his bearing often repelled—had all their special grievances against him. No one ever rattled the bureaucratic bones as he did; no one ever drove the machine of State with such unremitting power. He made as little effort as does Mr. Roosevelt to cultivate the small, softening, lubricating graces and the social instinct that came so easily to Lord Dufferin. No Viceroy, on the other hand, ever worked harder or accomplished more or proved so great an inspiration to the zeal and practicality of those under him. Lord Morley paid to him a year or so ago in the House of Lords a tribute as generous as it was deserved. "I hope," he declared, "it will not be bad taste to say in the noble Lord's presence that you will never send to India, and you have never sent to India, a Viceroy his superior, if, indeed, his equal, in force of mind, in unsparing and remorseless industry, in passionate and devoted interest in all that concerns the well-being of India with an imagination fired by the grandeur of the political problem that India presents—you never sent a man with more of all these attributes than when you sent Lord Curzon."

Much of the unpopularity that gathered round his Viceroyalty, let it be said at once, was of the kind that did him honor and could not have been avoided without a sacrifice of duty. Thus the partition of Bengal and the creation of a new frontier province were both unpopular measures and fiercely resented, but both were necessary. They were reforms that might have been effected in a different manner, with more regard to the feelings and interests of those concerned, but that were, at any rate, carried out and assuredly will never be undone. The outstanding feature of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty was, indeed, precisely this: that what his predecessors for thirty years merely talked of doing he actually did. He showed the Chatham "touch"; the faculty for getting things done. On all the matters he took in hand he stamped the impress of his energy and thoroughness, leaving for his successors a definite foundation to build on with a detailed plan of the superstructure to be erected and not merely voluminous reports and sketchy outlines. He did not content himself with discussing projects; he put them through; he rescued them from the oceans of ink in which they were sinking and set them finally on their feet. And to a devouring industry and practicality Lord Curzon added the priceless gift of imagination—not the imagination of sensationalism, a poor, ill-balanced, unrelated thing, but the imagination that comes, and can alone come, from profound knowledge and profound sympathy. "If our rule in India is to last," he once declared, "it must depend on the eternal moralities of righteousness and justice. Unless we can persuade the millions of India that we will give them absolute justice as between

man and man, equality before the law, freedom from tyranny, injustice and oppression, then your Empire will not touch their hearts and will fade away. . . . Let no man admit the craven fear that those who have won India cannot hold it. That is not my forecast of the future. To me the message is carved in granite, it is hewn out of the rock of doom, that our work is righteous and that it shall endure." There spoke the true statesman, inspired with the authentic spirit of British Imperialism. It was in that spirit that Lord Curzon labored throughout his Viceroyalty. It was that spirit that drove him in the terrible summer heats to leave cool and comfortable Simla and travel through the districts that were devastated by famine. It was that spirit that made him risk his life and set to all India a vibrant example of British courage and sympathy in visit after visit to the plague-stricken natives in the hospitals.

Much of his unpopularity, whether with the natives or with the British officials, was honorable to him. Among the latter he covered himself with obloquy because he tried to hold, and succeeded in holding, an even balance between Englishmen and Indians. "Only those who have lived in India," says an experienced and impartial authority, "know how subtle and numerous are the influences which warp our judgment on this question of questions, and how much courage is needed to brave the storm which is so quickly kindled in the English community when it suspects partiality in favor of Indians. Lord Curzon was aware that at one period he ran the risk of being hooted and pelted by the English of Calcutta—a town for which he has always felt a peculiar regard—because of the action he took in the case of an Englishman accused of beating a coolie to death, but he faced the storm with equanimity in the cause of just dealing." That was an unpopularity that will be held by reasonable men among his first titles to fame; but we are bound to add that as often as not he ruffled both English and Indian susceptibilities from sheer heedlessness, overconfidence and disdain for the petty arts of management and conciliation. But admitting that some of the disfavor with which he ultimately came to be regarded by natives and English alike was gratuitously incurred and constituted a real political defect in his administration, it is still mere unbridled partisanship to pretend that it outweighed or nullified the immense value of his practical achievements. It is not possible as yet to assess those achievements at anything like their true worth. The data are lacking or are only partially forthcoming. It is too soon to judge precisely the results of his policy in Tibet, in Afghanistan, on the Indian frontier and in Persia; but enough is known to make one believe that never were the foreign affairs of India—which, remember, are the pivot of nearly all British foreign policy—so ably, courageously and successfully conducted.

So, too, with his internal administration. It is premature to pass judgment on it. But this much at least may be said, that he was able to realize the proud task which he set before himself on assuming the Viceroyalty—the task of "placing upon the anvil every branch of Indian policy and administration, of testing its efficiency and durability, and

of doing, if possible, something for its efficiency and durability." Look at the mere record of his activities. He altered the assessment of the land revenue; devised new methods for educating the native chiefs; opened up military careers for the Indian aristocracy; reorganized primary, secondary and technical education; reformed the Indian police; appointed and supervised a commission to lay down a comprehensive scheme of irrigation that will decide for the next fifty years the operations of Government; zealously furthered meanwhile the building of canals and railways; partitioned Bengal and created a new frontier province; rescued the Civil Service from a part at least of the tyranny of the pen by abolishing a large number of reports and by encouraging a return to the old patriarchal style of rulership; ventured upon a most interesting and far-reaching experiment in economics by forbidding the Punjab peasant to offer his land as security for debt; almost halved the cost of telegraphic communication between England and India; effected a comparatively stable rate of exchange in the currency system; fostered native industries and native arts and showed the passion of a scholar and an archæologist for the preservation of historical remains. It is true that his policy, and his whole conception of what the British Raj should be, excluded the idea of making any political concessions to native demands and that efficiency and justice were the only goals he admitted to be worth striving for. It is true also that his policy of upholding good government rather than self-government as the aim of British rule has been largely reversed by his successor. To us, who hold that any kind of self-governance is preferable to any kind of any other, this seems a fortuitous fact. But nothing can detract from the enduring merit of what Lord Curzon actually accomplished. He understood, he dared, he achieved; and he will stand out in history as one of the bravest the sanest of Viceroys.—THE EDITOR.]

I HAVE been asked to write an article for publication in America as to the main features of British rule in India. It is notorious that in recent years a propaganda has been initiated in the United States, deliberate in its character, wide in its range and sometimes not too scrupulous in its instruments, for misrepresenting and belittling the work of Great Britain in India. In a country penetrated with the democratic sentiment, till lately unfamiliar with the onerous burden of ruling Oriental peoples, and perhaps suspicious of the methods even of the most benevolent of despotisms, such a sowing was assured, at any rate, of some harvest; and high-minded and thoughtful American citizens have sometimes been found to condemn that which they did not understand or to give currency to charges which admit of the easiest refutation.

A great setback was given to this campaign of conscious or un-

conscious slander by the frank and fearless utterances of ex-President Roosevelt. No man in the Western Hemisphere could less be suspected of an interested motive; none is more familiar with the problems of world administration; none could speak with a like authority. When, therefore, he was heard to declare that the administration of India by the British has been a greater feat than any performed under the Roman Empire, that it is one of the most notable and admirable achievements of the white race during the past two centuries, and that it has been for the immeasurable benefit of the natives of India themselves, the British reader not merely experienced a thrill of pride at this signal tribute to the work of his own countrymen, but he felt convinced that such language must exercise an almost immeasurable effect among a people whose good opinion he values beyond any other in the world and on whose desire to judge rightly he places sincere reliance.

Mr. Roosevelt's pronouncement did not stand alone. Quite recently I have heard that Mr. Fairbanks, lately Vice-President of the United States, having visited India in the course of a tour round the world, on many occasions stated on public platforms in India and elsewhere that he had nowhere seen a more unselfish or benignant system of rule. Similar, I am sure, is the verdict of those excellent American missionaries who, planting themselves with the aid of ample funds from home in suitable localities among the native population in India, where (I am sure they will readily admit) they are unhampered by Government and are given a free hand in the pursuit of their disinterested aim, have exercised a most appreciable influence on the moral and intellectual development of the Indian peoples. While I was in India as Viceroy I more than once encountered American public men, professors and divines travelling through the country with the sole object of forming a just appreciation of British rule. Readily would I appeal to their enlightened and dispassionate verdict. In one case it was given to me, before its author had left Calcutta, in the shape of a draft for $150,000 to be devoted to whatever purpose I might select for the benefit of the native peoples, in recognition of the administrative blessings which the donor was convinced, from the evidence of his own eyes, that Britain had conferred upon the country.

In these circumstances it might seem superfluous that an

Englishman should be called upon to say anything about the work of his own race, still more one who was himself engaged for nearly seven years in the task of Indian administration. And yet if we are entitled to assume, as I think we may, that no one can rule India without an overwhelming sense of the moral responsibilities of the undertaking, or without acquiring the right to speak with some authority as to its distinguishing features, he may perhaps even have a special claim to be heard. If he be in a position to add that America contributed no small share to the easing of his burden, and to such measure of good fortune as may have attended his steps, may he not find therein an additional passport to the hearing of that great community across the seas?

The charges that are made against British rule in India by speakers or writers in America differ in no respect from those which are uttered by agitators of the advanced or national party in India itself, or by those English politicians who, too often seeking a seat in the British Parliament as a means of airing doctrinaire views, are a persistent medium of discord between India and England, embarrassing the home Government in the discharge of its complex and delicate duties, raising false and often cruel hopes in India itself, misrepresenting the nature of the problem to their ignorant countrymen and preaching everywhere the fallacious doctrine that Eastern ailments can be cured (in reality they are often aggravated) by Western prescriptions. From all these sources we learn with an almost monotonous iteration that Great Britain holds India for her own selfish advantage, that her methods of rule are harsh and unsympathetic, that the Indians are allowed neither scope nor hope in the government of their country, that the people are becoming poorer, the soil more unproductive, even the visitations of Providence more alarming. This amazing picture, the product sometimes of a perverse malignity, at others of a culpable ignorance, is held up to audiences who have neither the means nor the experience to correct it, and who, even if they are repelled by the obvious exaggeration, may yet be pardoned if they carry away the notion that there must be something wrong in a system that can admit even of such a caricature.

I might say in reply that I have never met, and do not believe that there exists, an impartial observer who would not in-

dignantly repudiate this travesty. But, after all, the best method to refute calumny is to refer not merely to authority, but to facts. These facts are accessible in books, in publications, in documents, in Parliamentary papers. Once a year the India office in London publishes an admirable statement entitled "The Moral and Material Progress of India"; and once in every ten years a more compendious summary is issued. But in England—I do not know if it is the same in America—an almost immediate oblivion settles down upon official literature. It is condemned as unreadable because it is serious, as interested because it emanates from Government, and as suspect because its conclusions are supported by a panoply of figures and facts. From time to time, therefore, it seems necessary for some public man to draw attention once more to the familiar facts, and with such weight, if any, as he may derive from personal authority or experience, to readjust the balance of public opinion.

In the course of last year I delivered an address to a literary and philosophical institute at Edinburgh, in which I endeavored to describe the place of India in the British Empire, and to appraise the advantages which both parties have derived and still derive from the connection. Much of this would not be specially interesting to an American audience; although to any student of history a more philosophic or enthralling theme could scarcely be suggested than an examination of the part which the acquisition of India has played in the expansion and continues to play in the maintenance of British world-power. De Tocqueville said that the conquest and government of India were really the achievement that had given to England her place in the eyes of the world. The great Napoleon had one eye always upon the East; and the ambitions of the earlier part of his career, until they were shattered by his failure in Egypt or confined by European complications, always contemplated a move upon India as the death blow of the power that stood between him and universal dominion and as the secret of universal dominion itself.

I am far from saying that the question at issue ought to be decided exclusively upon a balance of gain or loss, or that any mathematical calculation can be expected of factors which often elude strict analysis. But there is so frequently a tendency in India to assume that the advantage of the connection is mainly or wholly on the side of England, and perhaps in England to

think that India is the chief gainer, that a comparison of the advantages conferred upon both may not be without value in enabling both parties to arrive at an unbiassed judgment.

First let me endeavor to state what India gives to Great Britain and the Empire; for that she is a source of great material and political advantage to them has always been one of my favorite propositions. From her abounding population she has supplied England with labor for the exploitation of Empire lands in all parts of the globe. Few persons probably have any clear idea of the extent or variety of this service. After the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, had it not been for the supply of Indian labor, many of the islands must have fallen out of cultivation, and would probably long before now have been transferred by cession or secession to another flag. In Trinidad there are now 86,000 East-Indians and in Jamaica 10,000. With the opening of the Panama Canal, these islands will gain enormously in material and strategic value, and their continued possession will be an Imperial asset of the first importance. But for a similar relief, Mauritius, where there are 206,000 East-Indians, would probably have fallen to France, and British supremacy in the Indian Ocean would have been in grave peril. We should never have been able to exploit our South-American colony of British Guiana without Indian labor; the Indian population there is now 105,000 out of a total of 278,000. We have even been able to spare surplus labor for other Powers, the French in Réunion, and the Dutch in Dutch Guiana. Indian coolies have penetrated to the remote Pacific; and the Fiji Islands contain 17,000. Africa, which from its proximity to India, supplies a natural field for Indian labor, can tell a similar tale. The planters of Natal would not have been able to develop that colony had it not been for an Indian population, which is now 115,000 strong and exceeds in numbers the European inhabitants of the State. The Uganda Railway was constructed by more than 20,000 Indian coolies, and Indian labor was more than once sought of me by the late Cecil Rhodes. Every year an emigrant force of from 15,000 to 20,000 coolies leaves the ports of India for these distant fields. There is another side to the question also. The benefit is reciprocal, both in relief to the congestion of India and in occupation and wages to large numbers of poor men.

Men, too, are available from India for another and a more

dramatic form of Imperial service. Natal would not have been saved in the Boer war of 1899-1900, and the European legations at Peking would not have been rescued in the Boxer rising in China in 1900 but for the contingents that were despatched to the scene of war from India. To South Africa I sent out in the Boer campaign 13,200 British officers and men from the British army in India, and 9,000 natives, principally followers. To China we despatched from India 1,300 British officers and men, 20,000 native troops and 17,500 native followers.

Nor were these mercenary forces employed against their will to fight the battles of a distant Government. Not a war can take place in any part of the British Empire in which the Indian Princes do not come forward with voluntary offers of armed assistance; and the fact that the native army was not allowed to stand by the side of the British in repelling the Boer invasion of Natal in 1899 was actually made the subject of attacks upon the Government in India—so keenly was the popular sentiment in favor of Indian participation aroused. I was in India throughout the South-African and Chinese wars. Though not far short of 30,000 troops, British and Indian, were at one time away from the country, perfect tranquillity prevailed; and while the inveterate foes of England may have sneered at the early reverses to our arms, there could be no question of the genuineness of the rejoicings when the tide turned and the news of victory was flashed along the wires.

The actual strength of the army in India is now 74,000 British troops and 150,000 native troops, to which must be added 2,700 British officers attached to the latter and 1,000 staff officers, or a total of 227,700. There are, further, 35,000 men in the Native Reserve, 33,000 European and Eurasian Volunteers and nearly 20,000 Imperial Service troops. The total net military expenditure in 1907-08 (including military works) was nineteen and one-half millions sterling.

By a wise provision in the Act of 1858, it is laid down that, "except for preventing or repelling actual invasion of His Majesty's Indian dominions or urgent necessity, the revenues of India shall not, without the consent of both Houses of Parliament, be applicable to defray the expenses of any military operation carried on beyond the external frontiers of such possessions by His Majesty's forces." But this, which was a necessary safe-

guard against the unauthorized employment of Indian troops beyond the frontiers or shores of India, does not prevent the employment of these forces with the full knowledge of Parliament and at the expense of the Imperial Treasury; and the knowledge that there is always present in India, in a high state of efficiency and ready for instant mobilization, one of the finest fighting forces in the world, adds materially to the strength of the British position alike in Asia and Africa. The argument that because some portions of the Indian army have at different times been spared there must be more than enough for the needs of the country, is a singularly feeble one, for it would equally apply to any country a portion of whose forces was engaged on foreign service, and it entirely ignores the fact that the security of India in the absence of any considerable number of her troops depends not upon the numerical sufficiency of the remainder, but upon the British command of the sea. As a matter of fact, in relation to the population of India, the Indian army is by far the smallest in the world. I entertain no doubt that as long as the military feeling survives among the old fighting races of India, and the loyalty of the native army resists, as it has hitherto done, the efforts that are made to tamper with it, Indian forces will be able to come to the assistance of the British in any field where native troops can properly be employed. But it would be neither proper nor wise to make too frequent a use of this advantage; neither can it be expected that the springs of recruitment in India will forever remain unexhausted. As regards the argument which is sometimes heard from extreme native politicians that the British army in India is an expensive luxury which might be dispensed with or reduced, such is not the view that is entertained by any responsible person acquainted with the facts, and if the British contingent in India were by some incredible act of folly to be diminished, nothing is more certain than that the men would have to be recalled, and probably after a heavy price had been paid for their absence.

The presence, therefore, of a large army, European and native, in India is not only a source of security to India, but lends strength to the British position everywhere and is the most effective practical guarantee for peace in the Asiatic continent. As I shall show presently, it is also a source of much advantage to the Indians themselves.

A more familiar thesis is the material services rendered by India to Great Britain in the sphere of business and trade. That India is one of the main fields for the employment of British capital, that she supplies in abundance the raw material of a great deal of our industry and much of the food on which we live, and that she furnishes the richest market for our manufactures, are propositions which are widely known. But in what relation the Indian trade stands to that of the Empire is less realized. One-tenth of the entire trade of the British Empire passes through the seaports of India; and this sea-borne trade is more than one-third of the trade of the Empire outside the United Kingdom. It is greater than that of Australia and Canada combined, and within the Empire Indian sea-borne trade is second only to that of the United Kingdom. India has become the largest producer of food and raw material in the Empire and the principal granary of Great Britain, the imports into the United Kingdom of wheat, meal and flour from India exceeding those of Canada and being double those of Australia. At the same time, India is the largest purchaser of British produce and manufactures, and notably of cotton goods. Moreover, it must be remembered that under the existing system English cotton manufactures imported into India pay a duty only of three and one-half per cent., a countervailing excise duty of equivalent amount being at the same time levied on Indian manufactures. This may be contrasted with the heavy tariffs which British goods have to pay in the ports of our own colonies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. During the past three years the proportions of the import trade of India enjoyed by Great Britain have been forty-five, forty-eight and fifty-seven millions, or a percentage of about sixty-seven per cent. in each year; her proportion of the exports has averaged twenty-six per cent. These figures are enough to show how excellent a customer is India of Great Britain. On the other hand, be it remembered that the whole of the appliances by which this great trade has been built up —the roads, railroads, canals, harbors, docks, telegraphs, posts, etc. —have been created during the period of British rule, and largely by capital supplied from England. Indeed, the amount of British capital invested in India for its commercial and industrial development (including the employment of its people) is estimated as at least £350,000,000.

To me, however, it is less in its material than in its moral and educative aspects that India has always appeared to confer so incomparable a boon upon the British race. No one now taunts the British aristocracy with treating India as a playground for its sons. There is not much play there for the Government official at any time, and, such as he is, he is drawn from all classes of the British community. Just as the Indian army is to the young subaltern the finest available school of manhood and arms, so also the Indian Civil Service is a training-ground for British character that is not without its effect both upon the Empire and the race. The former service is demonstrated by the constant drain upon India for irrigation officers and engineers, for postal and telegraph and forest officers, for financiers and administrators all over the world. The men whom she has trained are to be encountered in regions as far apart as Nigeria and China, the Cape and Siam. They are among the administrative pioneers of the Empire. To those officers of the Civil Service who never leave the country no such field of adventure opens. But India develops in them a sense of duty and a spirit of self-sacrifice, as well as faculties of administration and command which are among the greatest glories of the British race. Acting and not talking, working and not boasting, they pursue their silent and often unknown careers, bequeathing a tradition to their families which is sometimes perpetuated for generations, and leaving a permanent and wholesome imprint on the national character.

When we recall the names of the great men whom service in India has produced — some of them among the heroes of the Anglo-Saxon race—we feel that it is a greater benefaction on the part of India to have exalted and disciplined the national character than it is to have put money into our purses or extended our Imperial sway.

CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

(To be Concluded.)

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF AMERICA IN ITALY.

BY THE MOST REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

A STATEMENT of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America relative to the mission maintained by that Church in Italy was given to the public from Philadelphia May 9th by the Secretary of the Board, Bishop Wilson. The statement is important, referring as it does, in most official form, to the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy and in connection with this to a recent occurrence in Rome in which a most distinguished American citizen, however much without will or expectation of his own, was made to take a notable part. The statement of the Bishops upholds and justifies the work of the Methodist mission in Italy, claims that adverse criticism of that work is nought else than falsehood and calumny, and assigns to the mind of the Vatican in its connection with the aforesaid occurrence other motives than those avowed by the Cardinal Secretary of State, said by him to rise from the attitude which the Vatican holds itself obliged to adopt towards the work of the Methodist mission. Truth with regard to the Methodist mission and justice with regard to the Vatican bid me controvert *in toto* the statement of the Bishops.

The pertinent points in the statement of the Bishops follow:

"We cannot allow to pass unnoticed the recent unprovoked and unwarranted attempt to discredit one of our most useful missions by widely published accusations which if based upon truth would bring dishonor upon the Church which supports that mission.

"We regret that after repeated challenges for details of the specific acts supposed to justify these charges they still remain in such general terms that their validity cannot be tested before the judgment of the world. We can only observe: That the methods of our mission in Italy,

now for the first time publicly condemned, are the same that have been pursued from the beginning, almost forty years ago.

"From these facts the inference appears to be irresistible that other considerations than the methods of our mission in Rome must have been the real cause of this sudden outcry. . . . Had there been any other way to avoid certain issues of etiquette and precedence created by coincident circumstances of a public nature, the Methodist mission might have escaped calumny, and thus lost the valuable recognition of its success.

"We now content ourselves with affirming our entire confidence in the moral integrity of our missionaries and methods in Italy, and against the denunciations of their accusers we place the wide-open record of the Methodist Episcopal Church, both as to teaching and method in America and throughout the world."

In what I write I discuss neither Methodism nor Methodists in general: I confine myself to the aims and methods of the Methodist propaganda in Italy. I seek no quarrel, I desire none with members in general of the Methodist Church in America, many of whom I personally know and esteem, with all of whom as fellow Americans I wish to live in peace and harmony. Indeed, I dare say this much, that, so far as I am able to judge, the great number of American Methodists are not aware of the nature of the propaganda carried on across the ocean in their name and with the help of their money, and when informed of the facts in the case will be as ready as I am to censure both the aims the propaganda has in view and the methods it is willing to employ.

The statements I make are drawn from Methodist authorities or such others as allow no doubt with regard to reliability. My Methodist authorities are: "Four and One-half Years in the Italy Mission—A Criticism of Missionary Methods," by Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, D.D.," "Europe and Methodism," by William Burt, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church," "*Cenni Storici della Chiesa Methodistica Episcopale*" and "*L'Evangelista.*"

"Four and One-half Years in the Italy Mission" is particularly enlightening. The writer, as his every line shows, is an ardent, loyal Methodist who during four and one-half years labored with all the energy of his soul to spread Methodism in Italy, retaining throughout a bitter hatred of Catholicism. His book is a semi-official report to his fellow Methodists of America on conditions of Methodism in Italy. The letter of the Bishop

naming him to the Italian mission desires him "to give the Church the benefit of one more intelligent judgment as to plans and methods of work in evangelization among Roman Catholics." "Four and One-half Years in the Italy Mission" is this "one more intelligent judgment."

The book was published in 1894. At first sight it may look to-day somewhat belated. But, as a matter of fact, conditions have not changed: they are to-day what they were in earlier years, only more pronounced in their tendencies and activities, as those conversant with things in Italy amply testify. To this, moreover, the Board of Bishops are willing witnesses: "The methods of our mission in Italy are the same that have been pursued from the beginning, almost forty years ago."

Dr. William Burt is at the present time the Bishop in charge of the European missions of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. "Europe and Methodism" was published in 1909. *"Cenni Storici"* is the history in the Italian language of the workings of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy. *"L'Evangelista"* is the official newspaper of Methodism in Italy.

The attitude of the Vatican towards the Methodist Episcopal Mission is clear. It is that of absolute aloofness. What else is allowable? Methodism is its open enemy. War, bold and virulent, upon the Vatican, upon its vital principles, upon its sacred traditions, is the avowed and oft-declared purpose of Methodism. The methods made use of are vilest epithets, most shameless calumnies, insults most outrageous. The allies whose co-operation is courted are the lowest and most disreputable, to whom all offences are forgiven in view of their hatred of the Catholic Church and its supreme chieftain. And to refuse its most courteous smiles to the soldiers and the abettors of Methodism in Italy is in the Vatican bigotry and intolerance, enmity irreducible to the principles and practices of civil and religious freedom!

The Methodist Church in Italy is not there to care for Methodists, residents or tourists. Several non-Catholic Churches, Greek and Protestant, are in Italy to minister to their followers, making no bold assault on other creeds. Different is Methodism. Dr. Stackpole is its spokesman, as from the summit of the Pincian Hill he watches the rays of the evening sun kissing the cupola of St. Peter's:

"There, across the Tiber, is the massive pile of St. Peter's and the Vatican. Here at last is the citadel of the hostile forces. Here is the centre of that huge system of error and superstition that we have come so far to spend our life in opposing. The might of ancient Rome vanished before the presence of our barbaric ancestors. Why not this new and mightier Rome be conquered by weapons of the Gospel truth?" [Dr. Stackpole's Methodism?] "Not in our day, to be sure; but it is a great privilege to have even a small part in the beginning of that mighty contest."

"*Cenni Storici,*" too, voices the intent of Methodists in Rome:

"The Protestant legions must gather all their energies and assail Popery, in its citadel, in Rome. Hence the most noble appeal of Bishop Walden: 'Before evangelizing the world, we must evangelize Rome.'"

Italy is the Catholic of Catholic lands: within its borders dwells the supreme chieftain of the Catholic Church. Rome is the citadel: it must be captured—*Delenda est Carthago.*

That the purpose of Methodism in Rome is understood by the Roman population, Catholic and non-Catholic, is made clear by "*Il Giornale d'Italia*" (April 5th, 1910), a newspaper quite sufficiently tinged with modernism and anti-clericalism to absolve it from any spirit of subserviency to the Vatican. "*Il Giornale*" says:

"The Methodist Institute of Via Venti Settembre is not merely a place of worship or of religious instruction, but a real centre of anti-Catholic and anti-papal warfare, closely linked in with that carried on by Masonry and anti-clericalism, as with other attacks and injuries continuously directed against the Pontiff and the Catholic Church, with a continuous propaganda in favor of apostacy among Catholic clergy and laity. A centre of the kind, not so much of Protestant religion, as of anti-Catholic and anti-papal sectarianism, bears with it such an offence against the Pontiff that it were absurd to pretend—as it has been pretended—that one should be received by the Pope who was ready to make an address in the halls of the Methodists, and there give encouragement to the work they have in hand."

War upon the Catholic Church and its supreme Pontiff! Even so, well and good, if the Church leading in the war, calling itself Christian, were there, in the name of sincere belief, to state correctly its convictions and the arguments therefor, to state correctly the creed and practice of its opponents and the arguments thereagainst: one should respect sincerity, however much ill informed: one should treat gently arguments, however weak and

aimless. But proselytism of decent kind is unknown to Methodism in Italy. I give samples of its "pure gospel" methods.

Here is a cartoon, appearing on the front page of "*L'Evangelista,*" September 17th, 1909. Christ, scourge in hand, stands on a high throne, whence the Pope has been driven. A Bible opened to the page upon which the words appear, "My Kingdom is not of this world," lies in the chair where heretofore the Pope was seated. The Pope, cowering and dismayed, in drunken scowl, rolls down the steps, across which scatter broken fragments of tiara, mitre, chalice, thurible and other insignia of the pontifical office.

"*La Nazione*" of Florence, a quite un-Catholic journal, publishes, April 13th, 1910, on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Roosevelt to Rome, a letter of its Roman correspondent. The letter begins with remarks by no means complimentary to the Cardinal Secretary of State and continues:

"But it is more than probable that, whosoever the Cardinal holding the place of Merry del Val, would, in the given circumstances, have acted as the latter acted. I do not easily understand—and in saying this I do not believe I shall lose the esteem of my readers—what sort of people those Methodists are, and what they have in mind. Some days ago, passing through Via Venti Settembre, I stopped to glance at the titles of books exhibited in the windows of their publishing-house. Here are samples: '*Le Infamie dei Papi*' ('Infamies of Popes'), '*Le Lordure dei Pontifici*' ('Pontifical Filthiness'), '*Il Papa va Scacciato*' ('The Pope Driven Away'), and so on in the list before my eyes."

How Bishop Burt usually presents to his readers or hearers the teachings of the Catholic Church is indicated by a quotation from "Europe and Methodism." Speaking of the Greek Church, he writes:

"The study of God's Word has not only been discouraged, but often forbidden. Mass is substituted for the Gospel, penance for repentance, and the Virgin Mary and the saints for Christ. . . . Religion and conduct are separate affairs. The conception of God is that of an austere judge whose anger must be appeased by the constant repetition by chanting in an unknown tongue. It is pagan in all but name"—

adding to this tirade, utterly unfair to the Greek Church: "The evils of the Greek Church are multiplied and emphasized in Romanism." What a parody of Catholic teaching! "Mass substituted for the Gospel—Penance for repentance—the Virgin

Mary and the saints for Christ!" What Dr. Stackpole holds with regard to the Catholic Church is told in "Four and One-half Years":

"The Church has become what some civilized heathens want it to be. They want a Church that has power on earth and in Purgatorio to forgive sins. They want a Church that can save them without the necessity of thorough repentance on their part and corresponding reformation of conduct."

How any one in the cloth of Dr. Stackpole could dare assert as the belief of Catholics that salvation is to be had without thorough repentance on their part and a corresponding reformation of conduct passes ordinary power of thought. But so he wrote and so, no doubt, he preached. The investment of one penny for a copy of "The Catholic Child's Catechism," in America or in Italy, would have brought before his eyes the chapter on "Contrition" and disabused him of his error: but the investment was not made.

In 1904 Bishop Newman laid the corner-stone of the Methodist establishment in Via Venti Settembre: his sermon on the occasion was a brutal attack on the Papacy. Recalling the time following the reign of Constantine, he described it as

"a thousand years of religious despotism, in which Popes without God, and priests without culture, led the Church into the darkness of the Middle Ages" (*'Cenni Storici'*).

And so on, with preachers of Methodism from their entrance into Italy down to the pastorate of Rev. B. M. Tipple, whose recent utterance flashed across the ocean:

"The fact is that the Vatican is incompatible with Republican principles. . . . Is the Catholicism of America to be American or Romish? . . . If it is to be Romish, then every patriotic American should rise to crush it, for Romish Catholicism is the uncompromising foe of freedom."

What freedom Rev. Mr. Tipple has in mind we gather from his manner of speech. It is the freedom to belie the Catholic Church in most shameful degree, to level against its chieftain with most unmannered tongue vilest epithets.

"The Gospel in Italy," according to Dr. Stackpole, "must be accompanied with mighty power. A style of Christianity that verges almost upon fanaticism is needed." From beginning to

end fanaticism rages in Italian Methodism. It reaches its acme in "*L'Evangelista.*" Writing of the birth of "*L'Evangelista,*" Dr. Stackpole had said: "The effort was made to make the paper intensely religious and distinctively Methodist." Later he had reason to complain that its pronouncements were not sufficiently Methodist: "It is of the utmost importance that a full-blooded Methodist be the editor of that paper." "The full-blooded Methodist" was found.

The columns of "*L'Evangelista*" teem with insults to the Catholic Church and the Pontiff except, I must say, when articles appear there from the pen of Bishop Vincent. Its mildest term for Catholic doctrine and practice is "corruptions and superstitions." It never calls the Church by its proper name, Catholic; it is "the Romish" or "the Papist Church." In the number of January 31st, 1909, the "Papist" Church becomes "the harlot," the Pope "the beast" of the Apocalypse. In the number of February 7th, 1901, the accusation is made that while Popes preach the indissolubility of marriage they are ever ready with divorces in favor of the rich and the powerful. Another time, September 17th, 1909, it delivers itself of this characteristic output of venom:

> "The Romish clergy represent Christ just as much as Harlequin represents Italy. That is the Italian mask, not Italy, as clericalism is the mask of Christ, not Christianity. The clergy is the *protossido christianico*, the corruption of Christianity. The priest represents the Pope, and Popery the rust which has corroded the Gospel for centuries."

The enemy of the Catholic Church, no matter how brutal he otherwise be, is taken hold of approvingly by "*L'Evangelista.*" The Giordano Bruno anniversary, February 17th, 1910, was seized upon by socialists and anarchists as a propitious occasion to vent forth insults against civic law and order, no less than against the Catholic Church, against religion of any kind or form. The London "Saturday Review" describes the Bruno demonstration as disgraceful to common civilization. But the demonstration was anti-Papal; it obtained applause from "*L'Evangelista.*"

The climax is reached in the hearty endorsement given to "*L'Asino.*" I quote from the Roman journal, "*Il Bastone,*" February 11th, 1910. "*Il Bastone*" says:

"Under the caption—'Protestants and L'Asino'—'*L'Asino*,' edited by Guido Podrecca, reproduces in its last number an article from '*L'Evangelista*,' the organ of Methodism in Rome, in which '*L'Asino*' is lauded loudly, and declared worthy of the support of Methodists. Among other expressions of cordial fraternization with '*L'Asino*' in the article of '*L'Evangelista*' there is this: 'There are fields of common activity upon which we extend to this journal ['*L'Asino*'] a fraternal hand in its holy war against the heresies and the obscurantism of Romanism.'"

Should Dr. Stackpole still be one of the readers of "*L'Evangelista*," he will be satisfied with its fanaticism. What is "*L'Asino*"? It is the filthiest of filthy publications. Its articles reek with obscenity. Self-respecting people quickly turn away when at a street-corner kiosk their eyes light upon its lurid illustrations. In November, 1908, the United States postal authorities forbade its entrance into America.

I pass to a consideration of the methods adopted in winning in Italy recruits to Methodism. The Board of Bishops call for "details of specific acts" supposed to merit censure: I furnish the details. The Board repose full confidence "in the moral integrity" of Methodist missionaries and methods in Italy: the reader is left to be the judge.

The first care of the Methodist propaganda was, as might have been expected, to provide agents of dissemination—preachers, catechists, colporteurs of tracts and Bibles. That a few pass first muster who afterwards prove faithless need not cause surprise: but this much "moral integrity" in the leaders should require, that the system of selection be cautious and discriminating, to the effect that the ministry as a whole be guarded from scandal and disgrace. Dr. Stackpole is witness as to facts:

"The policy and practice from the first has been to choose our preachers mainly from two elements—ex-priests and ex-Waldensians. There is a heterogeneous remainder that comes from other denominations and is worked up at random. . . ."

Of preachers drawn from the Waldensians Dr. Stackpole writes:

"The Waldensian element consists of preachers who, for various reasons, could not obtain a pastorate in the Waldensian Church, or who have not wished to accept such pastorate as was offered."

This his judgment of those who formerly were Catholic priests:

"Some priests are *ex* necessarily. They have quarrelled with their superiors, or have been guilty of some immorality, or they want more

salary, or to get married. . . . Usually they are careful to provide for future employment before their conscientious scruples force them out of the priesthood."

The Catholic Church is severe in its sacerdotal exigencies: the unworthy priest is quickly forced from the ranks: so long as human nature remains some such there will be. The Methodists are welcome to them.

A theological school for the training of native Methodist preachers was opened in Florence. Sixty-five applicants wrote for admission. The principal attraction of the school was its gratuitousness:

"It is hard for young men in Italy to find employment. Many of these would just as lief preach as not, if they are well paid for it. When to the attraction of a lucrative position in the near future there is added the inducement of entire support during the three years of preparation, the theological school becomes an El Dorado. . . ."

Nine were selected out of the sixty-five. Here is their record: No. 1 had been expelled from a Catholic Seminary and later had been President of the Y. M. C. A. in Milan. He could pray with unction; he lied and stole. He had to be sent away. No. 2 was an Austrian music-teacher. He left the school, writing that if he was not paid 500 francs he would throw a bomb that would shatter Methodism. No. 3 had been dismissed from the Italian Protestant Free Church. The faculty of the school ordered him away for general unworthiness, but, this notwithstanding, the Presiding Elder named him to a pastorate, which he afterwards abandoned. No. 4 was the son of a Wesleyan preacher. He was a blockhead and nothing could be made of him. No. 5 had been expelled from a theological school in Geneva: he left the Florence school for the army. No. 6 was dismissed by the faculty for refusal to break off secret associations; despite this, however, later he was employed as a Methodist preacher in a large Italian city. No. 7 remained in the school one year, showing himself in the judgment of the faculty unworthy of the ministry, but all the same was put in charge of a congregation by the Presiding Elder. No. 8 after a year's study was prematurely put into the ministry; he never amounted to much. No. 9 proved himself rather satisfactory. Dr. Stackpole's excuse for having admitted such students to the school is significant in its naïveté:

"We simply obeyed the wishes of our superiors in office. It was argued that we must have a certain number of students in order to make a respectable report to the Church in America."

The story of men admitted to the ministry, as told by Dr. Stackpole, is pathetic—all the more so that it covers not the exception, but the rule. I quote instances. Ernesto Philippi, a former Wesleyan, offered himself to preach for 1,400 francs a year on condition that he retain his position as government teacher at 1,900 francs a year; but after a few months he demanded that lighter work be assigned him at the same salary, and this being refused he quitted altogether the Church. The ex-priest Palmieri had to be dismissed on account of financial entanglements, whereupon his whole congregation withdrew from Methodism with the exception of the janitor, who, it seems, had not conscientious regard enough for the interests of the Church to resign a salaried position. Of several missionaries set to work in Milan, one, an ex-priest, was discharged after three months; the second, an ex-theological student, did great harm; a third, converted "while leaning on the tomb of General Gordon at Westminster," did much damage for four months, later, "through recommendations unwisely given," getting himself into a Waldensian Theological School and finally winding up in jail for attempted murder and embezzlement. A preacher, engaged for work in Turin, received "a louder call to another church" and sent in his resignation. One, admitted from Wesleyanism, was sent away for having published a book rank with Pantheism, but "on the warm recommendation of the Presiding Elder" was able to find ministerial work in another Evangelical Church in Italy.

The attraction of the Methodist ministry in Italy?

"Men of mercenary spirit in other denominations learn that 'we pay our preachers magnificently,' as one had said, and hence they seek admission into our Church, and betray their own."

The salaries of Methodist preachers are from $200 to $300 higher than those of preachers of other denominations; house rent and other accessories computed, they are in large cities twice more than the salaries allotted to college professors in the same cities. In addition to the direct ministerial salary there is an extra allowance of $36 or $38 per annum for each child in the

preacher's family under the age of twenty-one. It is simply a question of generosity on the part of contributors in America to cover the whole Italian peninsula with evangelists of Methodism. Money draws the preacher; money retains him at his post. "He is always ready to join another denomination if thereby his salary can be increased." The Methodist Church is generally supposed in Italy to possess immense wealth and demands upon its treasury measure up to the financial esteem in which it is held. One Bracchetto, of Turin, calls for sums so extravagant that he must be turned down: he at once makes himself busy seeking an appointment in another Church. An unmarried preacher, off on a mission to Italians in America, demands the sum of $900 for travelling expenses. Almost invariably when a preacher leaves of his own accord or is sent off by his superiors a bonus is paid to insure his peace. Nor is the lust of money the malady only of preachers. It is in the bone and marrow of theological students. It enters into the deep fibre of servants and colporteurs. A janitor demands an increase of salary: "I got a good many to join your religion." The pay of a Bible woman is discontinued: at once she, her family, and her friends abandon Methodism and say all they can to injure it.

"Whoever has once been in the pay of our mission as preacher, Bible woman, janitor, organist, etc., etc., and has, for any cause, been discharged has become at once a bitter opponent of our Church, proving thereby that his motive for uniting with us was a mercenary one."

As with ministers and employees so with the rank and file of converts and probationers. Seldom the light leading to Methodism is a ray from the sky: rather is it the glitter of gold and silver. The cord that draws is money, the link that binds is money.

"The better and nobler class of Italians we have not reached. Our system attracts the mendicants as molasses draws flies. . . . A lot of mendicants flock to the Church. We mean not only beggars, but those who have the mendicant spirit, who want their religion at the cheapest possible spirit with a chromo thrown in. . . . A crowd of tramps and beggars knock at the door. If they don't receive what they want, they will leave the Church and go to another, similarly organized but more liberal in its distributions of money."

A Sunday-school was organized at Bologna. As an attraction there was a prize for each attendant every Sunday. Forty pupils

were soon reported. But as weekly gifts soon became too expensive and distributions were confined to solemn occasions the pupils protested: "Then we won't come to Sunday-school"; not one of the forty remained. Begging as a trade is quite customary with converts: it pays to join the Church: it pays to remain with it.

"Lots of mendicants go about Italy with a certificate in their pocket that they belong to some Evangelical Church. Some such beggars have called upon us, wearing kid gloves, and a cane."

Converts must be had: when all appliances to obtain them fail they must be dreamt of and set down in reports to conferences and treasuries. Nothing more misleading, more incorrect than the reports of preachers. Statistics are exaggerated knowingly and with malice prepense; tricks used to swell numbers are not revealed: defections, wholesale at times, are not noted. "Moral integrity" with a vengeance! Dr. Stackpole asked the pastor of a church why he did not correct the records and report only actual members to be found? The pastor replied: "That would not please certain authorities." To the question, how many of his fifty-four members gave evidence of conversion, the pastor of the church at Pontedera answered: "Four or five." In the church in Faenza the minutes reported an average attendance of twenty-five: for three years, however, the audience was more often three than twenty-five. "We asked one of the preachers," says Dr. Stackpole, "why he did not cut down the report to actual facts, and he replied: 'That would not please the Presiding Elder.'" "Every preacher in the Italian mission," Dr. Stackpole adds, "knows that all the authorities on both sides of the ocean want to see every year an increase of members, probationers, conversions, and they are accommodating enough to make the desired increase." In some ten years over $20,000 had been sent to the Bologna mission. A showing of results was a necessity: 150 names were placed on the register. A new pastor, however, coming to Bologna, found only two in attendance at religious service. Better yet was the way things were done in Venice. There it had been the custom, when a visit was expected from the Presiding Elder, to ask the minister of another denomination to send his congregation to the Methodist service so as to make a good impression on the Elder. Still

more clever, in a similar emergency, was the trick of a certain other preacher, "who went into the street and café and hired an audience at a cent apiece." Nor is there, in those reports of preachers, the slightest intimation of the instability of converts. With converts to Methodism it is a coming and going, as the wind blows, as the daily quotation of temporal gain rises or falls. In Palermo a Presbyterian congregation voted themselves into Methodism and a Methodist preacher was sent to them. After two months the preacher was ordered away with this parting cheer: "We have had enough of the Methodist Church." The pastor of a congregation in Piazzi Poli, Rome, went over to another denomination and was followed by his whole congregation. In Florence a Wesleyan minister brought over to Methodism his former congregation, but soon pastor and flock took objection to a mild and partial enforcement of Methodist discipline and no more did they float the Methodist banner. In their eagerness to swell their list of conversions preachers browse upon the pasture fields of other Protestant Churches—the Swiss Presbyterian, the English Wesleyan, the Independent Church of Italy, the Waldensian. But converts are all alike:

"Any trifling circumstance is enough to sever their connection with the Church. The whole basis is unsound. It is an attempt to build up the Kingdom of God by a judicious use of money alone, which proves to be the most injudicious use to which money can be put."

Money for schools is poured into Italy, into Rome particularly. To read the list of school buildings, the description of their imposing architecture and thorough equipment, to hearken to the copious reports of registration and attendance, one is breathless—the Eternal City suddenly made Methodist, the Vatican sorrowing in silence, the disciples of John Wesley in supreme command! The picture, however, calls for closer examination.

Some items from "Four and One-half Years" telling of Methodist schools fifteen years ago are illuminative: they cast light on the present no less than on the past. Attention, Dr. Stackpole advises, must be given to modern languages, especially English. The schools, whether for boarders or day scholars, must be gratuitous or semi-gratuitous (with the emphasis strongly upon the last part of the compound) with books and clothes frequently thrown in for nothing. Of a proposed boarding-school in Rome he writes:

"A semi-gratuitous school in Rome will attract a class of pupils who will be glad to have a furnished room in Rome and instruction in English and French for six dollars a month. The furnished room alone is worth that."

Despite, however, the free or semi-free attractions, results were scant. So when a showing was called for, recourse was had to the usual padding of figures. A "Boys' Institute" was opened in Rome. According to "The Gospel in All Lands," July, 1892, this institute had in attendance eighty pupils: in reality it had at the time only eight, mostly charity pupils, three of whom later were expelled for stealing. The elementary school enjoyed a larger patronage: but attendance had little meaning so far as permanent results would go. So soon as pupils were able to earn a few cents a day they went to work, or the priest had interfered and taken them away. In both cases the pupils were lost to Methodism.

Dr. Stackpole wrote in 1894. Since then schools were opened in greater number, money was spent with greater liberality, and registration and attendance of pupils increased. The methods, however, did not change in spirit or in aim and results for Methodism were not a whit more encouraging.

Of Methodist schools and refuges in Rome during recent years I speak from personal observation and inquiry. For a time those schools and refuges seemed to flourish. The peril they omened to Catholic faith was not so apparent to parents or pupils as it since was seen to be. Neither were Catholics—priests or people—as quickly on the alert as the peril demanded: they were almost taken by surprise through the suddenness of the invasion. And the Irish Christian Brothers had not yet arrived on the scene to open English-teaching schools in Rome.

It is not to be wondered at that a number of pupils were gathered into schools and refuges, where all sorts of advantages were offered gratuitously or semi-gratuitously, and, at the same time, assurance was given that the intention was benevolence, not proselytism. A most attractive bait was the teaching of English. There is a rage in Italy to learn English. Legions of English-speaking tourists swarm annually through the Peninsula. Cab-men, hotel-runners, shop clerks, male and female servants, feel they must understand and speak English to ply effectively their trade. Italians, too, in throngs emigrate to America: many seek

to obtain a smattering of the language they will make use of in their new home. And then upon all there rests the spell of America, the land of prosperity, of freedom, the dreamland of the future. The picture of an American school dazzled the fancy. It was clever, we must say, on the part of the Methodists, to see in those conditions of mind an opportunity for their propaganda and to put it at once to profit. It was true American ingenuity. Nor was money lacking — America was behind the scheme. Tuition, board and lodging in comfortable quarters were offered gratuitously or semi-gratuitously (the emphasis always strong on the second part of the compound, as Dr. Stackpole counsels), and in order that there be no barrier to arrest the incoming of pupils the hint was gently thrown out whenever needed that the religious convictions of each and every one would be respected —doses of Methodism to be given out quietly between lessons.

The hiding of the intention to proselytize is contemptible. Yet there it was. At the public inauguration of the Crandon Institute—a school for the daughters of the so-called better classes—the directress, Miss Vickory, set forth the institution as "respecting the religious convictions of all." Yet in her report to the Conference, in 1899, while admitting that "some parents do not want their children to enter a Protestant church," she frankly says: "We have established service in the interior of the institution itself every Sunday morning. Our Italian minister presides and all our boarders are obliged to assist at it." The Isabella Clark Refuge confesses positive treachery to the wishes of parents:

> "Despite the efforts of the parents, who, though taking advantage of the material benefits that we furnish them, try to prevent their children from knowing and practising the truths of our Christian religion, we find with pleasure that the little ones do not forget the prayers they hear and the nice hymns they sing" (*Cenni Storici*).

For forty years Methodism has been at work in Italy, spending there meanwhile immense sums of money. With the results of Methodism in Italy the Board of Bishops are satisfied. They even venture to see in the charges brought against its methods and aims a recognition of its "success."

Bishop Burt speaks officially. According to statements in "Europe and Methodism," Methodism in Italy, in 1881, counted ministers, 19; members and probationers, 1,019; and, in 1907,

ministers, 43; members and probationers, 3,689; Sunday-school scholars and teachers, 1,922.

At face value, the figures afford slight room for a pæan of triumph. But, as a matter of fact, a wide distinction must be noted between figures and realities. The figures, of course, were gathered from Elders and ministers. Methods of counting members and probationers being much the same to-day as in the time of Dr. Stackpole—the Board of Bishops will have us believe that they are exactly the same—we are compelled to make heavy allowance for sundry tricks and exaggerations, and eliminate from Bishop Burt's figures the outgrowth of all such methods. And then, with something like realities before us, we call for further sifting, since the purpose is to discover the exact residuum of genuine Methodism in Italy. How many of those actually registered as "members and probationers" are "members," and how many are "probationers"? "Probationers," we claim, count for little. They are mere probabilities, oftener mere possibilities. Not seldom they are people who, now and then, peep into Methodist chapels to see what is going on, or who register their names at one and the same time as "probationers" and as petitioners for gifts of charity. And as to "members," how many are Simon-pure, disinterested converts, as distinguished from men and women liable to suspicion in the motives of their attachment to the new faith, such as we must consider those classes of mendicants and salaried employees so graphically described by Dr. Stackpole? The "ministers," too, should be divided into two categories—on the one side, ministers earnestly unselfish and evangelical, and, on the other, ex-priests, ex-Waldensians, ex-Presbyterians, the vast majority of whom, it is admitted, preach for a price, and only for a price. Already I have given details as to how Sunday-schools are recruited, so that no effort of fancy is needed to simmer down to reason the figures of Sunday-school pupils and teachers reported by Bishop Burt.

Bishop Burt must be heard from again before we believe that Methodism in Italy is anything beyond a disbursing bank, an aggregation of chapels and school buildings, a counting-house of insults and injuries against the Catholic Church and its Pontiff, a big bag of wind and loud shouting.

Against the reports of Bishop Burt I set statements recently

forwarded to me by a well-known Roman priest, actively engaged in counteracting the Methodist propaganda, Rev. P. Mandato, S. J.:

"The number of so-called converts to Methodism is very small. Methodists count as converts all those who through curiosity fill now and then their halls and chapels. Their work of perversion is chiefly amongst the children and the youths of the poverty-stricken. As to grown-up persons, they make among them very few proselytes; most of those they seem to win over are people who formerly had no religion or were firebrands of social or political revolutions, joining the Methodists in order to shout in company against Pope and Church. Some families I know are bound to go to the Methodist Church because the fathers are employed in the Methodist printing-house or some other Methodist institution. The 'Society of the Preservation of the Faith' is very efficient in counteracting the Methodist propaganda. Methodists are making no real progress; rather they are losing ground. As to gains to Methodism from schools and refuges—the efforts of the Methodists are directed especially towards the children of the very poor, to whom the bait is held out of free education and the teaching of English in attractive and comfortable quarters. But even those children are withdrawn so soon as the parents are made aware of the perils to which their faith is exposed, or similar advantages are offered to them in Catholic institutions. There is also the Crandon International Institute for girls of the better people; but generally the girls who go there for schooling do not frequent their worship and remain as they were, Catholics or Jewesses, or of no religion at all, according as they had been previously brought up by their parents."

So far the aims and methods of Methodism in Italy; and so far the success with which those aims and methods have been rewarded. I trust the Board of Bishops are satisfied that the details of the specific acts upon which charges against Methodism in Italy have been made are now stated with such clearness and precision that the validity of those charges may now be tested, at the good pleasure of the Board, before the judgment of the country. To what extent there has been "an unprovoked and unwarranted" attempt to "discredit" one of their "most successful missions" by calumnious accusations the country will determine.

It was my task to justify the attitude of aloofness adopted by the Vatican towards Methodism in Italy—as shown on sundry occasions, specifically so in the circumstances attending the recent visit of Mr. Roosevelt to Rome.

It was not Methodism, the Board of Bishops would have us

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believe, that was in the mind of the Vatican in connection with the visit of Mr. Roosevelt, but diplomacy and etiquette—Methodism being brought forward merely as a diversion to cover and conceal the real issue in question.

As the words of the Bishops must be interpreted, the Pontiff finds in the facts of its propaganda no justification for his attitude towards the Methodist Church, as towards all who either give ready approval to it, or through stress of circumstances, without will or wish of their own, are in peril of being entangled into giving to it, directly or indirectly, countenance or encouragement. The diplomatic exigency to which the Bishops make reference is, of course, the position maintained by the Pontiff since the loss of his temporal power towards the Italian Government.

I can assure the Board of Bishops that in the mind of the Pontiff and in that of the Cardinal Secretary of State there was not the slightest thought of local diplomacy when a reply was given to the request of Mr. Roosevelt for an audience. A year ago I was talking with the Cardinal Secretary of State about the coming of Mr. Roosevelt to Rome. The Cardinal expressed the great pleasure it would be to the Pontiff and to himself to meet Mr. Roosevelt and show to him every token of the high esteem in which they held himself and the country he represented. I ventured to say that most likely Mr. Roosevelt would visit the Quirinal before visiting the Vatican. The Cardinal replied: no objection to that in the case of Mr. Roosevelt.

It was not local diplomacy; it was the Methodist Church in Rome that brought on the difficulty. It is the custom of the Methodist Church in Rome to seize upon distinguished American visitors for addresses in its halls and chapels to the purpose of draping itself in the eyes of the Roman people with the mantle of American honor and American prestige. Mr. Seth Low went from an audience with the Pontiff to the Methodist Chapel and made there an address—all unconscious, I am sure, of the consequences to follow. It was a triumph for Methodism. Says *"Cenni Storici"*:

"The fact that the Hon. Seth Low, the ex-Mayor of New York, as a political and liberal man, came to pay a visit to our College, and held there a splendid discourse to the pupils of all our institutions of Rome, assembled in our American Church, has shaken the nerves of our enemies

(Pope and Catholics). Many reporters were present who produced the brilliant speech in the city papers."

Later Mr. Fairbanks, who, of course, had never read Dr. Stackpole or "*L'Evangelista,*" was taken hold of, and much ado there was in papers both of Rome and of America over his speech in the Methodist hall. Now Mr. Roosevelt was coming. So far as precedents gave lesson, the Vatican could not but fear that pressure might be brought to bear on him to induce him to lend his favor in whatever degree to the Institute of Via Venti Settembre. With the purposes and wiles of the institute Mr. Roosevelt, it was thought, most likely was not conversant: so far he had had no occasion to run up against its ruling spirit, Rev. Mr. Tipple. The honor of the Vatican was supreme, as it should be, in the mind of the Cardinal: it must at all hazard be safeguarded; neither must obstacles intervene that should keep the doors of the Vatican from being thrown wide open in greeting to Mr. Roosevelt. So in reply to Mr. Roosevelt's request for an audience a message was sent, courteous and confidential, acceding, of course, to the request, yet intimating the unpleasant position to which the Vatican would be reduced were there the least peril that what had happened to Mr. Low and to Mr. Fairbanks were by any miscalculation or oversight to happen to him. The more illustrious the visitor, the more was he to be put on his guard. Unfortunately, the message of the Vatican reached Mr. Roosevelt under the cover of comments from the hand of the American Ambassador to the Quirinal and was read in the glare of those comments. Certainly the situation was perplexing. The comments of Mr. Leishman under his eyes, the answer given by Mr. Roosevelt is not a surprise to Americans. Subsequent developments brought further confusion. There were other and yet more embarrassing comments from Mr. Leishman to Mr. Roosevelt; and there was the cavalier and unwarranted declaration of Mr. O'Loughlin to the Cardinal that Mr. Roosevelt was just the man to go from the Vatican to the Methodist hall. Circumstances, let us say, conspired to defeat an understanding which was sure to be, had Mr. Roosevelt and the Cardinal Secretary of State come face to face, or had they spoken to each other in direct correspondence without let or hindrance of intermediaries. However, as things went, the Cardinal Secretary of State, supremely preoccupied, as it was his duty to be, with the necessity

of safeguarding at all hazard the honor of the Holy See, was allowed no alternative: the audience was made impossible. Such the Roosevelt incident, in which, back of all the immediate circumstances, the one controlling element was the American Methodist Episcopal Church.

The attitude of the Vatican towards the Methodist mission must not be other than what it is. If in this attitude there is intolerance it is the intolerance of vile insult and treacherous fraud. With persons differing from it in creed, honorable in their sincerity of belief and well mannered in their bearing, the Vatican is always most tolerant, most courteous. But as was the Saviour Himself so is the Vatican, severe and intolerant when confronted by the Pharisee and the money-changer of the temple. Apart from his position as Vicar of Christ, the Pontiff of the Vatican rules a kingdom great in the majesty of history as no other kingdom present or past. It owes respect to itself; it owes respect to the hundreds of millions who venerate its spiritual sceptre: it must brook no friend, no foe, who casts insult into its face. And then the Vatican is the supreme guardian of faith and morals: when these are assailed, it must not, in manner least direct, betoken approval of the enemy—this, less than ever, when the targets of the attack are the more poor and helpless of its subjects, when missiles from the hostile camp, steeped in fraud and deceit, call for loud and insistent warning, lest the thoughtless and simple-minded be stricken unawares.

JOHN IRELAND.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

We shall probably come close to the truth if we say that while Mr. Hay was at the head of the Department of State the key-note of the foreign policy of the United States was the conservation of the Chinese Empire and the safeguarding of the open door of trade. When Mr. Root took his place, toward the close of 1905, he gave the greatest prominence to a principle first emphasized, perhaps, by Mr. Blaine, in working vigorously for more intimate relations with the Latin-American Republics and thus strengthening the feeling of American unity. Can we find a like expression for American foreign policy in the hands of the present Secretary of State?

While it is, of course, true that the final direction of Mr. Knox's policy may be shaped by events still hidden in the darkness of the future, it is also true that certain lines of force already show themselves clearly; certain principles of wide application, hammered out by Mr. Knox, seem destined to influence and direct his entire administration. It is, indeed, becoming daily more probable that the present administration will mark a new era in the policy of the United States, an epoch of larger and more general purposes, based on clear and comprehensive views; a policy comparable in thoroughness and scope with that, let us say, of the British Foreign Office or the German Department of Foreign Affairs.

It would seem that, as contrasted with the policies of his two predecessors at the State Department, the policy of Mr. Knox cannot be called a specialized policy, unless we may call it a policy of universal specialization, one whose aim is to promote American interests impartially in all quarters of the world alike.

Such a policy, wisely directed, is obviously the most broadly beneficial to the national interests, moral, political and commercial. The energetic pursuit of this broader diplomacy naturally involves a range of activities which brings the foreign policy of the United States into the arena of public discussion much more than formerly. It is interesting to observe the awakening popular interest in the diplomacy of the United States as a world-power, although it would seem that the press of this country is not yet adjusted to that patient and intelligently analytical frame of mind in which the subject of foreign affairs is approached in the older countries, where the great organs realize, in a spirit of patriotism or enlightened self-interest, that what they write on foreign affairs is spoken to the world and to their adversaries.

Up to the time of the Spanish-American war foreign affairs played no great part in the general policy of the United States. Americans took only a platonic interest in world-politics, and the external relations of the Government at Washington were little more than formal, such episodes as President Cleveland's vigorous interposition in the Venezuelan boundary dispute being the exceptions which prove the rule. Then came the transition period of Mr. Root and Mr. Hay; the period marked by single dominant policies like the conservation of China or the Pan-American movement, leading up to the present time, when the United States is ready to adopt a foreign policy, matured, far-reaching and consistent, such a policy as befits the relations of a world-power.

On January 10th, 1910, Mr. Knox had occasion to make a comprehensive statement on the position and aims of his department before the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs; such a statement as Sir Edward Grey might make to the House of Commons. This meeting of the Secretary of State with the Congressional Committee is, in fact, the nearest equivalent, in the American system, of the English principle of ministerial responsibility to the popular House of Parliament. In his statement to the Congressional Committee Mr. Knox luminously summed up the present position of affairs by saying that the increase of work in the Department of State in the last few years had been prodigious, continually advancing by leaps and bounds; more questions, more kinds of questions and more new questions

came up for solution every day than at any other period in the history of the department, unless, perhaps, during a war or pending a war. Mr. Knox insisted very strongly on the fact that the Department of State was undermanned; that there were far too few men in the department to deal adequately with all these questions; and that, in his wide experience in the public service, he had found no harder worked service than the Department of State, or any service where men gave such unusual hours to their work. He expressed the fervent hope that Congress would share this view and make proper and permanent provision for the foreign policy of the United States.

In reply to the inquiry of a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs as to whether these were Asiatic questions, Mr. Knox declared that they were Asiatic, they were Turkish, they were Russian, they were Latin-American, Canadian, African. They came from all quarters of the world, for there was not a quarter of the world now untouched by American interests. The growth and development of the diplomatic relations of the United States since the Spanish war had in all probability more than doubled the work of the Department of State.

To meet this new position, Mr. Knox developed a plan which is the first noteworthy departure of the new administration. He divided the foreign affairs of the United States into four great divisions, according to geographical and political relations. As a result the Department of State at Washington has, first, a Division of Latin-American Affairs, which has charge of correspondence, diplomatic and consular, on matters other than those of an administrative character, in relation to Mexico, Central America, Panama, South America and the West Indies, under a chief who has had special experience in Latin-American diplomacy; second, a Division of Western European Affairs, including Great Britain, with Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and British colonies not elsewhere enumerated, Portugal, Spain, France, Morocco, Belgium, the Congo, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, the Netherlands, Luxemburg, Denmark and Liberia; third, a Division of Near Eastern Affairs, which includes Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Abyssinia, Persia, Egypt and their colonies; and, fourthly, a Division of Far Eastern Affairs, whose name sufficiently describes its scope.

We shall try to review the foreign relations of the United States along the lines of this great fourfold division. Before attempting this, however, it may be wise to consider another new departure, namely, the work of the Bureau of Trade Relations, in connection with which the President created the Tariff Board under the Payne-Aldrich law. In his message of December 7th Mr. Taft explained that the tariff law had empowered him to appoint a Tariff Board to assist the Department of State in the negotiations as to the extension of the minimum or maximum clause of the tariff act; and also to assist the proper officers of the Government in the administration of the entire tariff law. The Board, which is attached to the Department of the Treasury, is expected to consult and advise with the Bureau of Trade Relations of the Department of State as to the terms extended to the United States in the customs laws of other countries. The issuing of proclamations extending to different countries the most favorable rates under the Payne-Aldrich law, and the continuance of such proclamations as have been issued, will depend on the facts thus ascertained. The tariff legislation of foreign countries must be followed from month to month to determine whether proclamations shall be continued or revoked. To take an example, the success of Mr. Balfour's Tariff Reform policy in England might make it necessary for this country to alter the status of Great Britain under the minimum and maximum clause of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. This examination of foreign customs laws necessarily becomes a part of the permanent work of the Department of State at Washington.

This brings into relief the change which is passing over the face of world-politics in our time. Central Europe, perhaps, excepted, the driving forces of world-politics are no longer dynastic. They concern themselves rather with the exchange of commodities and the development of the forces of civilization. The first stage of world-politics was the struggle for territory, because the resources of governments, largely of the nature of taxes on land, were most easily increased by the conquest of new regions. The second stage of world-politics was the struggle for markets. The third, on which we are now entering, is the contest, not so much for territory or even for markets, as for fields of development; for the introduction of organizing power and capital, rather than merchandise, into new regions.

It is evident that this development calls for special knowledge and skill in our diplomatic agents; a degree of knowledge and skill not very likely to be secured by the old system of appointment for party or personal services. To meet this new situation, and as a part of the modernization of the Department of State, we have the reorganization of the diplomatic service by Mr. Knox's Executive Order of November 26th, 1909.

This Executive Order in effect takes the diplomatic service out of politics, by applying to it the principles of the Civil Service Act. First, as regards the higher grades of the service, it contemplates promoting to the rank of Ambassador or Minister those Secretaries of Embassies or Legations who, by reason of efficient service, have demonstrated special capacity. To this end, a careful efficiency record of every officer of the diplomatic service will be kept, in order that there may be no promotion except on well-established efficiency as shown in the service; and that retention in the service may be conditioned upon the officers' maintaining a degree of efficiency well up to the average high standard which the interests of the service demand. Further, appointments from outside to secretaryships in the diplomatic service shall in future be only to the class of Third Secretary of Embassy or a corresponding rank in Legations; vacancies of the higher classes of secretaryships being filled by promotion from the lower grades, based upon ability and efficiency as shown in the service.

Again, candidates for appointments in the diplomatic service will in future be required to pass examinations similar to the Civil Service examinations. These will be held at Washington, and candidates will be asked to qualify in international law, diplomatic usage and a knowledge of at least one modern language other than English, to wit, French, Spanish or German; also of the natural, industrial and commercial resources and the commerce of the United States; American history, government and institutions; and the modern history, since 1850, of Europe, Latin-America and the Far East. An oral examination will also be held to determine the candidate's alertnss, general contemporary information and natural fitness for the service, including mental, moral and physical qualifications, character, address, general education and command of good English. It will be remembered that a corresponding reform of the consular service, brought about by the Executive Order of June 27th, 1906, has

already had an excellent effect upon that other branch of the foreign service.

This wise and intelligent organization of the system of appointments to the diplomatic service is only second in importance to the reorganization of the Department of State already described; this latter being more important because the efficiency of the whole foreign service must of necessity depend on the wisdom and efficiency of its direction by the Department of State.

This twofold reorganization is of the highest practical value. It is the first substantive achievement of the present administration of the Department of State and marks the beginning of a new era in the conduct of the foreign policy of the United States.

Having thus cleared the way, we now come to a consideration of the details of foreign policy under the new administration. In general, I think it might almost be said to be a new axiom of the present administration that the Department of State should endeavor in all cases to give all proper support to legitimate and beneficial American enterprises in foreign countries, at the same time scrutinizing such enterprises in order to arrive at a conservative decision as to whether they are worthy of support, and as to the degree of support which would be justified by the extent of their real benefit to the United States, and by their relation to the important policies of the Government. This attitude puts new life and energy into what might often be merely formal acts and relations. It is likely to be of real and lasting benefit to many foreign countries, which will be able, in safe and conservative ways, to profit by American organizing power and American capital, thus furthering the general development of civilization, while at the same time stimulating American commerce, enterprise and influence. A policy of greater energy and initiative will take the place of what was perhaps the too cautious and negative foreign policy of this country.

A brief survey of the condition of the nations, as viewed by the foreign policy of the United States, will not be out of place. In his annual message Mr. Taft declared that the Pan-American policy of the Government had long been fixed in its principles and remained unchanged; that beside this fundamental principle there have grown up a realization of political interests, community of institutions and ideals and a flourishing commerce. All these

bonds will be greatly strengthened as time goes on, and increased facilities, such as the great bank soon to be established in Latin-America, supply the means for building up the colossal intercontinental commerce of the future. Mr. Taft spoke reassuringly of conditions in Mexico, Venezuela, Panama and Cuba, and of the satisfactory collection of Dominican customs through the general receiver appointed by the President of the United States. He made it very clear that the Department of State had shown a praiseworthy reluctance to exert undue influence in Nicaragua, or to be drawn into the domestic affairs of that turbulent little State, in spite of many demands for the landing of American marines. He also pointed out that the Washington Conventions of 1907, which define the relations of the United States with the five Central-American Republics must not be construed as extending a general protection over the little Republics, in the sense of shielding bad or dishonest government, just as the Monroe doctrine must not be construed as protecting abuses, for example, in Venezuela.

Markedly illustrative of the policy of this country toward the Latin-American Republics was the attitude of the Department of State toward the Peru-Bolivia boundary dispute. In spite of the failure of the Argentine to adjust the trouble between these two South-American nations, the United States remained firmly persuaded that Peru and Bolivia, if left alone, would be able to solve the difficulty for themselves; and this strongly expressed confidence was, perhaps, the strongest factor in bringing about that solution. The two countries agreed to accept the Argentine award with certain modifications, and it is probable that, as a result, Bolivia will renew cordial relations with the Argentine Republic and will take part in the fourth Pan-American Conference, to be held at Buenos Ayres this summer. The faith shown by the United States that these Republics could settle their own affairs, and the refusal to interfere between them, is the best possible realization and application of the Pan-American idea. A further evidence of the vigor of Pan-Americanism is the fact that for the first time in history a Latin-American Government has placed a huge order for naval equipment with American shipyards, in the face of the most energetic European competition. The fair and favorable treatment accorded to the United States by the Argentine Government may, it is hoped, be taken to in-

dicate a realization that the Pan-American *entente* is a matter of mutual and reciprocal advantage.

In the Far East the chief subject of negotiation has, of course, been the neutralization of the Manchurian railway, as a part of the general policy of the conservation of China, and the open door of equal opportunity. Since Japan and Russia were not willing, for the present, to relinquish the position of special advantage which they hold, as a result of the Cassini Convention and the Russo-Japanese war, the Department of State put forward an alternative plan for securing more general opportunities in Manchuria, namely, the building of a railroad from Chin Chow, on the southern seaboard of Manchuria, northward to Tsitsihar, where it will cross the present Manchurian line, and thence to Aigun, on the frontier of Russia's territory on the Amur River. This railroad will be built by an international organization for China, and when finished will open up the whole of western Manchuria. It will form an important factor in the industrial development of China; and should this precedent be followed, as no doubt it will, we shall have an active policy of conservation and development, instead of the old predatory policy of spheres of influence, concessions, leased areas and the like, which leads straight to the dismemberment of China, under gentler names, but in most effective ways. The significance of the policy of the United States in emphasizing the ideal of conservation will then be universally apparent, and will without doubt meet with the recognition it deserves from the Chinese nation and from those powers whose interests are in reality commercial rather than territorial.

Following Mr. Knox's system of political division, we now come to western Europe. Throughout this division the dominant question at present is the adjustment of trade relations under the minimum or maximum clause of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. Mr. Taft, advised thereto by the Department of State, has already issued proclamations announcing that the minimum duties under the tariff shall be in force on imports from the following countries: Great Britain, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, Spain and, more recently, Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Egypt, Persia and other lands. This amounts to the same thing as putting these countries on the basis of the most-favored nation, to use the phrase already familiar in commercial treaties. Ne-

gotiations with France were successful, and the question of the status of Canada under the tariff law has also been happily solved.

Terminating our inquiry, we come to the Near East. Here we find a very interesting situation. Speaking before the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs, Mr. Knox dwelt at some length on the Turkish Empire, saying that the aspect of affairs had greatly improved in Turkey since Congress raised that post to the rank of an Embassy and thus secured for the representative of the United States more ready access to the Sultan. Mr. Knox further said that there was every indication that the demand of the consular service throughout the Turkish Empire for young Americans, young men speaking the Turkish language, would increase. There had been a remarkable increase of American activity since the Turks had established a constitutional Government. There is no country, Mr. Knox went on to say, which surpasses Turkey in undeveloped natural wealth. There has been little development there yet, few roads or means of communication. One project now in hand is to develop the valley of the Euphrates and Asia Minor, the great plains which were once the granary of the world. If they can be irrigated, they will form one of the richest regions on earth. Mr. Knox was informed that in Turkey there were greater opportunities for the profitable investment of American capital than in any other part of the world.

Here is matter of possible mutual advantage. Under the Capitulations, foreigners residing in Turkey are under the laws of their respective countries and are amenable for trial to a tribunal presided over by their consul. This superseding of the Turkish courts of justice is a sore point with Turkey, just as a similar situation was with Japan until the abolition of extra-territoriality, so recently as 1899. And the rapid progress of Turkey, under the present sane and enlightened *régime,* makes it more than ever desirable to Turkey that these extra-territorial courts should cease to exist. It is probable that Turkey might enlist the sympathy of this country in such a plan; and, at the same time, ways and means might be considered whereby the United States might have a favorable opportunity to aid in the development of the rich Euphrates valley and Asia Minor.

We should not turn from contemplating the foreign policy of the Department of State, under the guidance of Mr. Knox, with-

out mentioning another matter of high importance: the feeling that American citizens and American interests in foreign countries are being jealously guarded, and that perhaps now, more than ever before in the history of this country, there is meaning the world over in the phrase, "*Civis Romanus sum.*"

That this safeguarding of American citizens and interests will be carried out in harmony with the principles of peace is made more certain by the noteworthy work being done by the Department of State toward the establishment of a general court of arbitral justice at The Hague. At the last Hague Conference an effort was made to create an International Prize Court. An obstacle was found in the fact that neither international law nor the administrative or municipal laws of the different countries were sufficiently developed and uniform to afford a definite body of law for the prize court to administer. Therefore, the London Maritime Conference was called. This conference adopted, *ad referendum,* a body of rules for the government of a prize court. A circular recently drawn up by Mr. Knox proposes that the jurisdiction of the prize court shall be extended to enable it to consider international disputes. Thus we shall have as a reality the general court of arbitral justice for which peace advocates the world over have worked so long. This is a great advance toward universal peace, which should appeal to all lovers of peace, who, perhaps, do not always realize that among the most effective works for peace are policies like those whose principles the Department of State is now applying in the vitally important and difficult Far Eastern and Pan-American questions.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

"It is my calling to question, not to answer," Henrik Ibsen, that sick soul, said when called on to solve one of the innumerable problems he had stripped bare and flung out for society to struggle with. No situation, no relation, no creed, no custom, no convention passed under review of his sharp, small eyes, but he forthwith tapped with his knuckle, and the bitter smile of his close-compressed lips bears witness how often the sound he evoked rung hollow. Not so to his great contemporary and compatriot Björnson did the world disclose its inner nature. His vision had a narrower range, his heart was warmer, his nature more compliant. Between these two great writers one may see the differences that sever the thinker who suffers the woes of all humanity and becomes the tongue of the world and the ages, and the man who, living closely knit to his immediate surroundings, striking root deep down into the soil of his own land, becomes the incarnate expression and the idol of his nation and his day. Ibsen might stand as an embodiment of the nineteenth century with its iconoclastic forces, its restless probings and questionings, its haughty refusal to trust appearances, take facts on faith or interpretations on tradition. Yes, even the embittered humility of his refusal to answer questions is an expression akin to the century's unabashed agnosticism. Never before has man had the lowliness of his place in the universe rubbed so thoroughly into his consciousness.

If the more striking movements of the nineteenth century touched Björnson it was late in life and after travel and study. Like Robert Browning, he was born a physical optimist. "Strong as the beast of prey whose name twice occurs in his," writes a friend, "he looms up majestically in my mind with his massive

head, his firmly compressed lips and his sharp, penetrating gaze from behind his spectacles." With his fine endowment of physique it is impossible to know how much of his faith in man and life was due to his robust circulation, his eupeptic constitution.

That Norway, like other provincial places that lie somewhat aside from the great currents of life, has its own method of persecution we may guess from Björnson's description of the ways of its small towns:

"The inhabitants are very orderly—not from fear of the police, for, as a rule, there is none—but from fear of being talked about, as everybody is known to everybody else. If you go down the street you must raise your hat at almost every window, and there is usually an old lady sitting there to return your bow. Further, you must greet every one you meet; for all these quiet people go about reflecting as to what is fitting for the world in general and themselves in particular. Whoever oversteps the bounds prescribed by his rank or calling loses his good name; for his father and his grandfather, too, are known as well as he is himself, and every leaning toward the unseemly which has previously displayed itself in the family is brought to light."

This atmosphere and the general hostility which exceptional abilities and unprecedented opinions awaken exiled Ibsen, we know, for a large part of his life from Norway. But Björnson was "ever a fighter." He was stout-hearted and cheerfully ready for any opposition and hostility that offered, and, indeed, provoked a good deal of it. At one time, when matters seemed about at their worst for him, it was reported in the daily press that he was to leave Norway. His answer, through the same medium, was prompt and emphatic: "I shall stay right here in Norway; I shall win or lose in Norway; I shall thrash or get thrashed in Norway."

Kvikne,—where this great bear of the North was born, December 8th, 1832, just four years after the birth of Ibsen,—Kvikne, in that cheerless, bare, ice-bound region where no crops ever ripened, had with all its disadvantages wherewithal to harden and to strengthen, and something of the Norwegian's boldness and naïveté may have come to him through the very barrenness and austere grandeur of those great peaks that hemmed in the vision of his first six years. In his charming little sketch "Blakken" we get a vivid picture of the place and the memories of it that lasted with the author to manhood. The coming of winter there, far up on the mountainside in the Dövre Chain, was sorrowfully

early. Nor could the summer be relied upon. The good pastor who was Björnson's father sowed a field with grain one warm and early spring, only to find it buried deep in snow the following day. The mown hay was in constant danger of snow-storms, and then when finally winter came "the cold was so great," he writes, "that I dared not take hold of the latch of the street door lest my fingers should freeze fast to the iron." The pastor, who was born in the region and well acclimated, was, nevertheless, obliged to wear a mask over his face when he drove to his sub-parish. Snow often lay on a level with the second-story windows, while the smaller outhouses were frequently buried for weeks at a time. The author, writing in 1872, looks back and remembers how he used to stand on a table looking out over the vast stretch of glittering snow in which hills, shrubberies and fences were smoothed away and only the tops of the tall birch-trees fluttered over the smooth surface; or else from the same elevated post he watched this white sea lashed by winds into billowy undulations, the snow-shoe runners faring down the glittering hillside, or the little Laps, looking hardly more than balls of fur, in sleighs drawn by reindeer come whizzing down the mountains and up the slope. It was at that time a remote and dangerous part of the country, and the priest went to and from divine service armed. Indeed, the incumbent who preceded Björnson's father fled the country and the charge had gone unpastored for some years. The ways of the land may be judged by one of the author's earliest recollections:

"I still remember distinctly how, one Saturday morning, I was in the act of creeping up-stairs to the study, because there was a coating of ice on the steps after scrubbing, and had not proceeded very far when a crash and a din from the study drove me down again in terror. For one of the champions of the parish had undertaken up there to teach the refractory priest the ways of the people and found to his dismay that the priest was resolved to teach him his own first. He made his exit from the door in such a manner that he came tumbling all the way down to the bottom of the stairs, and then gathering himself up, he reached the street door in four bounds."

These childish recollections throw a certain light upon the scenes of violence sown throughout Björnson's novels. One is constantly brought up standing by blows, fisticuffs; forms of savage brutality which a more sophisticated civilization carries out in refinements of coldness, reserve or sarcasm.

Later on, somewhere about the poet's sixth year, his father was called to Naësset in the Romsdal Valley. Here we find the controlling influence of Björnson's life and work; here he discovered the element which afterwards became the distinguishing mark, the chief feature of his art—the beauty of his land. He lived amidst the very stuff of his work. That the first impression was deep we may judge from his description of his earliest experiences there:

"Here at the Naësset parsonage, one of the finest gards in the country, lying broadbreasted between the two arms of the fjord, with green mountains above and cataracts and gards on the opposite shore, with undulating fields and eager life in the heart of the valley, and out along the fjords, mountains, from which naze after naze with a large gard on each, project out into the water—here at Naësset parsonage, where I could stand of evenings and watch the play of the sun over mountain and fjord until I wept as if I had done something wrong; and where on my show-shoes, down in some valley or other, I could suddenly pause, as one spellbound by a beauty, a yearning, which I was powerless to explain, but which was so great that I felt the most exalted joy as well as the most oppressive sense of imprisonment and grief; here at Naësset my impressions grew."

In reading Björnson's work as a whole it comes upon one how profoundly the type of the environment worked upon his creation, compact as it is of almost savage strength, utter tenderness and the naïveté which belongs to those who have spent their youth apart, in loneliness.

Björnson's life, were it to be told in detail, offers more of incident and activity than that of most men of letters, for the enforced isolation of his early childhood made him apparently the more eager to mix with his kind later on, and he was as much a patriot as a poet. Indeed, one of his critics says that to utter his name is equal to hoisting the Norwegian flag. At an early age, sent to the Latin school in the little town of Molde, he organized societies among his mates, was a leader in games, but never distinguished as a student. He was, however, an omnivorous reader, devouring the old Norse *sagas,* folk-lore tales and folk *sagas* and the works of Wergeland, one of the first of the Northern writers to interest himself in the economic condition of the peasantry. From the Latin school at Molde Björnson progressed to the University of Christiania. He was at this time, it is said, and one can well believe it from later pictures, a youth of quite

extraordinary beauty, large, athletic and very fair, with unforgettable blue eyes, a great exuberance of spirits and a simplicity and naïveté which belonging to one so distinguished in appearance conveyed an impression of something akin to grandeur—as of one who could easily afford to be himself. At this time he wrote a drama called "*Valborg,*" which was accepted by the directors of the Theatre of Christiania but which the author himself withdrew before it was presented, preferring to wait and do something better. He threw himself with Ibsen enthusiastically into the fight to free the Norwegian theatre from Danish influences. His feeling about the whole matter reappears later on in that comic scene in which Signe, the fisher lass, presents herself to the Danish director of the theatre in Bergen, and to prove her fitness for a stage career mimics his wife.

In his own country Björnson is most widely known and loved as a poet, as a writer of those songs which a whole nation knows and loves and sings, songs like the national anthem:

> "Yes, we love the land so rock-bound
> Rising from the foam;"

Or like that song of the lofty mountains in Arne which retains an echo of its original yearning charm even in translation. To English readers he must of necessity, first and foremost, come as novelist. In his twenty-fifth year he published the first of a long series of pastoral studies, "*Synnöve Solbakken.*" It is difficult to say what economic conditions lay at the root of the sudden rise of the peasant in the poetic imagination of Europe just at this time. It is said that George Sand's rustic stories were directly inspired by Auerbach's "Black Forest Tales" and "On the Heights," that wonderful combination of Spinoza's "Ethics" and Immermann's peasant drawings. It is fairly certain, however, that Björnson knew neither Walpurga nor *la petite* Fadette, and that "*Synnöve Solbakken*" is a picture drawn direct from his own youth gilded and lighted by the touch of memory in absence. The striking thing about the book is that, the work of a man just twenty-five, it yet bears no mark of immaturity, no bungling. Björnson with his natural naïveté and grand simplicity did not even make the usual encouraging blunder of youth, that of trying his hand upon a canvas too large for him to manage. A series of simple pictures of life, of the happy religious folk who lived on the sunny hill and the somewhat less

consecrated family of little Thorbjörn who lived in the shade where the sun came only fitfully and the hay dried so slowly. The characters are given with the sure quick drawing of a master, delicately and always in low relief, without a touch too much, yet distinct and true. Greater always, however, than his figure-drawing is his landscape-painting, as perfect here in this first book as in the last. We get at once in a few lines the high spot on the mountain open on all sides, with the sun flooding it from early dawn to twilight; we see little Thorbjörn sent to tend the herds on the mountain, sitting on the stone with the cattle about him, listening to the church bells as they rise from the valley and mingle with the tinkle of the sheep-bells. We can follow him as he walked at night when the rest were well in bed to set out Synnöve's flowers through the forest stretching upward, now blue, now dark, now still darker toward the rocky waste, till it looked like a great sea of mist. Two tales are current of this book; the one that, appearing first in a periodical at Christiania, attracted so much attention that it was immediately published in book form, ran through ten editions quickly and was translated into French, English, German, Swedish, Dutch, Finnish, Russian and Spanish.

The other tale told by Boyeson is that after the book was published Björnson waited impatiently for the comment of his friends, but none of them read it. Finally he persuaded a friend to attack it on the promise of a bottle of punch as a reward. The friend lay down on the bed and began to read. Björnson sat down opposite, breathless with expectation. The leaves were turned one after another, but not a word was spoken. Finally the last page was turned, the friend arose, claimed his bottle of punch, lit his pipe, and as he was doing it the words softly escaped him: "Devil take me, if that isn't the best book I ever read in my life."

It is, indeed, perfect because so little was attempted. Björnson was as yet untouched by world problems, by questions of psychology or philosophy. The inarticulate peasant souls that he depicted, with their occasional outbreaks of savagery, of beating, fighting and drunkenness, with their narrow religious creed as a chief means of æsthetic expression, their violent dances and hard drinking as a sole form of diversion, were drawn with fine and tender sentiment, but were as yet untouched by tragedy. "Arne," written in 1858, repeated the success of "*Synnöve.*" It is sown

throughout with charming songs, for Arne, like his creator, was a lyric poet. "The Happy Boy" followed in 1859 and is a third rustic idyl; the characters, Dr. Rasmus Anderson thinks, gaining in distinctness while the author's artlessness and simplicity of style remained untouched. It is, perhaps, not a fault that these peasant types fall at times so deep in their setting that one hardly distinguishes the man from the tree or the busy life on the gard from the aspects of the weather on the mountains. It is the Norwegian country the author is giving us; man as the product of the soil; and the art is the more perfect that when we finish reading one of these tales we know and love the land as much as the persons. And how dumb and instinctive are the little modest love tales that adorn the pages. Love comes to these shy souls as a capricious, mute visitant troubling the flesh, opening their eyes to beauty and their souls to music, saddening them only as preparation for an unspeakable and unspoken joy. It is the love of a simple folk who have fared hardly and lived in the open. There is nothing feverish or perverse or uncertain in it. The instinct is true and untrammelled, and we know of a surety that the right people will gravitate together, that Synnöve will put Thorbjörn to the test but will wait for him; that Arne will overcome the enmity of his father's foe and marry Eli, for whom he has for years been buying gifts to hide in the chest of the best chamber; that Oyvind will go up to Nordistuen and take Marit, for as he has said to her: "All unhappy love belongs to timid people, or weak people, or calculating people who keep waiting for some special opportunity, or cunning people who in the end smart for their own cunning, or to sensuous people that do not care enough for each other to forget rank and distinction."

The decade of Björnson's life from 1860 to 1870 was full of activity and work. He was for a time editor of a paper in Christiania; he contributed short stories and sketches such as "The Father," "The Eagle's Nest," to the periodicals; he became the director of a theatre. He travelled through Germany and Italy and spent two years in Rome, where he produced "*Sigurd Slembe*," an historical dramatic poem—a noble production full of fine rhetorical passages and still deep set in the Norwegian soil. A government pension of 1,000 thalers was then granted him; he revived a little comedy called "The Newly Married," published a poetic drama, "Mary Stuart," once again became di-

rector of a theatre, and in 1868 published "The Fisher Lass," to my mind the most perfect of his Norwegian idyls. At this point Björnson had gained complete control of his materials. His landscapes stand out, colored and vivid in a few sure strokes; a new sense has awakened in him that man is what he is by reason of his ancestry, and he begins the tale of the Fisher Lass with her grandparents on both sides. The girl's mind hampered at first in the little fishing village expands; she goes to Bergen and sees the theatre; she reads Shakespeare with the parson's daughter; she has an irresistible vocation and follows it. From this tale we may derive what a long intellectual journey through the realm of ideas Björnson made in a few years. From a narrow, hide-bound Protestant of the type now so frequently called muscular Christian, with all prejudices of the peasants themselves, with the shamefaced reserve of the hardy extreme north folk, the author here arrives at admitting that a woman may have an intellectual vocation and the right to follow it. To be sure, the man who has passionately loved the Fisher Lass, discovering that she has the artist temperament and a vocation, finds his love instantly quenched and he falls in love with the colorless pastor's daughter who has befriended the heroine. Björnson was willing to grant a woman's right to her life, her talents, her career, but it was beyond him at that period to realize that these might be for her as for a man compatible with a home, husband, children and the natural fulfilments of life.

The "Fisher Lass" is the last of the pastoral idyls; the last of those stories which have the same sort of haunting charm as Greig's melodies, a far-away melancholy, broken, irregular syncopations and rhythms of a primitive and undeveloped people, the gentle falling cadences of life but half awake and aware of itself.

At the point of his greatest celebrity and popularity Björnson did what only a strong man could do; instead of continuing in the vein which had won this success, he stopped writing and resumed his education. He read French, German, English literature, philosophy, science, all the modern periodicals, and when he began to produce again it was from a new point of view. His old world had vanished. Like all great men, he realized that life, however it began, could not end with himself, and having seen and learned more, he became a part of all he had absorbed, identi-

fied himself with all the life and thought he had reached. In the new period Björnson had new causes to fight for, the position of women, business ethics, standards of morality, the cruelties and superstitions of the old Jewish creed. In 1872 he published two plays, "The Editor" and "The Bankrupt." The first dealt with the abuses of the power of the press; the second with the ethics of business life. "The King" is a tragedy in which the king, who has Republican principles, renounces the throne and wishes to marry a woman of the people. "The New System" (1879) is a matter of the wasteful management of railways; "Leonarda" (1879), "A Glove" (1883), both deal with the double standard of morality for men and women; "Beyond Human Strength" (1883), with the question of miracles wrought by faith; "Geography and Love" (1885), a domestic comedy; "Laboremus" (1901), "At Storhöve," sum up his plays at this period. These were interspersed by tales and novels. "*Magnhild*" copes with woman's right to free herself of a husband when her moral development is hampered by him. The story, however, is indistinct and unconvincing. It has, indeed, some fine character-drawing and the old-time cunning at landscape-painting. But the *morale* of the book is a little odd. Skarlie the husband, while we are repeatedly told that he was a rascal, seems to be more than ordinarily blameless in his relations to his young and beautiful wife, so that when she decides to exchange him for America,—that haven and refuge in the dreams of all Björnson's people,—one's sympathies are uncertain. To be sure, she married him without love; that he got her as it were by cunning; but the average mortal learns to pay for stupidity and incompetence the same price that he pays for sin. To justify Magnhild, Skarlie should have been worse. Doubtless he was, but the author, absorbed in his women characters, forgot to paint him. He is only obscurely indicated. Magnhild herself lost her dream, her love, her career, but discovered in the end that all her small and casual efforts at goodness reaped unexpected harvests. "Dust" is a little tale strikingly told, dealing with the same thesis as the play "Beyond Human Strength," namely, the relation of the real world to the supernatural, both strongly recommending, even as Browning did, that in this life we confine ourselves to human means of betterment, since all tampering with the miraculous, the supernatural, is like to end in mistake, disease, catastrophe.

Björnson's ultimate theories of life he summed up in his two last long novels, "In God's Ways" and "The Heritage of the Kurts." "In God's Ways" begins with two boys in a typical fishing town on the Norwegian coast. Their talks, their games, their persecutions at school, are drawn to the life. Edward is an ordinary boy of alert mind not above meanness. Ole Tuft is a pious boy from the beginning; he reads the Bible to the poor, attends the sick and cherishes a secret plan which he hesitates to confide to Edward. "Surely it is not wicked?" asks Edward, with the normal outlook of a boy.

"No, it is not wicked," replies Ole. "It is rather something very grand, very grand and great. . . . In reality the grandest thing in the world. . . . I am going to be a missionary."

In this first chapter the two boys are set before us perfectly alive, with their whole fate implicit there. Edward, when Ole speaks of preparing for his coming grandeur, asks in good faith, "For the wild beasts and poisonous snakes?" But Ole is thinking of binding souls to a creed.

The latter parts of the book deal with the youth and manhood of these two boys. Ole Tuft marries Edward's rich sister and settles down into a rather fat, narrow-minded parson. He pays the price of success, for he is an eloquent preacher with an indolent body and a fettered mind. Edward studies natural science and becomes a famous surgeon. He falls in love with a lovely musician, Ragne, who is unhappily married to her deceased sister's husband. In this case Björnson leaves us in no doubt at all as to why and how Ragne is unhappy. Edward determines to free her from her misery and degradation. She is hopeless, faint-hearted, timid. He boldly schemes to ship her—once more to the ultimate haven—to America; in this case it is to Madison, Wisconsin,* to his friends, and when he has finished his studies and gotten his degree some years later he follows her. Just when and how he married her is untold, and the third part of the book opens with Edward's return with his wife to his native land to manage a sanitarium in the very town where his brother-in-law is pastor. To Ole Tuft, a divorced woman is a sinner.

* In Madison, Wisconsin, lived D. Rasmus B. Anderson who made the best English translations of Björnson's novels. It is one case where America may be proud of excelling England in craftsmanship. The books issued in England under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse are ill printed, inaccurate and unpardonably careless in style.

His wife looked upon her as a questionable character and her jealousy was also aroused. The marriage comes upon them as a surprise and they are unprepared. Briefly Ragne, frail, tender, sensitive, is totally unfitted for this world and its inevitable hostilities. Even with all her husband's courage and tenderness she is unable to bear life and wilts, fades away and dies. Her husband, whose love for her is not one of the least beautiful things Björnson has depicted, is utterly heart-broken. Then the child of Ole Tuft and Edward's sister falls desperately ill. A dangerous operation is to be performed and no one can do it but Edward. His sister sends to beg him to come, and his fineness of character is well brought out in his prompt efficiency, the swiftness with which he sends to have the house made ready, the father and mother taken out of the way before he performs the operation. The child's life is saved and Edward departs as silently, as swiftly as he came. The sister is now bent upon reconciliation, but both she and her husband are refused admittance at Edward's door. She writes and begs forgiveness, and, without a word from her brother, receives in return the journal of Ragne kept in the last two years of her life, when the coldness, hostility and slanders of the community were slowly killing her. Then through many disasters some sort of peace is patched up, but the main thing is that Ole Tuft and his wife are converted to Edward's doctrine. Not a creed and a formula lead in "The Ways of God," but kindness and helpfulness, and Tuft comes to see, as most men do sooner or later, that neither the most hide-bound creed nor the utmost ingenuity of metaphysics can pardon the man who sows life with difficulties and suffering where he might have offered help and kindness.

"The Heritage of the Kurts," Björnson's last novel, is less perfect than "In God's Ways." He is handling a subject large and awkward, perhaps imperfectly assimilated, namely, heredity and our power to control it and the evils of a double standard of morals. There are times when the violent and vigorous inheritance of the Kurts, which he deals with for five or six generations, emerging in an enthusiastic and idealistic schoolmaster seems just a little funny. The schoolmaster founds a girls' school, and the parents are informed at the opening that the children are to be soundly instructed in all matters of physical morality, and that they are to be taught to exact from men precisely the same stand-

ards they practise themselves. The effect of this teaching on a Norwegian seaport town furnishes quite sufficient incident for the two-volume novel. As a work of art it is undoubtedly a *succés manqué,* but it is none the less a noble piece of work and a valuable contribution to modern progressive thought.

Viewed as a whole, Björnson's work falls into two distinct periods. The early period of pastoral idyls, perfect in kind, finished works of art. The second period in which he flung himself soul and body into the struggles of modern life, sacrificed his art and gave every energy to moral and religious reform. It may be said of him without hesitation or withholding that wherever there was a question of greater and less nobility he stood, magnificently brave, upon the higher side. There may arise questions as to the enduring value of his art, but never as to the enduring value of the man himself.

"How are the mighty fallen!" In a few short months such clarion voices as Swinburne's, Meredith's, Björnson's are all silenced:

"The year has lost its spring,"

as the old lyrist sang. But so long as the energy, courage and bold-faced truthfulness of such men as these echo throughout the world, so long as new voices carry on their message, the human spirit is not without refreshment.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

NATIONAL EUGENICS IN RELATION TO IMMIGRATION.*

BY ROBERT DE C. WARD.

"THE study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations either physically or mentally"—that is the definition of National Eugenics. To put it bluntly, eugenics has to do with breeding human beings for the betterment of the human race.

The word eugenics has become familiar within the last ten or a dozen years, chiefly through the writings of Sir Francis Galton, and of Professor Karl Pearson of the University of London. The thing itself, however, is not new, for there have been various efforts to improve the breeds of men from early times. The exposure of weakling children in the old days; the segregation of criminals and insane; suggestions looking towards regulating the marriage of those afflicted with hereditary diseases—these are all familiar indications of eugenic ideas. The Indiana law, which makes it impossible for habitual criminals and others to reproduce their kind, and the few State laws which require medical certificates before licenses to marry are issued, are good eugenic measures *if properly administered,* but it is clear that public opinion must be educated to a much higher degree before legislation will go far along any of these lines. Eugenics is both negative and positive. It includes the prevention of the unfit as well as the conscious attempt to produce the more fit. Darwin and his followers laid the foundations of the science of eugenics. They have shown us the methods and the possibilities of the pro-

* In this paper the writer has drawn freely upon the recent publications of the Francis Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics of the University of London and upon those of The Eugenics Education Society of London. The admirable work now being done in England along the lines of National Eugenics deserves far more attention than it has yet received in the United States.

duction of new species of plants and animals. They have indicated the lines along which the eugenic idea of selection for parenthood must run. We have been applying this knowledge practically in improving our breeds of sheep and cattle, developing our race-horses, creating new and better kinds of grains and fruits. In fact, artificial selection has been applied to almost every living thing with which man has close relations except man himself. Why, we now ask, should the breeding of man, the most important animal of all, alone be left to chance?

We in the United States have a very special interest in national eugenics, for we are here forming a new race of an extraordinarily heterogeneous character, and we have a remarkably favorable opportunity for practising eugenic principles in the selection of the fathers and mothers of future American children through our power to regulate alien immigration. The United States, rather than England, should be the centre of eugenic propaganda. Yet so far our people are practically silent on this question. Most of the discussions of the immigration problem in the past have been concerned with its economic side. The question is, however, a racial, perhaps even more than an economic one. The days of a dominant Anglo-Saxon immigration are over, forever. From a little trickling rivulet, forty years ago, when it furnished less than one per cent. of our alien arrivals, southern and eastern European immigration has increased until it now numbers about seventy per cent. of the total. It has become a flood, and the flood is increasing. Asia is contributing more each year, and British India has begun to send its advance guard. Already we have not hundreds of thousands, but millions of Italians and Slavs and Jews whose blood is going into the new American race. There are those who believe that the Anglo-Saxon American will disappear as the American Indian and the American buffalo have disappeared, and they have some basis for their belief.

What kind of a race will this new one be, made up of such diverse elements that, as Professor William Z. Ripley says, "the most complex populations of Europe seem ethnically pure by contrast"? Truly, this is a "melting-pot" for all the nations and peoples of the world. Into it we have allowed Europe, and even Asia and Africa, to throw every sort of material, while we ourselves have been blissfully—shall we not rather say criminally?—

careless as to what the final product is to be. Will the new American type be a superior or an inferior one? Who can say? Evidence is available on both sides of the question, and opposite views upon it are held by those authorities who have studied it. In the midst of disagreement among the scholars, what shall the layman do? One thing is clear: the results of biological study go to show that the crossing of types should not be carried too far, or be too extreme. In the light of the evidence which is available, it seems to the writer that the burden of proof is distinctly upon those who hold that the new American race will be a better, stronger, more intelligent race, and not a weak and possibly degenerate mongrel. The recent report of the Immigration Commission on the assimilation of immigrants shows that in New York "the American-born children of the long-headed Sicilians and those of the round-headed east European Hebrews have very nearly the same intermediate head form." In other words, there seems to be evidence of the production of a new type in this country. This is interesting, but we can hardly agree with "The Survey" in thinking that this "discovery is of profound significance and forms quite a new element in the discussion of assimilation of immigrants." From a eugenic standpoint the long-headedness or the short-headedness is not vital. The vital question is this: Is the new type physically and mentally better than the old? For the sake of argument, let us admit that a mixture of race stocks, such as is going on in this country, is desirable. Is it not apparent that the individuals who are to be the progenitors of the mixed stock should at least be as good, mentally and physically, as the average of those already here if there is not to be a gradual degeneration of our people? In other words, is not careful selection of our immigrants of extreme importance?

A question which naturally arises at this point is this: Does the older, or "native," stock tend to keep its original dominant position by a high birth-rate? President Eliot did much to set people thinking on this question when he showed, in his annual report for 1901 and 1902, that of the graduates of seven Harvard classes in the 1870's twenty-eight per cent. are unmarried, and those who are married average only two surviving children. Since then other investigations along similar lines have shown that the native population is failing to hold its own; it is dying out because of its low birth-rate. Two children will not keep a

family from dying out, nor will three. Statistics have shown that in the average four children are necessary if the family is to continue. Of the four, two either die before they are married or never marry, or, if they do marry, have no children. The remaining two are thus left to hand on the family name. Among the families of our newest immigrants, on the other hand, children are born with reckless regularity. It is true that the birth-rates of many of our older immigrants are falling somewhat, as is the case with the Germans and the Irish, and as seems to be happening with other more recent immigrants who are congested in the cities. But even if the second and later generations of immigrants do show a falling birth-rate, the influx of new aliens continues, and the Anglo-Saxon portion of the race is therefore becoming more and more submerged. The question before us is a race question. It is a question of what kind of babies shall be born.

This falling birth-rate in the United States is no peculiarity of our own people. A low and falling birth-rate is a world-wide phenomenon. In Great Britain, for example, the birth-rate fell from thirty-six per thousand in 1876 to twenty-seven per thousand in 1907. But the most serious thing is that the fall is not the same in all classes. If the lowest stratum of society in England had been affected equally with the higher the twenty-seven per thousand would have been still further reduced. Society is recruiting itself from below. The eugenically less valuable portion of the community is furnishing a disproportionately large share of the next generation. A selective birth-rate has been established which is tending towards a degeneration of the stock. But clearly, if the race is to progress, the fitter part of the population should be the most fertile. Small wonder that the eugenists cry out: "The choice for Western civilization will ere long be the final one between eugenics or extinction. . . ." Advancing civilization has brought about a more and more artificial death-rate by prolonging the life of thousands of unfit persons who in old days would have died without reproducing their kind. To-day many of these not only live, but marry and have children. It has, therefore, become of the highest importance to have a selective birth-rate, selective according to eugenic standards, if the race is to progress.

It has been one of the common arguments in favor of an arti-

ficially restricted birth-rate that the chances of the children are better if the number of these children be small; that these children, one or two in number, will not only have better educational and social opportunities, but that they will be physically and mentally better equipped. Quality, not quantity, is the cry. What are the facts of eugenics? They are these: that the first-born members of a family are more liable to insanity, to tuberculosis, to criminality, to mental defects; they are more nervous and have less stable constitutions. Therefore, if we reduce the size of our families we tend to decrease the relative proportion of the mentally and physically sound in our community; we are working against the teachings of eugenics; we are bringing into the world the weaker, not the stronger.

What is the relation between this aspect of eugenics and immigration to the United States? Is it not plain? A falling birth-rate in countries where the population is homogeneous is far less serious than in our own. In the United States the low and falling birth-rate is principally confined to the Anglo-Saxon element, and the tendency to multiply more rapidly is found among the less intelligent, the most recent immigrants. This clearly operates to bring about a tremendously rapid change in the race.

Most of us have met these questions of our falling birth-rate, and of the production of a new race in our country, with the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." We have said: "After all, it is a question of the 'survival of the fittest,' and if we are not the fittest we must, of course, go under." This whole belief is based upon an erroneous conception of the meaning of the "survival of the fittest." What Spencer and what Darwin really meant was the survival not of the "best," but of those most fitted to survive. These are not necessarily most fitted for any other purpose than mere survival. As Dr. C. W. Saleeby has clearly expressed it:

"A thing that is fit is a thing that 'fits.' A living creature survives in proportion as it fits its environment. . . . The kind of microbe that best fits into the environment provided by, say, human blood is the fittest and will survive, and be the cause of our commonest disease. Thus the tubercle bacillus is at once the 'fittest' microbe, and not the best, but the worst. In a society of blackguardism the biggest blackguard is the fittest man and will survive; he is also the worst. . . . The capacity to fit into an environment is the capacity that determines

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survival; it has no moral connotation whatever. . . . The eugenic ideal, the ideal of race culture, is to insure that the fittest shall be the best."

Professor Pearson has pointed out that the "survival of the fittest" practically means the survival of the most fertile. It is a marked characteristic of modern city life, as Heron has shown, that those least fitted, mentally and morally, survive. The "survival of the fittest," therefore, often means racial degeneration.

We have been relying almost altogether upon environment, educational, religious, social, to bring about the assimilation and the racial improvement of all these millions of aliens in our country. We have felt that our public schools, our parks, our playgrounds, our settlement work—all these will solve the problem of assimilation; will amalgamate these heterogeneous elements into one consistent whole; will make the new American race a better one than any the world has ever seen. Just here, again, we strike a very important point of contact between our immigration problem and the teachings of eugenics. It is true that there is as yet comparatively little evidence available, but so far as it goes it shows that it is far more advantageous to improve the condition of the race through parentage than through change of environment. Education, environment, hygiene, can modify and develop; they cannot create. The philanthropist looks to these means to preserve the race. "It is the easy path," the eugenists tell us, "but it cannot achieve the desired result. . . . There is no hope of racial purification in any environment which does not mean selection of the germ." We cannot, *a priori,* assume that nurture has more weight than nature. To use an illustration given by Professor Pearson, finding a "fitter" child, mentally and physically, in a cleaner and less crowded home suggests at once that it is the home which made the fitness. Yet it may have been that the mentally and physically fit parents, who made such a home possible, are the real reason for the fitness of the child. Finding a weakling child, whose father is a sweat-shop tailor, we say: "The father's unhealthy occupation is responsible for the weakling child." Yet the father was probably physically so degenerate that he could not follow any occupation except that of a tailor, and the poor physique of his offspring undoubtedly resulted from his own poor physique. It is a general rule that weaklings resort to the less desirable occupations; hence it follows that the offspring of parents in such occupations are likely

to be weaklings also. We must beware of letting our natural prejudices distort our judgment in such matters.

We speak of education as if that alone could eradicate most, even all, of the evils which result from heredity. We point with satisfaction to the brilliant work done in our public schools by the foreign-born children, who six months ago knew no English and now stand at the head of their classes, and devour Shakspere, Scott and Macaulay until far into the night. But is it not clear that education can educate only what heredity gives? Havelock Ellis has said: "It matters comparatively little what sort of education we give children; the primary matter is what sort of children we have got to educate." And Pearson has emphatically stated that "no scheme of wider or more thorough education will bring up, in the scale of intelligence, hereditary weakness to the level of hereditary strength."

Are we arguing against education or against improving the environment? By no means. But we are trying to point out that we are pinning our faith in a general racial improvement upon the less effective method. An inheritance of acquired characters is not demonstrable. Environment does modify the bodily characters of the present generation—we all know that—but it does not modify the germ plasms from which the next generation is produced. . . . It may give the good germ plasm a better chance, but it does not kill off the bad germ plasm. . . . At most, environment can provide a selection of which germ plasms among the many present shall be potential and which shall remain latent. It is largely because environment is so obvious, and because its modification is comparatively easy, that we seek in that the improvement of the race. But breeders of race-horses do not expect to produce winners by improving their stables, or by changing the quality of the oats, or by training or exercising poor, non-racing stock. They select the stock. It is race, not environment, which is with them the fundamental consideration. Biology has taught us that far more can be done in a few generations by selecting the stock than can be accomplished in ages by trying to modify the stock through environment.

It is, however, unprofitable to discuss heredity and environment as if these two factors were necessarily opposed to one another, or to try to determine the relative value of each in such a very general view of the subject as our present one. We are

simply trying to indicate the difficulties in the situation, and to call attention to the fact that heredity and not environment alone, and heredity far more than environment, must be taken into account in all efforts towards racial improvement. Environment in relation to heredity may sometimes be likened to the trigger, which makes the gun go off. The cartridge is there, good or bad, already. Environment may tend to develop tendencies which are harmful to the community, or those which are beneficial. It is our business to see to it that we create such an environment that, if possible, only the good tendencies shall develop. We are to-day penalizing fit parentage by making it possible, even easy, for unfit parents to obtain provision, in asylums and hospitals and institutions of all kinds, for any number of diseased and degenerate children whom they please to bring into the world. Fit parents, who are responsible, steady workers, supporting their own children, are at a disadvantage.

We have noted some of the main points of contact between our problem of alien immigration and the science of national eugenics. How far do our present immigration laws enable us to keep out those who are physically, mentally and morally undesirable for parenthood; whose coming here will tend to produce an inferior rather than a superior American race; who are eugenically unfit for race culture? We in the United States have an opportunity which is unique in history for the practice of eugenic principles. Our country was founded and developed by picked men and women. And to-day, by selecting our immigrants through proper immigration legislation, we have the power to pick out the best specimens of each race to be the parents of our future citizens. But we have left the choice almost altogether to the selfish interests which do not care whether we want the immigrants they bring, or whether the immigrants will be the better for coming. Steamship agents and brokers all over Europe and western Asia are to-day deciding for us the character of the American race of the future.

It is no argument against practising eugenic ideas in the selection of our alien immigrants to say that our New England country towns are full of hopelessly degenerate native Americans who are inferior, mentally, morally and physically, to the "sturdy peasants of Europe." It will not help to reduce the number of our native degenerates if we admit alien degenerates. National

eugenics means the prevention of the breeding of the unfit native, no less than the prevention of the admission, and of the breeding after admission, of the unfit alien.

Should we not exercise the same care in admitting human beings as we exercise in relation to animals or insect pests or disease germs? Yet it is true that we have actually been taking more care in the selection, and in the examination for soundness and for health, of a Hereford bull or a Southdown ewe, imported for the improvement of our cattle and sheep, than we have taken in the selection of the alien men and women who are coming here to be the fathers and mothers of future American children. We do not hesitate to prohibit the importation of cattle from a foreign country where the foot and mouth disease is prevalent. It is only in very extreme cases that we have ever taken such a step in the case of the importation of aliens, yet there are certain parts of Europe from which it would be better for the American race if no aliens at all were admitted. Our present laws are intended to exclude some twenty or more classes of mentally, physically, morally and economically undesirable aliens. The list is formidable and seems abundantly sufficient to accomplish adequate eugenic selection. But careful and unprejudiced students of immigration agree that these laws do not keep out the unfit so as to preserve the *status quo,* and certainly do not promote eugenic improvement. We already have an army of not less than 150,000 feeble-minded in the United States, of whom only a very small percentage are in institutions, the rest being free to propagate their kind. And of those in institutions the large proportion are there only temporarily, being at liberty for much of the time during their reproductive period. Further, there are over 150,000 insane in the institutions of this country, and of these many have already left offspring to perpetuate their insanity. In spite of these appalling facts, appalling from the standpoint of mere sentiment and of mere philanthropy, doubly appalling from the standpoint of eugenics, we have been admitting alien insane, and alien imbeciles, and alien epileptics, and alien habitual criminals, partly because of a lax enforcement of the law under past administrations, partly because the law is incapable, under existing conditions, of effective enforcement. Parenthood on the part of the insane, the imbecile, the feeble-minded, the hereditary criminal, and those afflicted with hereditary disease, is a crime against

the future. To admit such persons into this country is no less a crime against the future.

The ideal selection of our immigrants, from the eugenic point of view, would be possible only if we could have a fairly complete family history, running back a few generations, showing the hereditary tendencies of each alien. The results of eugenic investigation already reached have given us enough definite knowledge to enable us to exclude, if we had these pedigrees, the larger number of aliens who would themselves be undesirable, or would have defective or delinquent offspring. This ideal selection is obviously impossible to carry out.

The next best plan, which has the advantage of being feasible, although it would require legislation and considerable expenditure of public money (yet would not almost any expenditure, even on a huge scale, be a wise national policy in so important a matter?) would be to insist that each alien, on landing here, should undergo a very thorough mental and physical examination at the hands of our Public Health and Marine Hospital Service surgeons. These examinations would involve a stripping to the skin of each alien; the usual physical and mental examination; tests for syphilis and similar precautions. Is this too much to demand when the welfare of a whole new race is concerned? The eugenist is ready with his answer; he says, emphatically, No. We certainly ought to begin at once to segregate, far more than we now do, all our native and foreign-born population which is unfit for parenthood. They must be prevented from breeding. But the biggest, the most effective, the most immediate way in which we can further national eugenics is at the ports where this year over half a million alien immigrants will land. Our immigration officials are doing all in their power, under existing conditions, to select our immigrants. Our surgeons are doing a wonderful work, under tremendous disadvantages, in trying to detect the physical and mental disabilities which by law debar the aliens who have them. But it is nothing short of a crime to admit people, as often happens in a rush season, at the rate of 3,000, 4,000 or 5,000 in one day. On April 11th last, according to press reports, 7,931 aliens were landed at Ellis Island. We ought to limit the number of aliens who shall be landed in one day to a certain maximum which could reasonably well be carefully examined. We have a perfect right to do that, just as we have a perfect right to prohibit

immigration entirely. The steamship companies, the foreign societies, and others interested in one way or another in foreign immigration, would vigorously object. But those who are seriously and unselfishly concerned for the future of this race would welcome such a move. We ought to increase the number of the surgeons detailed for the most important duty of inspecting arriving aliens. We might have to enlarge the accommodations at our immigration stations. But can there be anything more vital than this if we are to do our duty to the unborn Americans of future generations?

We can go a long way towards accomplishing our object if we increase the fines which the steamship companies now pay when they bring over an alien who is found, on our own examination here, to be an idiot, imbecile, epileptic, or suffering from a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease which could have been detected at the port of departure. The fine is now only one hundred dollars. The steamship companies pay little attention to the provision. They run their chances of having such aliens detected on landing, and in some cases have been known to insure themselves against possible loss by obliging the alien to deposit one hundred dollars when he buys his ticket. If we increased this fine to, say, one thousand dollars, the steamship companies would themselves, without expense to us, make a much more thorough examination abroad before sailing, and if we made our own medical examinations here less hurriedly and more carefully we should soon accomplish much of the desired result.

In addition to the steps which we should take at once to accomplish the more effective exclusion of the insane, imbecile, idiot, tuberculous, those afflicted with loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases, etc., we ought to amend our immigration laws so that it will be possible to exclude more aliens of such low vitality and poor physique that they are eugenically undesirable for parenthood. The law of 1907 excludes persons "who are found to be and are certified by the examining surgeon as being mentally or physically defective, such mental or physical defect being of a nature which may affect the ability of such alien to earn a living." This clause has been found to be rather ineffective, partly because it was for a time taken to be an economic rather than a physical test, and partly because of other provisions in the Act which largely nullify this section. From a eugenic

standpoint good physique is of fundamental importance. It is a great satisfaction to see that in his last annual report the Commissioner-General of Immigration suggests consideration of the possible exclusion of male aliens who do not come up to the physical standard set by the recruiting service of the United States army. Congressman Elvins, of Missouri, has introduced into the House of Representatives a bill (H. R. 21584) in which he proposes to amend our immigration laws in that direction. This is an excellent eugenic measure.

To go further with the intricacies of legislation is impossible within the limits of this paper. Inadequate laws, difficulties of proper enforcement, unsympathetic and in some cases hostile officials, the steady opposition of foreign steamship companies, of foreign societies in our midst and of foreign newspapers published in the United States—these are a few among the many factors which have brought about the unfortunate condition in which we have found ourselves in regard to the proper selection of our alien immigrants. It is a great satisfaction to know that under the present Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Hon. Charles Nagel, and under Hon. William Williams, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, the principal landing-place of the vast majority of our immigrants, the administration of our immigration laws has been brought to a very high standard of efficiency. There has never been a time, in the history of our immigration service, when the law has been enforced so justly, so humanely, so impartially.

Let us see to it that the breeding of the human race in this country receives the attention which it so surely deserves. Let us see to it that our immigration laws are always properly enforced, and are amended along lines which shall give us the best stock which other countries can send us. Let us see to it that we are protected, not merely from the burden of supporting alien dependents, delinquents and defectives, but from what George William Curtis called that "watering of the nation's life-blood" which results from their breeding after admission.

Professor Karl Pearson has well said: "You cannot change the leopard's spots, and you cannot change bad stock to good; you may dilute it, possibly spread it over a wide area, spoiling good stock, but until it ceases to multiply it will not cease to be."

ROBERT DE C. WARD.

CHARITY AND SOCIAL JUSTICE.*

BY JANE ADDAMS.

In an attempt to review the recent trend in the development of charity, that which appears most striking is a gradual coming together of two groups of people who have too often been given to a suspicion of each other and sometimes to actual vituperation. One group, who have traditionally been moved to action by "pity for the poor," we call the Charitable; the other, larger or smaller in each generation, but always fired by a "hatred of injustice," we designate as the Radicals.

These two groups, as the result of a growing awareness of distress and of a slowly deepening perception of its causes, are at last uniting into an effective demand for juster social conditions. The Charitable have been brought to this combination through the conviction that the poverty and crime with which they constantly deal are often the result of untoward industrial conditions, while the Radicals have been slowly forced to the conclusion that if they would make an effective appeal to public opinion they must utilize carefully collected data as to the conditions of the poor and criminal.

It is as if the Charitable had been brought through the care of the individual to a contemplation of social causes, and as if the Radical had been forced to test his social doctrine by a sympathetic observation of actual people.

In addition to this, both groups when brought close to that mysterious shortcoming on the part of life itself, when oppressed by that "grief of things as they are" over and above the twist of circumstance or wrongs of man's own doing, have come to realize that "what we need in the world over against man's misadventure is a certain power of compassion, humanity

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standing a force of self-pity as an elementary ingredient in our social atmosphere, if we are to live in it at all."

Sheer experience in the complexity of life has at last united both groups in sentiment as well as in conviction.

It is not possible in one article to trace the steps by which the Radicals and the Charitable have met half-way, but we may undertake to demonstrate that those who have been brought close to suffering, feebleness, and wrong-doing are but fulfilling a paramount obligation when they take up the study of social conditions, and that the obligation to trace poverty back to its immediate or contributing sources belongs foremost and professionally to those whose business it is to care for the wounded in the unequal battles of modern industry.

After all, human progress is deeply indebted to a study of imperfections, and the counsels of despair, if not full of seasoned wisdom, are at least fertile in suggestion and a desperate spur to action. Moreover, in its unending undertaking to reduce the sum of human misery, charity has shared the changes of the passing generations until, like all of its contemporaries, it too has become less dogmatic and has assumed the evolutionary way of understanding life; with them it has grown more democratic and has attained greater flexibility of temper. Moreover, modern charity, continually discovering new obligations, has been obliged to call to its aid economics, sanitary science, statistical research, and many other modern agencies. It has, therefore, through dire need, been forced to recognize that charitable effort is part of the general social movement; somewhat as John Stuart Mill, when he was hard pressed by the problems of life, restored political economy to its proper place as a branch of social philosophy, insisting that it was not a thing by itself, but was an important part of the great whole.

As gradual changes in charitable methods have irresistibly led from Cure to Prevention, so they are now leading in the same gradual but unresting manner from Prevention to a consideration of Vital Welfare. The negative policy of relieving destitution, or even the more generous one of preventing it, is giving way to the positive idea of raising life to its highest value.

If at times the moral fire seems to be dying out of the good old words Relief and Charity, it has undoubtedly filled with a new warmth certain words which belong distinctively to our own

times; such words as Prevention, Amelioration, and Social Justice. It is also true that those for whom these words contain most of hope and warmth are those who have been long mindful of the old tasks and obligations as if the great basic emotion of Human Compassion had more than held its own. After all, sympathetic knowledge is the only way of approach to any human problem, and the line of least resistance into the jungle of human wretchedness must always be through that region which is most thoroughly explored, not only by the information of the statistician, but by sympathetic understanding.

We may demonstrate that modern Charity is committed to this newer service of increasing the positive value of life, by recalling some of the many agencies designed to safeguard and enhance the life of the citizen which have had purely philanthropic origins.

To begin with the most important: How far have the Philanthropists contributed to the formation of the modern State, not because they would stifle their own personal sentiments of pity and justice, but because they realized how inadequate these were unless they could find expression as an integral branch of corporate government. Through a century, therefore, in anticipation of coming changes which does so much to bring changes about, the Philanthropists have been steadily engaged in making a new State. We may concretely illustrate this process of State-making by a hundred year effort in England to protect chimney-sweeps, certainly a modest undertaking. "The Society for Superseding the Work of Climbing Boys" was founded in 1803 by some kind-hearted people whose names have not been preserved. They first offered a prize of two hundred pounds for the best-sweeping machine which should obviate the necessity for boys. Secondly, they promoted a bill to protect the boys, but although it passed the House of Commons, it was rejected by the Lords, possibly not because the Lords were more hard-hearted, but because the chimneys in the old mansions and manor houses were hopelessly crooked and could not be swept by machinery. Thirdly, they appointed their own private inspectors to watch the conduct of the master-sweepers, and maintained these inspectors for seventy years. They also purchased sweeping-machines and rented them to small masters for one shilling sixpence a week. They continually badgered the insurance companies to demand the use of these machines; finally, in

1875, they succeeded in passing a law of regulation and safeguard for their grimy little protegés.

We have here an epitome of the most advanced philanthropy, stimulation of inventions which shall relieve the poor from degrading drudgery, co-operation with commercial enterprises, and finally protective legislation. But these obscure people whose hearts were wrung over the condition of chimney-sweeps did even better than that. They were pioneers in the establishment of the modern principle of inspection, which when taken over by the government as an extension of the function of the State, is ably defended by the economist, but which was after all inaugurated by the Philanthropist. May we not credit to their initiative this most valuable instrument of the State?

During this long century as the Philanthropist endeavored to transform his pity into political action, he learned the use of two other great implements, first of popular agitation, second of statistical information. The first came about because the politicians would yield only under the pressure of public opinion, and there is no doubt that the vehemence of the reformer is a very important factor in his chances for success. The reforms which the Philanthropist advocated were legitimately open to the emotional appeal to the higher sensibilities of the public, and he became an adept in the use of agitation for moral propaganda.

Furthermore, from the necessity of thus giving expression to his sympathy with the distressed, the Philanthropist did much to strengthen the sympathy itself, to create that social sympathy which is one of the greatest of social forces.

But the Philanthropist also found that when he actually appeared before a Parliament or Legislature he was obliged to wield the weapon of statistics if only that he might appear as a man of science and not as a sentimentalist. Although the Philanthropist has often spoken slightingly of "mere knowledge" which informs the mind without resulting in action, he knows in his heart that knowledge is never "mere knowledge," and that it is indispensable to right conduct. The great problem of the would-be reformer is not so much the overcoming of actual opposition—the passing of time gradually does that for him—as the obtaining and formulating of accurate knowledge and fitting this knowledge into the trend of his time.

The century between the first demand upon Parliament for

the protection of children, made in 1803, to the carefully prepared report of the Royal Poor Law Commission in 1909, equipped the Philanthropist with at least these three carefully tempered tools invented and perfected through a hundred years; public inspection, moral propaganda, and statistical information. With these tools he laid the foundation for a code of social legislation. During this long century the Philanthropists also worked out a philosophy resembling Pragmatism. At least many of them came to believe that the concrete truth for them was that in which all their "experiences most profitably combined," and agreed that the final test was its "propitious reaction" upon the poor, the relief it brought to the most wretched members of the community.

In the discussion of the current experience of the charitable who deal day by day with the wounded, constantly growing less fit because their standard of life is so lamentably low, we may well begin with the widow and fatherless, the scriptural and traditional objects of Charity.

If we view them in the light of our more mellow philosophy, what do we see? A woman whose wages are fixed on the basis of individual subsistence, who is quite unable to earn a family wage, is still held by a legal obligation to support her children, with a desperate penalty of forfeiture if she fails. To refuse relief to the mother of dependent children in order to compel her to support them is, therefore, manifestly absurd; to grant her relief not in support of her economic insecurity, but merely in aid of her destitution, is an unending process. We can all recall at least one of these desperate mothers, over-worked and harried through a long day, prolonged by the family washing and cooking into the evening, followed by a night of foreboding and misgiving because the very children for whom her life is sacrificed are slowly slipping away from her control and affection.

I remember a very intelligent woman who long brought her children to the Hull House Day Nursery with this result at the end of ten years of devotion: the one little girl is almost totally deaf, owing to neglect following a case of measles because her mother could not stop work in order to care for her; the youngest boy has lost a leg flipping cars; the oldest boy has twice been arrested for petty larceny; the twin boys in spite of prolonged

sojourns in the parental school, have been such habitual truants, that their natural intelligence has secured little aid from education. Of the five children three are now in semi-penal institutions, not because their mother was either neglectful or unintelligent, but because she could not perform the offices of two parents.

In spite of my acquaintance with these over-worked mothers, I found myself quite unprepared to believe the well-substantiated story which was recently brought to the attention of a district office of the Chicago Associated Charities. A widow with three little children lived in a furnished room on the top floor of a cheap lodging-house. Every morning after she had put out the fire for fear of accident, and told the children to get into bed if they were cold, she locked the door and went to her scrubbing of a large down-town theatre, for which she received sixteen dollars a month. Because her fellow lodgers complained that the children cried all day, and beat upon the door with their fists, crying, "Let me out," the landlady said that the mother must move. She tried in vain to find another room equally cheap, and at last, quite crazed by worry and anxiety, made up her mind that she must dispose of her children. One morning she moved the bed to the window, opened the lower sash, and told the children that if they would climb up on the bed after she had gone and look out they would see something very pretty on the street below. She then locked the door and went away as usual. The children of course climbed upon the bed and leaned out of the window, but were fortunately seen by a neighbor, who motioned them back until the door could be broken open by the landlady. Had the over-worked woman taken her own life, the State would have cared for her children either by the most approved method of boarding them out, or in institutions for dependent children. Would it, therefore, seem so unreasonable to board them with their own mother, requiring a standard of nutrition and school attendance at least up to that "national standard of nurture" which the more advanced European governments are establishing? The beginnings already made in this direction are all due to voluntary charitable effort, but with the knowledge charitable people possess, why do they not sternly accuse the State both with the loss of the mother and with the many consequences of imperfectly nourished and

uneducated childhood? The result of neglect upon these children is obvious from many points of view, but if we consider it only from the narrow standpoint of that most fruitful source of destitution, unemployment, we may instance the most explicit figures of the many boys who have graduated into the condition of the unemployable directly from adolescence because they had come into the labor market with defective nutrition and faulty discipline. The administrators of charity upon whom this yearly burden is thrown are at last declaring that they will no longer endure this premature exploiting of the undernourished and uneducated; they are demanding that public education shall bring forth better fruit, and it is hoped that their concerted action may bring about prolonged industrial education and avocation bureaus.

We recall that the first free public education in England was established by the Poor Law Guardians because they resolved that children should no longer be subject to that curious penal discipline which characterized the "Unions," and they therefore segregated the children altogether from the poorhouses into district schools. The British Board Schools have suffered from this humble beginning, but the indications are that the next great advance in English education will also be indebted to a charitable source. The latest report of the Poor Law Commission, without apology for entering the field of education, recommends that "the legally permissible hours for the employment of boys must be shortened, that they must be required to spend the hours so set free, in physical and technological training, that the manufacturing of the unemployable may cease." This same report of a Charity Commission recommends that the girls be subjected to a drastic and long-enduring course of training in domestic economy and the care of children, and when we reflect upon the number of heart-breaking cases of ill health and criminality apparently due to the ignorance of a mother this recommendation seems absolutely germane to the purpose for which the Commission was appointed.

How far this demand upon education made by the charitable will in the end commit us to the feeding of school children, and to adequate provisions for the recreation of the adolescent each community must decide for itself, largely upon the data presented to it by its charitable people. It is significant that the

immediate results of the assumption by the London Education authority of its new duties of feeding and medically inspecting the children of school age, was the call by the London County Council for seven thousand volunteers to fill its Children's Care Committees. The aldermen asked for volunteers who had had experience in charitable agencies such as country boarding-fund committees, apprenticeship committees, school of mothers' committees, and so on indefinitely. The State in the administration of this advanced measure was absolutely dependent upon the charitable folk of London.

We may expect valuable educational results if we consciously and systematically undertake to do that which has for so long a time been going on almost surreptitiously, for although the public schools in America are quite free from the odor of charity, and were inaugurated and conducted as a matter of public policy, they are greatly indebted to the educational results obtained from the care of defective and subnormal children. Certainly the training of the brain through the co-ordinating muscles was first painstakingly worked out by those dealing with children whose minds could not be approached through the more conventional methods of education. At the present moment the best agricultural training given to boys as well as the most thorough trade instruction is to be found in institutions for the wayward, from the well-tilled garden patches in the truant schools to the elaborately equipped machine-shops in the State Reformatories. It is not true that the purely doctrinaire beginning of the American public schools places them in constant danger of becoming remote from the actual lives of the children, and that they are greatly in need of the illumination and help of those who know the boys and girls as they live in their uncomfortable homes and see them in their unguided desperate efforts to find work.

When we consider the many things undertaken in the name of "Health and Sanitation," the argument becomes easy, for public health is a magic word which ever grows more potent as we realize that the very existence of the modern city would be an impossibility, had it not been discovered that the health of the individual is dependent upon the hygienic condition of his surroundings.

But quite as the first Commission to inquire into the condi-

tion of great towns was appointed through the solicitation of the philanthropic folk of Manchester in 1844, and as sanitary science, both in knowledge and municipal authority, has leaped forward under pressure of epidemics raging through the poorer quarters of crowded cities, so the advocate of the most advanced measures in city hygiene and preventive sanitary science are those who have realized that neglected childhood and neglected disease are the most potent causes of social insufficiency. In proof of this we may instance the two new departments at present being urged upon the Congress of the United States, a Department of Health and the Children's Bureau. In the hearings before the committees in regard to both of these new departments the Philanthropists have been in the majority.

Many illustrations are possible of social advances due to sanitary science pushed by the charitable, but for our purpose nothing illustrates this more rapidly and graphically than the changes arising from the movement to control and eradicate tuberculosis. We can quite honestly instance the demand for a more generous feeding of the healthful members of the family which is arising from the proper feeding of the tuberculosis patient; better tenements for the entire population which will doubtless result from those tenements of no dark rooms, no hallways, which have been built for incipient cases of tuberculosis; we may also claim that more rest and leisure for all will follow the demand which is made for it on behalf of the tuberculosis patient. This latter will quickly bring us back to the social movement itself, for the effort to adjust a man's work to his powers is largely at the base of the entire labor struggle. Not the least of the results from the tuberculosis campaign may be instanced the advance in social advertising which the tuberculosis people have taught us all. A recent exhibition in Boston showed an incandescent lamp which flickered into darkness twice a minute to illustrate the rate of deaths from tuberculosis in the world, but near by the knife of a miniature guillotine fell every ten seconds to show the rate of industrial accidents in the United States. And there is no doubt that the second dramatization would have been impossible without the suggestion of the first and the wonderful methods of popular instruction which the destroyers of the "white plague" have evolved.

Have the body of charitable men and women done what they

ought to eradicate dark tenements, unclean milk, disease-breeding food, and many another evil to which the attention of the sanitary engineer needs be perpetually directed if the health of the poor is to be preserved and their children kept alive?, What might they not do if they properly bestirred themselves at this moment of human conservation and city planning? They could overwhelm every city government in the land with verified knowledge which exactly fits in with the trend of the times, and they could also make new demands upon every institution which is now under State supervision and administration to supply the requisite data to the State Legislatures. We may use in illustration that venerable and primitive obligation of the State to care for its paupers, to see to it that no member of the community shall actually perish through lack of shelter or food. The report I have so often quoted declares that in England the State performs this duty in such wise that many destitute men prefer extreme exposure and semi-starvation to the shelter and food within the Unions. This fearless minority advance this proposition, that the State "which does not welcome the entrance of a destitute person into a poorhouse as gladly as an isolation hospital welcomes a smallpox patient, which does not in fact search out destitution as the local health authorities search out infectious diseases," is derelict in the performance of its most obvious duty.

What happens when the institutions avoid the obligations for which they were founded, when they pride themselves on keeping people out? On the streets of Chicago there appears from time to time a poor half-witted woman named Agnes, who is not considered sufficiently imbecile for restraint, although she is quite unable to name the fathers of her six children who have been born at various times in the County Infirmary, as the official records show. Various complaints are registered against her, and she is occasionally arrested for vagrancy, although nothing effective can be done for her under that charge. It is not only true that the institutions which neglect her are obliged to care for her children, but they lose that advance which would inevitably result from a vigorous performance of their duty. It is as if institutions as well as men forget the pit whence they were digged and fail to profit by their past. That most beneficent of institutions, the modern

hospital, had its origin in the Eighteenth Century Pest House which must have killed more people than it cured. But the very number of sick people which in itself was a great menace of the early pest house became the surest foundation for the scientific study and the asceptic cleanliness which are the hospital's great contributions to society.

To illustrate further from the hospitals for the insane: the most valuable data might be supplied from those vast institutions wherein the wrecks of the system are gathered, did they not unfortunately still reflect something of the dread and discipline of the patients upon which they were founded. In this period of intense and over-wrought industrialism there are no other institutions which could perform so great a service to the community, if they could only determine how many patients became insane because of black terror lest they lose their work, how many through malnutrition when they had lost it, how many because of the sheer monotony of their employment, and how many through lack of adaptation to new industrial conditions. Psychiatry is doing something to show us the after-effects of fear upon the minds of children, but little has yet been done to show how far that fear of the future, arising from economic insecurity, has superinduced insanity. I recall a Bohemian who borrowed a hundred dollars from a countrywoman in Chicago with which to bring his family to America. Partly through lack of work and partly through many attacks of rheumatic fever he was unable to pay his debt in the time specified. His creditor persistently threatened to arrest him and throw him into prison. This impending fate so preyed upon his mind that after weeks of sleeplessness he became insane and was committed to the County Hospital. His case was declared hopeless, but when his creditor was frightened into a withdrawal of her threats, and when she made a reassuring visit to the patient in the hospital, he began to mend, and now, five years later, he is not only free from debt, but has almost completed the payment upon a house and lot of his own. A young Russian coming to Chicago in the hope of obtaining the freedom and self-development denied him at home, after three months of bitter disillusionment, the result of no work and insufficient food, was sent to the County Hospital for the insane. A little group of his young countrymen startled by this revela-

tion of his destitution, devotedly went to see him each week with promises of work and companionship, and he made a speedy recovery. Doubtless the hospital care, the rest and food, were the basis of recovery in both cases, but was not reassurance and the removal of dread also a factor in the cure of that type of disordered mind which the alienists define as "due to conflict through poor adaptation?" The official records apparently tell us little by which such a connection can be made, but a fine beginning in this line of research through the instrument of human sympathy, has been made by the National Committee of Mental Hygiene as well as by the Psychiatric Institutes of New York and Michigan. As scientific "Child Study" was founded by the educators of the feeble-minded, might we not hope from this carefully accumulated data not only to achieve a more humanitarian care of the insane, but so to modify our daily occupations that insanity may be reduced?

Such an undertaking would bring the Charitable into direct connection with that daily increasing function of the State by which it seeks to protect its workers from their own weakness and degradation, and insists that the livelihood of the manual laborer shall not be beaten down below the level of efficient citizenship. This undertaking of the State assumes new forms almost daily. What have the charitable people contributed to the movement for State control over industrial diseases or the protection of machinery? What have they done to secure old-age pensions, industrial insurance, employer's liability act, the regulation of the hours of labor, the control of the sweated trades, the prohibition of the sale of intoxicants? Perhaps the charity of the past may have claimed a share only in the last two, but certainly contemporaneous charity is taking a leading part in the establishment of the various safeguards against premature disablement and dependence of the worker. It is perhaps significant that the most drastic survey of industrial conditions ever made in America was inaugurated and carried out by the editors of a paper called "Charities."

From the human as well as from the economic standpoint there is certainly an obligation resting upon the Charitable to discover how much of their material comes to them as the result of social neglect, remedial incapacity, and the lack of industrial safeguards. Perhaps the most revolutionary proposition

ever seriously put before a modern government was the plan for a public organization of the Labor Market placed before the English Parliament in 1909, and although it was written in its final form by two economists, its material was collected by those trained in charitable administration, and it was put forth as a report of a Poor Law Commission. This report divided all of the Unemployed, the Under-employed, and the Unemployable as the results of three types of trades; first, the Subsidized Labor Trades, wherein women and children are paid wages insufficient to maintain them at the required standard of health and industrial efficiency, so that their wages must be supplemented by relatives or charity; second, Labor Deteriorating Trades, which have sapped the energy, the capacity, the character, of successive generations of workers; third, Bare Subsistence Trades, where the worker is forced to such a low level in his standard of life that he continually falls below self-support.

But although this brilliant formulization came from England, one does not need to cross the water to find instances of the relation of industry to charity. An American white-lead factory discharges every employee at the end of three months, not through the recommendation of the foreman, but directly from the office, in order to prevent the men from developing lead poisoning. This is of course cheaper than to employ examining physicians or to install safeguards. But how about discontinuous employment as a factor in the breeding of discouragement and poverty? Of this the charitable people say never a word. In a pottery factory instanced by Professor Edsoll of the University of Pennsylvania, men are chiefly engaged who are already afflicted with tuberculosis and cancer, because, knowing that they have but little time to live, they do not resent the fate of lead-poisoning.

Is it because our modern industrialism is so new that we have been slow to connect it with the poverty all about us? The socialists talk constantly of the relation of economic wrong to destitution and point out the connection between industrial maladjustment and individual poverty, but the study of social conditions, the obligation to eradicate poverty, cannot belong to one political party or to one economic school, and after all, it was not a socialist, but that ancient friend of the poor, St. Augustine, who said, "Thou givest bread to the hungry, but

better were it that none hungered, and thou hadst no need to give to him."

Five hundred years ago John Ball, looking out over England, tells us that he saw "the great treading down the little, the strong beating down the weak, the cruel men fearing not, the kind men daring not, and wise men caring not"; and then with his heart burning within him, he cries aloud, "and the Saints in heaven forbearing, and yet bidding me not to forbear!"

If we compare our time with his, we will admit that although the great still tread down the little, and the strong beat down the weak, that cruel men are at last becoming afraid of public opinion, that kind men are more daring in their schemes for alleviation than they used to be, that wise men are at last more solicitous. We do not venture to say whether or not the Saints in heaven forbear, but we are very certain that no Saint upon earth could forbear in the presence of contemporaneous social and industrial conditions, and whether saint or sinner, we all know that the conditions can only be made more righteous and more human by the unceasing devotion of countless generations of men.

The English economists and philanthropists have started a crusade against destitution; the most intrepid of revolutionists are those who have been stung into revolt by the poverty and degradation of Russia's peasants; the Social Democrats of Germany are three and a half million men vowed to the destruction of poverty; the part America shall take in this international crusade of the compassionate, in this standing army of humanity's self-pity suddenly mobilized for a new conquest, it lies largely with the Charitable to determine, for it is probable that out of the most persistent and intelligent efforts to alleviate poverty will arise the most successful efforts to eradicate poverty.

JANE ADDAMS.

PRIESTS AND WOMEN'S CLOTHES.

BY CESARE LOMBROSO.

WOMAN among savage peoples, as was the case with the ancients, is held, with but few exceptions (which shall be explained below), in great contempt and, in several cases, even in horror. Among the Dyaks of Northwest Borneo, young men are prohibited from eating game—which is especially meant as food for women and old men—for fear of rendering them deer-hearted. Boys of the Wiraijuri tribe must not play with girls; and should any one of the Imahas do so, he would be scoffed at. Among the Samoyeds, the Astyaks and other Shamanistic populations, woman is regarded as contaminated, so much so that men avoid touching anything belonging to her. Women, therefore, have got their own crockery and utensils and cannot go beyond the corner of the tent allotted to them. They are not allowed to walk where men resort to, nor even are they permitted to approach the fire. Should a man be compelled to make use of a woman's utensil, he will take good care to free himself from impurity by fumigation. Likewise, when a woman has given the pitch to the tent, she must first fumigate it before man vouchsafes to make his entrance. In the South Sea Islands no woman is permitted to tamper with the food set apart for men or kept in store for the gods.

Among some Brazilian tribes it is believed that the presence of woman will hinder wine from fermenting. In Nukahiva should a woman happen to touch or sit near an object put under taboo, and rendered sacred and inviolable because of its contact with man, it cannot be further made use of, and she has to pay the penalty with her life in consequence. In Tahiti women must respect the places resorted to by men, as well as their fishing-tackle and weapons.

The head of the husband or father is considered defiled by contact with a woman, nor is it lawful for a wife or sister to meddle with any object or implement tabooed by a chief. The Burmese consider it disreputable to have a woman living overhead, and to avoid such a disgrace they build only one-storied houses. The walls of the Maoris' dwellings are tabooed; no man will lean against them. Amongst the Kaffas of East Africa the woman is locked up within the interior part of the building, her husband occupying the remainder. She is strictly prohibited from going out-of-doors, every infringement being liable to three years' imprisonment. A Bakari woman, on being asked her name, only answered, "I am a woman." None of the Samoyedean, Corean or Abipone womankind is endowed with a name. Such was the case also with the ancient Romans. These instances can as well be compared with those which exclude women from possessing a soul.

Woman is, consequently, often tabooed admittance into the temples, as is the case with the Arabs of Mecca. According to several theologians, woman has no room whatever in Paradise. The same opinion is prevalent among the Hawaiians. Should a Hindoo woman touch an image, the validity of its divinity being thereby destroyed, it is cast away as unfit for further use. Amongst the Fiji Islanders dogs are excluded from some temples. Women are, however, debarred from all. In the Marquesas Islands, should a woman venture to enter a temple while divine service is being held, or even walk under the shadow of its trees, she would be forthwith put to death. Exclusion of the fair sex extends even to dancing-parties, festivals, entertainments and banquets. In many cases only folks of one sex make up a dance, the intrusion of the other being punishable with death. This separation of the two sexes is adhered to by Greenlanders, even in funeral ceremonies.

Sovereign, though unjust, contempt for woman being so manifest among savage peoples, it yet seems strange that it is just among the savages and the ancients that priests should have adopted the apparel, ornaments and even the very deportment of women. With the Teadykes, for instance, some priests claim to be considered as being women, or rather, they dress like women and exact a woman's treatment. There are men amongst the

Kodyaks who bedeck themselves in female attire and are regarded as warlocks.

The Persians wore a tiara as a head-dress, which bore a kind of mask or double veil hanging down the lower part of the face, so that the breath might not sully the sacred vestments. No one is a stranger to the fact that almost throughout the East, in the Fiji and Sidi Islands, women cover their faces with veils, just as Assyrian ladies wore the tiara. Jewesses wear a kind of tiara-fashioned cap, or mitre ornamented with gold, and often surmounted by a veil. They are besides attired in wide breeches and double frocks.* The Phrygians worshipped the goddess Cybele Berecynthia, who appears to correspond to Terra or the Earth. The ears of corn and the keys were her symbols and badges, intimating the fecundity of the earth and the opening up of her treasures. Her priests were called Corybantes, Curetes and also Galli, from the River Gallus crossing Phrygia. During the festivals of Cybele they danced around the goddess's statue, and with unsheathed swords they either slashed or scourged themselves, filling the air with dreadful shrieks, howlings and shrill songs.

These Galli were a kind of quacks, who, as Plutarch states, sold their oracles to gabby women. They were often accompanied by old sorceresses who cast charms, mumbling verses all along. The Egyptian priests were shaved neck and crop, and, like women, wore pearl laces or rings round their legs. According to Lucianus, above three hundred priests of the temple of Hieropolis, as well as the Syrian and Phœnician clergy, were dressed in variegated garments, or purple-bedizened white tunics, which were fastened round their waist with a silk or linen girdle. They were dressed just like women. They wore a Phrygian cap, buff buskins, rouged their faces and dyed their eyebrows. A particular characteristic feature is in many tribes of North America common to men in female apparel. According to Marquette, such woman-like men were regarded by the Illinois and Nadovessi as *manitu,* or holy, on account of their strange way of living. Such men are likewise met with among Northwestern Indians; but in their case, they are connected with the priesthood. In Virginia priests wore

* Whoever will compare the tiara and mitre with the coifs worn by some Norwegian and Piedmontese women cannot but be struck with their similarity, and must needs conclude that they were originally female ornaments.

a kind of plaited petticoat, which was tucked up and fastened with a clasp to their right shoulder and hung down just above the knee. Their head was closely shaved, excepting the top, which was covered with a tuft of hair, and their body was besmeared with paint.

The Patagonians have prophet priests of both sexes; the men are obliged to dress like women and observe perpetual chastity, which is not exacted from the female branch. Their vocation is signalized by periodical epileptic paroxysms.

The Christians during the first four centuries made use of no special wearing-apparel. Saint Jerome (fourth century) is the first of the Holy Fathers to make mention of any peculiar characteristic attire for celebrant ministers. On the whole, it was an imitation of the Eastern garb. The ancient priests wore a brilliant white tunic. In fact, they are represented as attired in white like women in the mosaic of Saint Ambrose. With regard to the high dignitaries of the Church, they wore, as they still do, the tiara, stole and chasuble, or *planeta,* over the alb when engaged in the celebration of the mass and the amict or amice—a kind of kerchief folded diagonally and worn about the neck and shoulders in order to protect the vestments from perspiration.

The alb, for *tunica* or *vestis alba,* is a kind of shirt reaching to the feet. It was formerly the usual vestment worn even by the laity, but afterward restricted to the clergy when engaged in religious ceremonies. In early times priests wore also pieces of cloth variegated with silk and gold embroideries on their breast, shoulders, sleeves and skirts, just as women do at present. An alb and an amice belonging to Bishop Fiorentino are still preserved in the cathedral of Viterbo.* On the former is a slip of brocade fretted with Gothic letters in bead-work. This usage lasted till A.D. 855. At present the alb is only ornamented with silk lace of different kinds and patterns according to the dignitary rank of the wearer, the same as women bedeck their chemises with. On Good Friday the alb was black.

What may be the cause of these contradictions? How can it be that woman, held as she is below beasts by man in a state of barbarity, should, at the same time, be the object of so great veneration as to be chosen as a model by the most revered members of barbarous and ancient peoples, to wit, by the priests?

* *Moroni:* "Dictionary of Historical and Ecclesiastical Lore."

It is not difficult to account for this. In the first place, priests, being conservative in their usages, adopted for their dress the reduction of what in early times had been but a mere winding-sheet, which kind of covering women also converted to use to wrap themselves up in. This style of habit was much more ancient than that of men, who, on the other hand, had adopted what is but the mere reduction of a military attire—the coat of mail—as Haeckel has well demonstrated. In the second place, when the layman adopted a reduced special military attire, just for respectability's sake, the priest did not follow suit, but externally assimilated himself to woman by adopting her garments, veils, ornaments and style of trimming the hair for no other object but that he might thus more easily take advantage of her greater liability to hysteria, hence her susceptibility to spiritual influence. He therefore claimed the province of developing the mediumistic gifts with which she might have been endowed, such as telekinetic force, telo-æsthesia, telepathy and prophecy, meaning thus to monopolize and turn them to account.

That woman is more subject to hysteria than man is a known fact, but few may know how much more liable she is to hypnotic phenonema, which easily open up the unfoldment of spiritual faculties. Pitris states that one-third of womankind and one-fifth only of hysterical men give way to the hypnotic phenomena. Out of 360 persons hypnotized by Berbillon 265 were women, fifty men and forty-five children. From a study made upon 1,700 subjects, it resulted that twelve per cent. of the women and seven per cent. of the men had veracious hallucinations. According to one authority, fifteen per cent. men and seventeen per cent. women dream very often; seven per cent. men and eight per cent. women dream all night through.

No doubt, therefore, remains that women are idiosyncratically more susceptible to hypnotic phenomena than men. And the history of observation proves that hysteria and hypnotism take the form of magic, sorcery and divination or prophecy among savage peoples.

The Kafirs of the Orange Free State believe that man's curse brings on no consequences, whereas that of woman is always baneful. "Women," say the Pishawar people, "are all witches; for several reasons they may not exert their inborn powers." So likewise women are all regarded as witches in Gangpur in Taos.

In Panagur should three or four deaths follow in succession, the village women are sure to fall under suspicion, and special means are therefore employed to hunt out the culprit. In the Slave Coast hysterical women are believed to be possessed with spirits, and such as are destined to religious offices hold full sway over their husbands, who have to serve and pay homage to them.

The Fuegians celebrate an annual festival in commemoration of man's liberation from petticoat government, for woman had got the upper hand and wielded the sceptre on account of her exclusive possession of the secrets of sorcery. Bodin calculates that witches stand in proportion to wizards as fifty to one. It is a well-known fact that the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, under the care and management of women, as well as that of Delos, of Patara or Ærsinoe, of Tenedos, and of Cyrrha, were superintended by priests. These women were convulsionaries or hysterics. The prophetic function of delivering the answers of the gods to such as came to consult the oracle was at first entrusted to young virgins consecrated to Apollo's sister, but the institution was changed when violence had been offered to one of them, and none but women above the age of fifty were permitted to enter upon that sacred office. They were called Pythiæ or Pythonesses.

The Delphian Pythia sat bare on a three-legged stool, or tripod, which stood amidst dense redolent vapors of burning aromatic herbs, issuing from the hole of a subterraneous cavity below her. She could not prophesy at will; she was consulted only one month a year. If there were no chance of getting an oracle she escaped by giving ambiguous answers. On solemn occasions the Pythia prepared herself by fasting three days and bathing in the waters of the Fountain Castalia, at the foot of Mount Parnassus, and she chewed the laurel leaves with which she crowned herself. On the appointed day Apollo manifested his presence by shaking a laurel tree that grew near the entrance. It was then that the priestess was carried on the tripod to the spot, and no sooner did she inhale the divine inspiration than her eyes suddenly sparkled, her hair stood on end, she began to foam at the mouth and a shivering ran over all her writhing body. In this convulsive state she spoke the oracle of the god, often with loud howlings and cries, and her articulations were taken down by the priests and set in order. So violent was the fit that she continued for some days in agonizing tortures, which often terminated fatally.

Even amongst the Hebrews, with whom woman was so greatly despised, we meet with prophetesses, or women held in great veneration, such as Miriam, the sister of Moses; Deborah, Huldah, and the New Testament gives us Anna and others.

Both the Gauls and the Germans believed women better fitted than men to be the recipients of the prophetic spirit. Jewish women never had any share in sacerdotal functions; so also with the Mussulman, Parsee and Buddhist women; whereas amongst the Romans and Greeks they, under the appellation of Vestales or prophetesses, presided over many religious ceremonies, some of which, such as oracles in shrines, were exclusively assigned to their office.

The Etruscan women had an ascendency over men in religious rites, not only because of their being admitted to the sacerdotal calling, but even because of their being ordained in larger numbers than men. Bertrand rightly observes that women had an essential and prominent part in divination and magic. In fact, side by side with the wizards there were the witches; with the magicians, the Pythiæ; with the augurs, the Sibyls; with the Druids, the Druidesses; with God Faunus, fortune-teller for men; Goddess Fauna, fortune-teller for women.

Many Druidesses were believed to have magical powers superior to those of the high priests. The Druidesses could only reveal futurity, some authors state, to the man who had profaned them; others state that they were to remain in the greatest continence and see their husbands but once or twice a year. It appears that they shared sacerdotal functions with their husbands. During their consorts' absence they could act their office of offering up sacrifices to the divinity.

There existed shrines where only women were allowed to deliver oracles, such as the one at Namnetes in the Seine Island, where seven awe-inspiring virgins delivered oracles only to seamen, cured forlorn cases of disease and had a knowledge of the future.

They sometimes attended the nocturnal sacrifices stark naked, dyed black, and shaking and tossing about in frantic agitation throughout the weird ceremonies. They professionally consulted the stars to draw horoscopes, saw futurity revealed before their eyes, and drew omens by hieromancy or by the entrails of and the blood gushing from sacrificed animals. Some Druidesses of

the lowest rank gave consultations along the banks of lakes. The Germans never undertook any adventure without first consulting their prophetesses, whom they considered inspired by the gods; nor did they venture to give battle, even when placed under favorable conditions, should these privileged creatures discountenance the enterprise.

The Druidesses held their influence over the Gauls even when the Druids had disappeared under the Roman emperors. They resided in deep caves, dried-up wells, ravines, woods or other solitary retreats, under the Scandinavian name of *Fanœ*=Fanes (Cf. Swedish *fan*=the devil), or under that of *Faies, Faes, Fées* English form *fays* and Italian *fate* as seen in an inscription of Diocletian's time, where the singular *fata* is used for *Parca.*

These fays or fairies succeeded to the Druidesses by originally clubbing together as a college of prophetesses. They were believed to be immortal and possessed with supernatural or magical powers. They continued, as their predecessors, to perform their weird ceremonies in secluded woods. They were still very influential under the French dynasty. Under Charles VII they were still extant and believed in, for Joan of Arc during her trial was asked whether she were a fay.

The priests made a clean sweep of them all on the other side of the water, as on this side did their colleagues with the *witches;* in Anglo-Saxon *wiglere*=enchantresses (from *wiglien*=to divine, and *wig*=holy); but again they crop up, *mutato nomine,* as *mediums* in our days.

What remedy was left to the priest, who saw despicable woman thus encroach upon his function and incumbencies? None better than that of contriving to monopolize the prestige she had thus far acquired and rule it over her.

It is a well-known fact that in ancient times the priest had always monopolized all the arts and pursuits that might have interfered with his office whether nigh or afar. There is no doubt that the earliest cook was a priest who gave cooked meat and salt flesh to the cannibals, as Atheneus states in his "*Deipnosophistœ*"; and from presiding over the culinary department, which in time was absorbed into that of sacrifice-offering, he turned his attention to the healing art. There are medicine-men who are priests and diviners in America and Africa; not less so

are there medico-priests in Catholic countries, having medicaments and nostrums which bear the names of monks and saints. Tahova at Tahiti, meaning enlightened, acts both as a priest and medical man; so also the Piages or Pages, at Guarany, in Brazil, follow up both the medical and sacerdotal professions.

Physic appears to have been first practised by the Egyptian priests. According to Ecclesiasticus, the gift of healing comes from God, and kings must have a knowledge of the art of healing (Cf. Isaiah III, 7).

In the Middle Ages, physic had been practised for many years by the clergy, especially by the parabolani, and well celebrated were Constantine, of Carthagena, Alphonso Manger, bishop of Winchester, Peter Lombard, Brunero and others.

The Council of Reims (A.D. 1131) prohibited monks from practising the art of healing, but Boniface VIII (A.D. 1292) permitted them.

In all religions diseases and their remedies were ascribed to the gods, whence they have borne their names.

Besides the healing art, the priests took up with all the other arts. With astrology, amongst the Chaldeans and the Assyrians; with poetry and history, as David, Solomon and Moses evince in the Bible; with statecraft, and even with agriculture and the sciences, as seen in the Middle Ages.

More might be said with regard to meteorology, which branch of science was so exclusively belonging to the clergy that till a few years ago it was deemed sacrilegious for a layman to pursue its study.

How could the priests, as a matter of course, not engross the art of magic, or of prophecy also, so common to women, and make it part and parcel of their business? What did they do? In some places they enlisted them in their services, such as the Prophetesses and Pythiæ in Greece; or they contrived to go snacks with them by wedlock or by violence, as in the case of the Druids; or they came in for Benjamin's share in the Roman and Etruscan temples.

They at other times and quarters beat them hollow and reduced them to subjection, as with the Fuegians, who still celebrate the freedom of men from the witcheries and control of women.

But still the supremacy of woman kept itself afloat, despite all

the efforts of the priest to outdo her. This supremacy of hers held firm, because based upon her organic conditions, so well acknowledged by both the Gauls and the Germans, who had recognized in her a superior aptitude for prophetic inspiration, in spite of the efforts of her false rival competitor, the priest, to divest her of her ascendency.

We saw likewise how the Druidesses predominated altogether in the Seine Island; how woman was essentially paramount at Delphi; how she prevailed supremely on the Slave Coast; and how she ruled the roost, as a fay, in mediæval Gaul.

No other course was, therefore, left to the crafty priest but that of commending himself by a cunning artifice. "I am a woman," said he, and as one knows one's man by the cut of his jib, or, better still as *l'abito fa il monaco—i. e.,* "it's the cassock that makes the monk"—so he made good his word by betaking himself to the expedient of assuming female garb, which became in time the *toga prætesta,* and later on either the alb or the surplice, thus leaving all the glory of a warrior's wearing-apparel to the laity.

This plan proved in part successful in Ancient Rome. In fact, none but women were once consecrated to the mysteries of the "Good Goddess," and only the vestals performed the religious rites; but the men, who had been excluded, wishing to imitate the mysteries, as Juvenal states, arrayed themselves like women in strict observance of the time-sanctioned rites and rules, even to wearing head-bands and necklaces.

In order to complete the transformation they added tinsel, finery and jewels to their guise, the fashion of wearing the hair, and last, but not least, close shaving—a characteristic feature reproduced by the Catholic clergy.

Being unable to suppress women, "that sex still obnoxious to the priest," they disguised themselves like women; and right they were, for by this means they came off with flying colors; became paramount and lorded it far and wide, extending their supremacy even to magic and prophecy. How is it now that they do not extend it to spiritism and to hypnotism, which, under the broad designation of prophecy, they had long since gained a hold upon, and the acquisition of which cost them so many sacrifices? Why is it, instead, that through the authority of the Vatican and the channel of its organs, they thunder anathema

against spiritism and hypnotism, in which rapid strides and discoveries are daily being made? The reason is obvious; it is because they have not as yet found the way and means of appropriating the phenomena to their functions; and yet the task of monopolizing even these would not be difficult for them. For did they not curse with bell, book and candle against meteorology, because it was infringing upon regions where the Lord reigned supreme; and did they not call curses on the heads of the founders of modern astronomy, such as Copernicus and Galileo? But when they perceived that their denunciations and fulminations, however supported by secular authority, did not tell, it was then that, after whiffling and tacking a bit, they veered at the right time, and became possibly astronomers and meteorologists, all the time protesting and avowing that they had always protected those sciences, which, owing to their positive and mathematical nature, were far away from theology, which was exclusively cultivated by them. So it is that in astronomy many of the clerical body distinguished themselves, and well celebrated are Father Denza, Father Secchi, Father Piazza, Father Francott, Father Drumnon, Father Giovanaza and others. No less than fifteen observatories were founded by them.

So will it turn out likewise with spiritualism, for when mediumistic phenomena shall have gained headway, and this they will surely not be long in doing, then they will justly serve as a basis to a new religion, and the priest, as of yore, will embrace the new revelation and turn it to account as he has always done. Evolution is the law even in priestcraft.

Will the lassies of some new organizer of General Booth's stamp, and such like hysterical revivalists, be the prophetesses of the future? For is there not even nowadays a germ of them in the many camp-meetings of the United States? Cannot the future organizer be the *Pontifex Maximus* of Rome? Be it so, provided the new religion be not as heretofore, "of the letter which killeth, but of the spirit which giveth life"; universal and not sectarian; scientific and not superstitious.

CESARE LOMBROSO.

A POLITICAL NOVELIST AND MORE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

WHEN people had wearied of sighing in vain for the great American novel, they began to cherish a more specific longing, and to ask for a great political novel of our own. Many then arose to tell them why they could not have it, and furnished them several plausible reasons, without satisfying them that the reasons were almost if not quite as good as the novel they wanted. I remember that I myself was one of those who tried to pacify the insurgent masses, though I must own that their clamor seemed to be largely the making of such as were trying to still it. As nearly as I can now recall it my little explanation was that we could not have a political novel of the English make (which seemed to be the ideal) because our politics were not good society like the English politics; were not society at all, were wholly impolite, were outcast, were no more of æsthetic import than the hobo of the highway or of the empty freight-car; unpsychological, unicellular, incapable of the dramatic encounter of the man-soul and the woman-soul, which I neatly held (not quite in those terms) to be the primary and ultimate business of fiction. This showed how very nearly less than nothing I knew of the matter, though my conclusions would have been just enough if they had rested firmly upon facts duly ascertained. But my facts, as I imagined them, were so alluring that I had not taken the trouble to ascertain them. Up to a certain point I had proceeded scientifically, but I had erred in failing to submit my hypothesis to the test of observation.

What we really needed for the creation (or call it by the modester name of invention) of a good political novel was a good politician able from his conscience as well as his knowledge to divine the shape of things pretty constantly before the eyes

of all. Such a politician brought fine literary skill, right literary method and true literary ideal to the enterprise when Mr. Brand Whitlock wrote "The Thirteenth District," and possessed us of a political novel as yet unmatched by its English antitypes. What had already happened in American manufactures of many kinds when Americans brought their minds and their morals to them happened now: the American goods were the best in the market, not only because the shapeliest and neatest and of the best workmanship, but because the honestest also, honestest in material and handling.

This extraordinary story was not the first political fiction made in America; as is well known, there is no first in any kind. Before Mr. Whitlock had discovered the Illinois boss Rankin, who makes and unmakes the Congressman from The Thirtenth District, that very able and acute observer of the middling American life, Harold Frederick, had divined the nature of an up-State local boss, his typical ambition and his glad lust of power; whenever he had touched politics Mr. William Allen White had touched the quick; Mr. Whitlock himself in several minor studies of ward bosses and ward politics from the vantage of a Chicago newspaper reporter had caught the very meaning of them, and in his recurrences to rural Ohio politics had never failed of it. With eyes mostly held from what was before them by the dazzle of purely literary allures, I had yet known something of what goes on in caucuses and conventions; and I knew their composite physiognomy so well that I recognized with the joy that has never failed me in true work the truth of the first sketch of his that came in my way. From that time on it was only a question with me of more or less pleasure of whatever he did; and I cannot say that "The Thirteenth District" is better than his many magazine stories and sketches of our political life. Its greaterness (if I may indulge myself in such a word) is in its wider range and deeper plunge; not in its keener veracity.

Of course the tragedy of the book is in the gradual rotting of the "hero's" soul; it was a pretty rotten soul to begin with; and the moral is in the fact that rotten souls are apt to remain so in spite of adversity. The uses of that are indeed sweet, but only for those who can swallow the bitter of life and realize that it is a wholesome tonic, sovereign against selfishness and self-indulgence. The Congressman from The Thirteenth District wins

his first nomination and election through the favor of the really simple-hearted, boyish-natured boss who certainly admires his showy gifts and cheap arts, but loves better the joy of the struggle in which he downs their enemies. A fine thing in the author's realization of him is his infatuation with the work of his own hands; he comes to stand in awe of his figment where it has taken on the glare of a vulgar Washington sojourn, and he lets it patronize him and snub him while he serves it with heroic zeal. There is something beautiful in that, quite as beautiful as the final compunction which he feels in having destroyed his image of a man after the wretched traitor had played him false and broken the most sacred promise he was capable of.

Rankin the boss is a greater creation than Garwood the Congressman, but the true hero of the tale is the Thirteenth District itself, the political situation as it lies in the natures of the politicians fighting for and against Garwood. The most masterly passages of the book are those which dramatize almost sensibly before the reader the episodes and incidents of the convention which nominates Garwood for the second time. The picture, the stage picture, abounds in figures painted to the life and animated with the ignoble passions which might make us tremble for democracy if we did not remember the relentless greed of oligarchies, the cruel and unbridled lusts of despotism, and dread them more. It is wholly by filibustering that the second nomination is managed, but the filibustering is masterly; it is magnificent, but not so magnificent as to cease being war. Remorseless and unscrupulous strategy carries the day, and the boss and his wonderful lieutenant remain with the good conscience of generals who have tricked and outwitted the enemy in the other kind of war, which honors not merely murder but every manner of lying in word and deed.

The study of the campaign that follows when the party forces have been compelled to accept the leadership chosen for them is relatively unimportant; but it is all as faithful as the finished historical painting of the convention. The successively important events are those which conclude the whole story, but except for the end they are dealt with panoramically rather than dramatically. The psychology of Garwood's decay, or rather the revelation and realization of it, is something most uncommon. Garwood's congenital dishonesty is suggested with so little in-

sistence that the fact remains in the background of the reader's consciousness; and his treachery to Rankin comes with a shock; you perceive that even without his necessity, his extremity, he would not have much minded betraying his friend; it was in him, it was his nature. It is more striking, but it is not so interesting, not so important, as his quick corruption by the coarser luxuries of the capital, and his repulsion for the dull little community and the shabby little country town of his district. He hates it all, its rawness, its squalor, its familiarity, but he is vitally dependent upon it. The time for his re-election comes round with pitiless swiftness, and he is flung into the struggle with cruel loathing in his heart for the very means of victory, of renewed escape; not a moral loathing, but a sort of ignorant, social loathing, largely the effect of the fat hotel living and the padded ease of official immunity from the every-day stress of earning a livelihood. He has the cunning to perceive that as a representative of the people he is of no importance in the capital, but he has a sensual preference of his futility to any genuine use through work. Yet when once again in his armor he fights boldly and bravely, and nimbly avails himself of any false and base chance of victory. When it comes to his third nomination, and he is beaten in the convention by the friend he had betrayed, he takes to drink for a while, but his debauch does not last. He pulls up from it and from his financial ruin, and stumps the Thirteenth District for his successful rival within the party. He simply remains after that, waiting any new opportunity of self-aggrandizement on the same moral level where his whole public life had passed.

One thing that Mr. Whitlock's book distinctly teaches is that a man's public life and private life are of a sole texture; that there is no official personality; that a man cannot be innerly true and outerly false. Garwood is a poor, flimsy, recreant politician, because he is that sort of son and husband. He is as unworthy of his mother and his wife as he is of the true men among his constituents, as he is even of the kind, foolish, morally purblind boss who bears him no malice when he has punished his treachery, and would imaginably be willing to help the ruthless scoundrel to his feet again. I am not sure but of the two men Rankin is not the more important study. All the men in the book are æsthetically *good*. The little rascal editor who profits by Garwood's treason to the boss is mighty good; he is quite

visibly, tangibly good, and so is that wonderful "Singed Cat," Bailey, who presides at the nominating convention, and tricks and bullies Garwood into the first place. It will be long, if it will be ever, before that figure is approached in our fiction, and I do not mind saying it is not surpassed, as far as it goes, in any fiction.

The women of the book are imagined in that abeyance where our political system keeps them. I have an odd feeling that when women get the votes that men cannot long deny them, the mother and wife of Garwood will have the importance in the retrospect which they now have not, though every touch in their portrayal is true. So it is almost in that of Dade Emerson, with her varying ideals of French, English and Southern superiority to her native Illinoisian civilization in accent. Say, she is a little caricatured, and you must still own that she is charming, and a good girl, and a wise woman for all her folly.

But it may be owned that Mr. Whitlock's women are not so wonderfully good as his men; when they become politicians with the suffrage they may be so; it does not avail that they are already log-rollers, lobbyists, wire-pullers, without the responsibility of voters, slight as that so often is with men. In such a delicious comedy as "Her Infinite Variety," with its honeyed sting of satire (what a pity it could not be put on the stage!) it is still only society, only surface, womanhood which is studied. The unscrupulosity of the voteless women who wish other women to remain voteless was never better expressed than in the behavior of the anti-suffrage ladies who come down from Chicago and personally defeat the woman lawyer who is dealing professionally with the suffrage resolution before the legislature. It is through the slightness of the hero, his blindness to the wiles which ensnare him, that they triumph; but perhaps it is subtly meant by the author that in such circumstances all men are flimsy and fatuous, and that women's cunning will not cease to be triumphantly pitted against men's wisdom till women are civically equal with men.

After all, I am not sure the little story is a comedy, or so much a comedy as it is a tragedy. The heart is left aching for the brave professional woman whom the society women have downed in the legislature, though she shows herself so capable of meeting them in an encounter of wit. It had to end so, and

so it cannot be a comedy; but there is no doubt that "The Happy Average" is an idyl of the kindliest and truest make. Apparently Mr. Whitlock means the story for a protest against the dire implications of the old adage that "the course of true love never did run smooth." So indeed it did not, but because nothing runs smooth in a world where events retard and contrary the fulfilment of all dear hopes, whether they are of wealth or health or happy marriage, but do not finally defeat them. He has set himself the pleasant task of showing how in a civilization where ninety-nine hundredths of the marriages are love-marriages, the way of a typical one through poverty and paternal prudence is beset by no perils which a little wholesome patience will not abate. It is the story truly of the happy average of American marriages, whose blissful romance lies in the entirely reasonable certainty that they are inevitable from the unlimited opportunities of love-making. It is told with a humor which scarcely suffers itself ever to become irony, and it is full of the spirit of innocent and indomitable youth, with its eager enterprises, its fervent admirations, its devoted friendships. Its range is from a little Central Ohio town to Chicago, where the lover goes to win his place in journalism, and finally resumes the study of the law which he had begun in Macochee. It is all very winningly done, with the types which are each a character touched with affectionate and unfailing accuracy, and the endearing commonness of the circumstance unblinkingly presented in the vision of eyes that see it tenderly, reverently. I could wish that this lovely and honest book could find its way to those alien inquirers who sometimes express the wish to know us as we are, in spite of the newspaper facts, which also show us as we are. I could say to them: "This is the very American life. This is unquestionably the happy average. If you ask me how I reconcile such bliss with our abounding misery in matrimony, our separations, our marital murders, our unhappy average of one divorce to every seven marriages, I answer frankly that I do not reconcile it, while I affirm again that this story of the Happy Average is a faithful picture of American life on those immeasurable levels which are as high above poverty as they are below luxury."

It is proof of an author's power if you recur to the books of his which you have read and find something freshly interesting in them. This power has evinced itself to me in the gentle charm

of "The Happy Average," and I feel it in the dreadful fascination which draws me again to "The Turn of the Balance," and makes me prisoner to its iron reality. It is again the harsh lines of civic drama; here is no scene of playful satire, no pleasing picture of idyllic matter-of-fact, but a grim etching of our underworld, bitten in with corroding acid wherever the thin coating of social hypocrisy yields to the keen point of the artist's needle. It is as unsparing an accusation of legality as Tolstoy's "Resurrection," and it is made with greater authority from more practical knowledge. Mr. Whitlock is the Mayor of Toledo, thrice elected, without volition of his, by the indefatigable persistence of a majority of his fellow citizens over the minority of all the other political parties uniting against him; he knows what the administration of the law is. He is himself an attorney locally successful in civil and criminal practice, and when a young man, well under forty, of such ability as to have won in the Supreme Court of Ohio a case against the State and obliged it to the revision of an entire body of legislation; he knows what the procedure of courts is. He has been a reporter and he knows the "criminal classes," including the police, with the sharp, unsparing penetration of a newspaper man. He is a philanthropist; he has studied the condition and government of prisons; and he knows the facts of them. This awful book is the sum of his experience and observation, and to his practical authority in the matter he joins the instinct of a poet and the conscience of a politician whose advance in public life has been through his unselfish service of his fellow citizens and their grateful recognition. It not only touches the heart with the force which the creative imagination alone can exert, but it compels conviction with the power of unimpeachable statistics.

It will be understood that it is not light or pleasant reading. It will not take the "tired business-man's mind off itself" like a musical comedy or a wild tale of adventure; it will not stupefy the brain (such as it is) of a "society girl" with the fume of "passion"; it will not drug the soul of boyhood with the dream of conquest among the princesses of unmapped kingdoms; it will not flatter or betray any reader to a vain belief in a perfected Americanism. But if one wishes to know what the author declares the truth about the conditions that produce, and the courts that punish, and the prisons that perpetuate the hundreds of thousands

of criminals "in this fair land," here one may learn it. In what school the author has studied not how to imitate this master or that, but "how to imitate nature," the mother of all the arts, is plain enough. It is the great Russian school which embodies an æsthetic recalling the novelist to the study of man as we all know him in the flesh, and an evangel renewing the power and glory of the Son of Man in the imagination, and dedicating it once more to the service of the soul.

What Zola was to Frank Norris in his large epics, Tolstoy has been to Brand Whitlock in this tremendous tragedy. It is no more a polemic than life is; it does but show us what life is in phases which we blink and ignore. If it tears from our eyes the bandage which we fancied on those of Justice and shows her winking at the same crimes against criminals in the American courts and the Russian courts, and in their differing procedure arriving at the same wicked and stupid ends, it is certainly not for us to reject it as impossible. The accusation is too bold, too unsparing, made from an experience too questionless to be dismissed as the effectivism of a novelist. It is true that Mr. Whitlock shares Tolstoy's doubt of all punishment as a deterrent, and as a reformant holds it too sadly grotesque for laughter. He is an officer of the law, and his fellow citizens will have him keep his office from year to year; yet he tells them, as he tells us all, in this book that the administration of the law and the execution of the law are iniquitous and of the nature of the frauds and complicities and violences constituting the criminality which the laws are always arresting and trying and punishing. The study of these alleged operations of the laws will have the prime fascination of the book for the thoughtfuler reader; as for the sheer dreadfulness of those hells which the by-laws of wardens and guards make of the penitentiaries (the word is mockingly wrenched from its fitness by the facts) that is for the gust of the strong stomachs which can sup on horrors without physical revolting. With all, "The Turn of the Balance" is a work of literary art, simple in style, dramatic in the representation of life; clear, shapely and rounded to the imperative climax. Perhaps after the sins it accuses are repented of we shall enjoy its æsthetic beauty and experience from it in the retrospect that "noble terror" which the Greeks thought the office of tragedy.

W. D. Howells.

GENTLER LIVING.

BY PROFESSOR ABRAM S. ISAACS.

THESE are rather disastrous days for men and women of the gentler mould. They were never so crowded to the wall and so keenly made to feel their helplessness and incapacity. In reality they are anachronisms in the stir and strife of our shrilly competitive era. It is not altogether a mad world, my masters; perhaps it is merrier and more thoughtless than mad, as it rushes along at precipitate speed. Yet whatever we term it, the shouting, strutting, self-conscious and self-advertising element is everywhere in evidence. A recent critic of New York claims that it is so busily engaged in digesting the newly arrived poor from abroad and the newly arrived rich from other cities that it has lost completely its civic pride. In such a process, between the upper and lower mill-stones, the fate of a great body of its quieter citizens is not to be envied.

Now, is it true that our larger cities possess one special function in a democracy such as ours—that of permitting the dregs to come too rapidly to the surface? If this be so—and it can hardly be questioned—one can begin to understand certain undeniable American tendencies, among which, without assuming any pessimistic attitude, none is more significant and deplorable than the gradual dying out of the gentler life, the quiet, modest ways. Have they passed forever with the minuet and the stage-coach, the indefinable grace and stately courtesy of men and women of the olden school? Gentleness, graciousness, reserve, self-restraint, quiet dignity that betokens character—who has time for all that sort of thing in the fight for existence, the struggle for social and business supremacy? Not only is there no leisure apparently to cultivate such graces, but there is felt more and more open contempt for the amiable weaknesses of a

past generation. We affect to smile at their simplicity and absolute lack of modernity. Away with shrinking modesty and deference, with quiet refinement and unpretentious living! Who can be expected to endure such a strait-jacket in our swagger days? Let us join the motley throng in their gay apparel and unrestrained mood. Let us shout and flaunt it with the rest. And have we not money enough to buy the shrillest trumpets, the loudest colors, the swiftest steeds of the air, the road, the wave?

Present conditions affect naturally all lines of activity—there is, perhaps, no field, intellectual as well as social, that escapes the contagion. The Government takes commendable steps against the enemy that devastates our fields and destroys our crops; private munificence is seeking to fathom the secret of the white plague and other distempers; there are numerous protective agencies which benefit the child, the animal, the crippled and the suffering. But what general movement to restore society to sanity and even poise? Now and then a courageous voice is heard, a warning sounded.

> "Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
> Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
> On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined. . . ."

Who wants to be Cassandra when a billion-dollar Congress has lost its novelty, the country's coffers and granaries are full to repletion, and every city gauges its prominence by Babel-like business structures of steel? Why be a prophet of evil tidings when we are preparing to annex Mars? Why should we not strut a little and feel self-important?

Take literature, for example—how fallen, fallen, fallen from its high estate! We have now indisputably the era not of the best books, but of the best sellers. To become of that class, what must not be sacrificed! How utterly antiquated are Milton's views concerning books, preserving "as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that intellect that bred them." The author, or rather the publisher, is very much like the razor-vender in the old-time poem, whose razor was made not to shave, but to sell. Similarly the typical book, particularly in fiction, where the disease has taken strongest root, is written less to educate and entertain than to sell at all hazards. The publisher—happily there are conspicuous exceptions—in his advertisements and announcements dwells diplomatically on qualities of the book which

are coarse, alluring, meretricious, in a determined bid for support from that large and growing element which has a sweet tooth for such appetizing fare. He seems to glory in the vehement vulgarity to which authors of his like, too many of whom are women, are glad to stoop, to receive the house's imprint and thirty pieces of silver. He is greedy to supply fresh fuel to the flames; he deems himself justified in providing just what the reader wants. Publishers, forsooth! They are panderers, rather, and could never flourish if the atmosphere were purified and the life the great mass of us lead were of a gentler, quieter type.

A curious illustration of the literary tendency was furnished recently in the office of a well-known magazine of large circulation. A genially written story of acceptable length had been forwarded by a frequent contributor to the best monthlies. In an interview which followed the article's rejection the editor stated frankly: "Your story was well written, but, unfortunately, it was too quiet and lacked vim. Our readers want blood and vim." Exactly so; good red blood is required; the atmosphere of the stockyard and bagnio. What chance to-day for an Irving, an Addison, a Hawthorne? Stronger stuff is demanded—it is the spirit of the age when your would-be popular magazine emulates the methods of the yellow journal and insists upon being regarded as literature. If Milton were living to-day he would change his metaphor in a famous passage—he would no longer see a "noble and puissant Nation" "as an Eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazl'd eyes," but he would compare the public that feeds upon such literary garbage to a vulture of malignant form.

In the sphere of education the tendency manifests itself in the popular regard for size, not character for efficiency, as a university's chief asset. The vulgar, boastful spirit that points to the stadium as the essential show-card, not the class-room; to the victories on the field or river, not the scholarly productions of teacher and student as the real college glory—this spirit so utterly subversive of the true aim of education can be met on all sides. The country is scoured for funds to extend departments until the proportions of a department store are attained. But one looks in vain for a chair in enthusiasm, a chair in resolute devotion to the scholar's ideal for life and letters. There must be depth as well as breadth in university training; with com-

mercialism running riot and all its noisy accompaniments, depth is too generally sacrificed to breadth and the foundations are undermined. There is a thin varnish of education, it is true; but can this conceal the boastful, aggressive attitude, to be expected probably in a fish-market, but not in a hall of learning? The contagion so affects the teacher, his rank and influence, that too many air opinions on all possible subjects outside of their special branches, from Job's mother-in-law to the latest fad in prose and pottery. Anything to be reported widely in the press, whose exaggerations are dulcet melodies. Any paradox to arouse attention, any absurdity to excite comment, caustic or otherwise —that is life and joy to men who are no more professors than wildly gesticulating curbstone brokers are representative of *haute finance.*

Prevalent false standards were aptly illustrated in one of our metropolitan art galleries during a recent season. There were exhibited a certain number of the old masters, purchased abroad by some wealthy collectors and not always with the best judgment, for here and there the examples were distinctly inferior with unmistakable finishing-touches by a later hand. The press dwelt with needless iteration on the vast amounts paid in each instance for these treasures to arouse greater interest. The attendance was large, and from time to time we could hear remarks like these: "Where are the A.'s?" "Are those the B.'s?" "Are the C.'s in the next room?" In every case the art treasures were designated not by the name of the artist—peerless in his day and for all days—but by the name of the purchaser. Is the artist and his art to be secondary to the auction price and the buyer? What is genius for color, form, expression, feeling—what the school of art and its representative, compared to the opulent bargain-hunter who takes to himself the glory, the honor and the name, at least he is made to do so? Such a false measure of value is only possible under flamboyant conditions which destroy delicacy and the fine sense of honor and truth.

One can hardly expect the stage to be more than a mirror of its time, to reflect merely, instead of castigating, current tendencies. It would seem that it is a simple business proposition. It gives what the public wants. This is unfortunate, and from the standpoint of the idealist greatly to be deplored; yet we must admit that the attitude of playwright and manager is not wholly

unreasonable. How can we demand that they be above their age? If we do not like the food they provide, we are not compelled to buy it. It would be eminently desirable, from the purely ethical view, if the stage grasped more seriously its possibilities as teacher of the people and refused to play the rôle of panderer to low and debased tastes. Unhappily there are so many varieties of people nowadays that the office of the theatre as critic and instructor would be resented by too large a majority to render the experiment profitable to the box-office. When the upper fashionable crowd set the example of quieter tastes and gentler living, there is more likelihood of a gradual improvement in other classes until the stage itself, spurred on by contemporary influence, will have a new birth.

And the church? What is its testimony on the whole? It has its distinct duty to insist on humility; for the meek, we are told, shall inherit the earth. Alas! meekness is apparently the last virtue emphasized, for how few churches are better than their environment, how few resist the sensational and the commercial, how few teach as a vital factor of religion and morals the gentler life? How many, on the other hand, are close competitors in the art of supplying entertainment and attracting crowds by methods familiar to children of darkness, but always taboo to children of light? In the olden unfashionable days the altar was to be made of earth—mute emblem of humility. When the Temple was built no sound of the hammer was heard. How out of date such a structure in our era of blare and glare? The pulpit's opportunity was never greater; why is it not more generally utilized? Why is it failing in grasp, in leadership, in prophetic power? What obsession to be satisfied with the rôle of popular entertainer, when a whole nation is to be welded into new life and spirit, and eternal verities, not transient fads, are to be brought home to the multitude as much to-day by the Hudson and the Mississippi as of old by the Jordan and the Euphrates!

Now, it may be held that the noisy, turbulent, swaggering tendency is due largely to our overcrowded cities, where courtesy, gentleness, self-restraint, are handicapped by the conditions, and that when we flock to the suburbs there will follow a less aggressive era. Unless in the process "the quiet woodland ways" are themselves transformed by auto, telephone, week-end revelry, branch offices and the ticker competing with the thrush there is

some force in the argument. But in a few years the suburbs will necessarily grow into a city, out of which woodlands and meadows will have vanished with the advancing price of building-lots. It would be but a temporary alleviation, after all—the ailment is too chronic and deep-seated to be eradicated by a change in residence. What is the cure, if any?

In the last analysis the remedy is an ethical one—the virtue of humility needs to be more generally taught and practised, with other old-fashioned qualities, self-control, modesty, living within one's means and station, and a certain feeling of obligation to a Higher Power for the right use of our faculties and opportunities. There must be balance-wheels to keep us in check—and righteous living is otherwise impossible. Our country's real assets are less the product of the mines or the produce of the fields than the character of its citizens, and to evolve its finer, more genuine and more lasting elements is not a question of law, but of individual choice.

You cannot legislate for the gentler life. It must be taught and practised in the home, at school, on the platform and at public worship. Nor need we despair if the outlook is not too cheering. The first century of the Republic was the pioneer age—the era of clearance and upheaval, when out of the quarries the rough granite was to be hewn. There will come, if the Republic is to last, a quieter and more settled era. Out of the thousands that flock to our shores, each nationality eagerly bringing its offerings on our country's altar—the German his thoroughness, the Italian his sense of beauty, the Russian his intellectuality, and the others each with its own vital quality, there will arise in plentiful number doers and dreamers, sages and schemers, the artist, the craftsman and the rest, and among them shall appear preachers of the gentler life, who will arouse the people to the simpler virtues which alone insure a nation's vitality and permanence.

ABRAM S. ISAACS.

THE WOMAN'S VOTE.

SOME SIDE-LIGHTS FROM NEW ZEALAND'S EXPERIENCE.

BY HUGH H. LUSK.

THE question of the extension of the franchise in national politics to the women of a civilized country, while it can hardly be called a new one, has undoubtedly assumed new proportions both in America and England within the last few years. There are many reasons why such a development might have been expected—some people may even go so far as to say why it had become inevitable.

All the past ages of human history have, no doubt, been ages of evolution, but it may safely be said that the age in which we live now has far surpassed all that have gone before it in the rapid development of its ideas on most subjects of social and political importance. Among these, questions affecting the position of women socially, educationally and politically have been perhaps the most important, as they are likely to prove the most far-reaching in their results. There are many people still living who can remember the time when the rights of women with respect to property and a good many other things as recognized by law, and particularly by the law of England, were very different from those that have grown so familiar to ourselves that hardly anybody doubts either their justice or their desirability. In the domain of education the development of popular thought has been even more remarkable. Fifty years ago the really educated woman in any class of society, either in England or America, was so rare as to be looked upon by people in general, and especially by her own sex, as a phenomenon, to be regarded either as a genius or a freak, but certainly not as a desirable subject for

imitation. To-day the really well-educated woman is not much less common than the well-educated man, and both men and women generally have learned to regard them not only as unobjectionable, but even as desirable. In the domain of national politics alone it may be said that during the last half-century no change has taken place either in America or England in the recognized position of the women of the country. In both countries the political destinies of the nation still remain, as they have done for so many generations, in the hands of the men, while the other half of the people have no voice either in the law-making or the law administration, which affects them at least as vitally as the other half of the community.

Under such circumstances as these, it is not surprising that the dissatisfaction, which has long been felt by a small class of the women of both countries, should have spread of late to a much larger class and should have found expression in methods more emphatic than formerly. It may, indeed, be true that the methods are not always wise; it may even be true that in some cases they are of a character to throw serious discredit on the cause which they seek to advance. It can hardly be said that deliberate defiance of law and order, such as has of late characterized the action of the leaders of the so-called suffragettes in England, is any proof of the fitness of the lawbreakers to become lawmakers; but it is at least a proof of earnest conviction on their part that they feel a very real grievance. It may be doubted whether any great and far-reaching social or political reform has ever been brought about in any nation in which abuses of any kind have become crystallized by long usage without methods to which in themselves legitimate objections might not have been taken; and yet where the abuses and grievances complained of were real, and the convictions of those who opposed them were sincere enough to produce martyrs for the cause, experience has shown that they have usually been the forerunners of reform.

It may, of course, be argued that the refusal of a voice in the political control of the nation is not a legitimate cause of complaint. There are probably many, possibly even a majority of men, both in America and England, who are content to accept the so-called wisdom of our ancestors, which declared against giving women the franchise as practically conclusive, regardless of the fact that we are daily reversing such conclusions in a hundred

ways. On the other side there are arrayed many, probably a great majority, of the would-be reformers who boldly advance the theory—which they, of course, look on as a thing quite beyond reasonable dispute — that there exists something like a divine right of voting of which women have been tyrannically deprived by men. Of both these extreme views it may be said with about equal fairness that they are purely theoretical. The idea that because women have not taken the share in politics which men have had, by means of the franchise, that therefore no good, but, on the contrary, all kinds of evil results would be sure to follow if the franchise were extended to women, rests entirely on theory, because the alternative has not been tried. The theory that because women, equally with men, are human beings and are rather more in numbers than the other sex, therefore they have of necessity a right to vote, which is sacred and inalienable and, in fact, quite beyond the domain of argument, may fairly be said to be also purely theoretical. There are no Heaven-made constitutions, and those that are made by men must rest for their justification on the basis of experience. Until within a very short time past that experience has been wholly wanting among people of our race; and even now the experiments made have not been on a very large scale, while their circumstances can hardly be said to be of anything like universal application.

So far as the writer of this article is aware there was, until a very short time ago, only one country occupied by an Anglo-Saxon population in which the adult women of the community had the same voting privileges as the adult males in what may be termed national politics: that country was what is known as the Dominion of New Zealand. It may be freely admitted that even the experiences of a country containing a million inhabitants only do not necessarily apply fully to the conditions of older and much more populous countries, and it will only be fair to keep these and any other peculiarities of the country and its population in view while dealing with its experiments in the extended franchise. Yet, after all, it cannot reasonably be doubted that a good deal may be learned from the experience of New Zealand in this matter.

Much has been said in older countries during the last twenty years of the reckless audacity of the people of New Zealand in venturing on new experiments in political economy, and their

headlong haste in proceeding from one innovation to another and the grant of equal political rights to women has been referred to as an instance of this tendency. A glance at the history of the legislation ending in this reform may serve to show that the criticism of it is hardly deserved. Under New Zealand's original constitution as a self-governing state the political franchise was made as nearly as possible like that prevailing in England fifty years ago; and it need hardly be said the idea of women voting for members of Parliament never entered into the minds of those who drew it up and secured its acceptance by the British Parliament. The powers of self-government were granted to New Zealand in 1853, and it was not until 1877 that the first step was taken towards the political emancipation of the women of the young country. The step taken was one which has long been familiar in some of the American States and merely gave to female as well as male householders the right to take part in the election of school boards and to serve on such boards if elected by a majority of the voters. It may be noted as somewhat characteristic of New Zealand conditions that neither this nor any other step towards the grant of full electoral rights was taken at the request of those most directly interested. No petitions had been made to the Legislature to grant the new privilege; no agitation had taken place in its favor. The reason given in Parliament by those who moved to strike out the word "male" from the franchise clause of the statute as originally proposed was simply this, that female householders were likely to take as deep and as intelligent an interest in the education of their children as those of the other sex. Experience showed that they had been right. Some three years later a second step was taken when the power to grant hotel and other licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors was placed in each district in the hands of a board elected once in three years by the votes of the rate-payers. The experience of the interest taken in School Board matters by the female voters led to the proposal being made that all rate-payers, whether men or women, should have the right to take part in the election of the new Licensing Boards; and, in spite of a good deal of opposition, the proposal was agreed to. Again experience justified the extended franchise. The female rate-payers took an active and an intelligent interest in the question, and it was found that their influence was usually cast strongly

in favor of the most reliable candidates for election. Three or four years later a statute was brought before the Legislature to provide for the election of Municipal Councils and Mayors throughout the country on a uniform system; and again the question was raised as to whether women as well as men should not be intrusted with the franchise, which they had used so well in the cases of School Boards and Licensing Committees. After some opposition the influence of public experience proved too strong for the opponents of the proposal and the municipal franchise was extended to householders of both sexes. Once more experience confirmed the wisdom of the concession. The female voters took as keen an interest in municipal affairs as they had done before in the other public questions placed in their hands; votes were recorded by as large a proportion of women as of men on the rolls, and in some cases women were elected members of City Councils and in two or three instances as Mayors.

It was not till eight or nine years more had passed that any further extension of the franchise was proposed, and, it may be added, no agitation whatever took place in favor of such a change. In the mean time, however, the female voters had taken full advantage of the extended powers given them by the statutes already passed. At elections for School Boards, for Licensing Boards and for the members of municipal governments the women who were authorized to vote did so in a proportion of about ninety per cent. and were, as a rule, to be relied on to vote on the side of moderation and common sense. The difficulties anticipated by many persons, consequent on the excitement that might prevail at some elections, did not arise, but, on the contrary, it was found that the elections in which women took part were quieter and more orderly than any others. It was under these circumstances that, in the beginning of 1893, a statute was proposed by the Executive then in power extending the franchise to every person of full age in the country, whether male or female.

The new statute was not passed by the Legislature without opposition; indeed, it only secured a bare majority in the Legislative Council—the New Zealand equivalent to a Senate—though it was readily accepted by a considerable majority in the popular Chamber. The single ground relied on by those who proposed and those who supported the new franchise was, it may be specially noted, the ground of experience. Nobody indulged in high-

flown speeches about the inalienable rights of women, owing, perhaps, to the fact that speeches of this kind would not have advanced the cause either with the Legislature or the public. The practical benefit of the people as a whole has for the last forty years been the ideal present to the minds of the great majority of New-Zealanders; and it is to this, more than to anything else, that the unusual character of the legislation of the country may fairly be ascribed. In the matter of the extended franchise, therefore, it was not theory, but practical experience that won the day. It was not because women were human beings as much as men; it was not even because they were intelligent human beings to whom men were ready to intrust the care of their homes and families; it was because they believed on the evidence of experience that women, if they could vote, would take an intelligent interest in public questions and would by their votes forward the best interests of the country and its people.

The statute extending the franchise to women was passed in the year 1893, and since then there have been six Parliaments elected by the joint votes of the men and women of New Zealand. In all of these elections the women of the country have taken their full share. The proportion of women who voted at each election compared with those whose names were on the rolls have been almost exactly the same as that of the male voters. There are not at present in New Zealand as many women as men, and the actual voting power of the women is nearly ten per cent. less than that of the men. Practically, however, all who can do so vote at each election. The fears expressed at the time the franchise was given them that the result would be either that the women would vote just as their husbands and fathers told them to vote or that the new privilege would mean dissension in families and the practical degradation of the women have not been justified by experience. The women of New Zealand vote at elections as a matter of course just as they partake of their meals or do any other ordinary duty of every-day life. The principal change produced by the new order of things, as far as the family life of the people is concerned, would seem to be that what may be called political questions have become matters of general interest instead of being, as formerly, matters which were tacitly presumed to be outside the sphere of one-half the family.

It is not so easy to say with any degree of certainty what the effect of granting the suffrage to women has been on the policy of the country. New Zealand, like every other popularly governed country, enjoys the benefits and at times suffers the disadvantages of party politics and party government, but there appears little reason to suppose that the addition of the woman's vote has seriously altered the strength of either of them. It was supposed at first that this vote would greatly strengthen the party of Labor, but this does not seem to be the case. The supposition was that it would have this effect because all women of the laboring class would be sure to vote while others would not. Experience, however, has proved that, as a matter of fact, all women voters exercise their rights quite as readily as the men and appear to be divided in political opinion in very nearly the same proportions.

There are two questions on which the woman's vote would seem to have had a good deal of influence: one of these is the question of prohibitory legislation, curtailing with the view of the ultimate extinction of the sale of all intoxicating liquors in the country; the other is the increased influence which personal character has in determining the prospects of candidates for members of the Legislature of the Dominion. Local option as to licensing houses for the sale of liquor has existed throughout the Dominion for a quarter of a century, but since the franchise has been extended to women there has been a steadily increasing pressure in the direction of making the option national and substituting a bare majority as necessary to give effect to it for the three-fifths majority required by the existing law. The question is one on which strong differences of opinion exist, but there can be no doubt that the women's vote is relied on by the extreme "Temperance" party as their main support. The professional politician was a thing unknown in New Zealand until about thirty years ago, and even since then he has not been a very familiar figure: he was, however, creeping in, and the country certainly owes something to its women for the general opposition they are believed to have extended to candidates of this sort.

So far I have spoken only of the experience of New Zealand with regard to this question both in the manner in which the reform was brought about and in the results that have followed during the sixteen years since the full electoral franchise was extended to the women of the Dominion. A good deal has been

said and written in other countries as to the success that has attended New Zealand's experiment; and as a political object-lesson it should unquestionably be of value to many older and more populous countries. There is some danger, however, involved in using the experience of other countries without at the same time taking into account differences that exist, or may exist, between their conditions and those of the country to which it is sought to apply them. In the case of New Zealand and America, for instance, this is true to a somewhat unusual extent. In some respects no two communities could well be less alike in their conditions than the great Republic of America and the small Dominion of the South Pacific; and among these differences perhaps the most remarkable is the nature and condition of the population. It is not merely that America is a country nearly thirty times as large as New Zealand and probably ninety times as populous; this, no doubt, is important, but it is very far from being the most important point of difference in its relation to the question of the woman's vote. New Zealand is a young country, the citizens of which are practically all of one race with similar traditions, ideals and language: America is a country which has found room for, but has certainly not yet assimilated to any great extent, millions of citizens, drawn from every country of Europe as well as from some Asiatic countries and from Africa. New Zealand is a country settled under very special conditions, and its people are in consequence drawn mainly from the more or less fully educated classes of Great Britain, while all have had for more than a generation the advantage of an excellent system of education which has been so far appreciated that out of the whole population, including aboriginal natives as well as settlers of British race over eight years of age, about ninety-seven per cent. can both read and write English and possess the elements of a fairly good English education. It can hardly be necessary to dwell on the contrast between such a condition of things and that which prevails to-day in America or even in England.

If the question of the right of women to exercise the political franchise is a merely abstract one, dependent on an inherent right, apart from the results likely to follow on its exercise, then, it may be said, all such considerations as these are out of place. This, however, has been very far from the opinion of those who have been responsible for the New Zealand experiment. Their

view has been frankly utilitarian and has never rested on any theory of abstract rights. The benefit of the great majority, not the privilege of any section of the community, however considerable, has been throughout the ideal aimed at in New Zealand's legislation; and necessarily the reasonable probability of benefiting the nation as a whole by any change in the electoral laws would, from this point of view, be the first consideration. In a country situated as America now is, in which a large percentage of the people have sprung from races that have never had any direct representation in the government of the countries to which they belonged and have had little or no personal experience of free institutions, the question how far the grant of a greatly extended franchise would be likely to affect the political life of the nation could hardly fail to be a serious one. Any reasonable observer would, doubtless, agree that the extent to which the franchise has been acquired by men who are foreigners in every essential has tended greatly to degrade the political life of America; the question naturally arises, Would matters be improved by doubling the numbers of foreign voters wholly ignorant of the first principles of free representative government?

There are probably very few persons at all familiar with the working of the extended franchise in New Zealand who are not fully convinced of its success. It has had a distinct tendency to consolidate public opinion, and, at the same time, it has greatly increased the interest and widened the outlook of nearly half the population on many subjects of importance to the future of the country. The very fact that the minds of men and women are, as a rule, differently constituted in some important respects would seem to be a reason for bringing both of these types of intelligence to bear on all questions that affect the well-being of both; and as far as the test of a sixteen years' experiment can be relied on, this appears to be the conclusion of New Zealand. It is not, therefore, with the idea of throwing any doubt on the desirability of intrusting to the women of a free people such a share in the responsibility of the legislation and government of their country as the possession of the franchise can give that I have called attention to the fact that different conditions may require different treatment.

The gradual process by which the reform in the electoral law was brought about in New Zealand may suggest the means by

which the extension of the franchise may safely be accomplished elsewhere. The fact that the women of New Zealand were, owing to circumstances, better prepared as a body than those of either America or England to undertake new and grave responsibilities is not a reason for the refusal of the suffrage to the women of those countries, though it may be an excellent reason for its postponement. The New Zealand experience, it may be claimed, goes to show that the woman's vote may be a most valuable aid to the good government of a country if the women of the country generally are both able and willing to use their newly acquired privileges intelligently and with a sense of responsibility: it certainly goes no farther than this. In New Zealand, where nearly everything was favorable to its success, this was a matter of gradual education.

It is not necessary to point out that no claim is made on behalf of the women of New Zealand that they are superior, either naturally or as a matter of general education, to many of the women of America or England. It is, however, to be borne in mind that they have had a special education in politics on a practical basis such as has had absolutely no equivalent in America or England. In Australia the example of New Zealand in extending the franchise has been followed, but as far as yet appears with far less satisfactory results than have been realized in the island Dominion. The main distinction would seem to be that, while in New Zealand all the women entitled to vote exercise the privilege, in Australia it is mainly the women of one class only that do so. This may well be the consequence of the attempt to dispense in Australia with the preliminary training which the extension of the suffrage to women step by step gave to the women of New Zealand. Australia, it may be noted, contains a population more mixed in origin than the neighboring Dominion, though by no means so mixed as that of America.

In short, it may be said that the New Zealand experiment in female suffrage, while successful in the country of its origin, is marked by serious limitations. The risks to be incurred and the difficulties to be overcome there were different both in kind and degree from those that must be reckoned with elsewhere; and assuredly the success of female suffrage in New Zealand cannot fairly be used as an argument for any sudden change in the electoral system in other countries.

HUGH H. LUSK.

TO AN IONIAN BOY.

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

Boy of Mitylene! thou
Of the immortal foot and brow,
Sailing o'er the harbor-sea
In my boat that hideth thee,
Fleeing from the Turkish power
That defiles thine Asian bower,
Seeking that far western shore,
Where thy hopes have gone before
Even with thy childish years
Through heavy toil and orphan tears!—
Thou, whose eyes of wonder see
The American in me;
Confident to take my hand
As an earnest of the land
That shall mother thee and thine,
Our common mother, thine and mine!
I wonder at thy courage, child,
Venturing the unknown wild;
The ticket, hidden in thy sole,
Thy anchor where the great seas roll;
The White Star, pinned within thy shirt
Thy only talisman from hurt;
Earth's and ocean's waif thou art!
Waif of God! brave is thy heart!

Three hundred years have passed away
Since upon the Devon bay
Rowed the English emigrant
From whose loins my line I vaunt.

Centuries three their leaves have shed
Since on the rock he made his bed,
And helped to build with axe and book
The land to which all nations look.
Generations nine have wrought
To save and better what he brought;
Each, in turn, on land and sea,
Toiling for the next to be.
Lo, the forest fell like wheat;
Cities blossomed round their feet;
Came war, came peace, came war again;
And now 'twas muscle, now 'twas brain;
And now 'twas gold, and now 'twas blood;
All things tried them,—firm they stood;
And the land from sea to sea
Spread, and was filled with liberty;
And serving mankind more and more
The race found sweetness at the core,—
A hand of welcome for all men,
And free to all the book, the pen.

So grew the world my boyhood trod,
Thy home to be, thy sky, thy sod,
And climbed Time's zodiac to shed
Heaven's horn of blessing on thy head.
To this end my fathers toiled;
Take thou the heritage unsoiled,—
Years of ever milder power,
Years of ever wealthier dower;
Make free to all the tool, the soil,—
So shalt thou share the mighty toil!
For now full circuit comes the wheel;
The land a newer blood doth feel,
Thine and others; take thy turn,
And with the new world's passion burn!
Unto thee we give the state,
Rich and glorious, free and great;
To the old blood I belong;
Swan-like dies it in my song;

And all that was of life and love,
Behold I am the fruit thereof,—
Speeding on the ocean track,
To the old world turning back,
And now unto thy land I come
As the spirit travels home.

When again three hundred years
Have torn their way through blood and tears
(For this old world will not change,
Howsoe'er men roam and range),
Some boy beautiful with grace
Dropt from thy vanished form and face,
Shall proudly trace his humble line
To Lesbos, and to thee and thine.
Over ocean will he come,
Seeking the ancestral home,
Where freedom's war-cry with fierce clang
First against the tyrant rang,
Where Sappho loved, Alcæus sang.
Will he look on sea and sun,
On isle and mount, as I have done,—
Youngest born of time's last race,
On his knees lay down his face,
Mourning in his lonely mind,
Finding what he weeps to find?—
The old forms gone from grove and hill,
The armor rust, the music still;
The gods of Greece long overthrown,
The temples razed, the statues down;
Scant relics of the brain and hand
That for the soul all beauty planned!
Ah, not for this his tears shall roll,
For plinth and coin, for bust and scroll;
He weeps the ruin of the soul.

O City of the violet crown!
  O race familiar with the god!
O lyric isles! O civic town!
  The soul's first home was this dear sod!

O Greece, when first the race began
To know itself, and reason clear,
Thou the Creator wast of man!
Thou didst abolish human fear!
And still from thee he takes the best
That his dark spirit can enjoy;—
Because Greece held thee to her breast,
Therefore I love thee, wandering boy!
Nothing in all the world so sweet
As was the message of her feet;
Nothing in all the world so dear
As now her human hopes appear;
Nothing in all the world so wise
As was the bright death in her eyes;
O wisest, dearest, sweetest far,
In love and beauty, sport and war!
Then shall that far American,
Who out of thee shall be made man,
Looking on plain and sea and sky,
Unto his gods lift up his cry:—
"O Land of Promise in the west,
So to the shades go thou not down!
Nor with great Athens take thy rest,
My country of the heavenly crown!"

Fair befall thee, tender child!
Seek thou my home; grow sweet, grow mild!
And fair befall thy race to be,—
Fairer than hath fallen to me!

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

THE NEW REIGN IN ENGLAND.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

KING EDWARD'S death naturally spoiled to some extent Mr Roosevelt's visit. There had been prepared for him a welcome such as England has never, perhaps, accorded to any foreigner. The greetings he received on the Continent were to have reached their climax in the official, and still more the popular, enthusiasm that was awaiting him when he stepped on British soil. The whole country was looking forward with an intensity of interest, unique in my experience, to entertaining him and to being entertained by him. Most of these anticipations had, of course, to be foregone. The death of the King and the accession of the new sovereign threw Mr. Roosevelt into the shade and converted his stay in England from a public into a private function. Nevertheless, the ex-President made the most of his limited opportunities, met, with hardly an exception, every one who amounted to anything, received the freedom of the city in the Guildhall, was publicly honored both by Oxford and Cambridge, and contrived to give the English people a taste of his quality. The English people, I need hardly add, found the taste very much to their liking. They had never encountered, they had hardly ever imagined, any one at all like Mr. Roosevelt. On all with whom he came in contact he left an impression of admiration dashed with amazement. The prodigious vitality, the fulness, vehemence, and prismatic play of his talk, conquered alike publicists, divines, statesmen, journalists, sportsmen, administrators, authors, and undergraduates. No one could have had a greater social success and no one could have deserved it or enjoyed it more thoroughly. Directly King Edward's funeral was over, the public began to transfer its attention to Mr. Roosevelt and to show an insatiable appetite for a daily record of his doings and sayings. It was, of

course, expected of him that, having lectured the Parisians on the iniquity of race-suicide and the good people of The Hague on the righteousness of war, he would not leave England without having had his say on some topic of controversy. His chance came when the freedom of the city was presented to him at the Guildhall before an audience that included much of what is best in England.

After saying many things that were both pleasant and true about British rule in East Africa, Uganda, and the Soudan, Mr. Roosevelt proceeded to say many other things that were more true than pleasant about British rule in Egypt. Ought he to have said them? Well, he would not be Mr. Roosevelt if he hadn't; and personally, although many journals complained of the impropriety of his utterance and many more disputed its philosophy and its facts, I believe that he rendered England a conspicuous service by speaking out. No Englishman, unless it be Lord Cromer, who, by the bye, punctuated Mr. Roosevelt's speech with approving "Hear, hears," could have so effectually compelled the nation to face the situation in Egypt and to realize the perils that hesitancy and a misguided sentimentalism are storing up on the banks of the Nile. If it be said—and naturally it was said—that, after all, it was none of Mr. Roosevelt's business, the answer was that he could not make a more substantial return for the honor done him than to warn his hosts of the danger that threatened their interests from the aims and character of Egyptian Nationalism. Three-fourths of the Guildhall speech was a eulogy of British administration that must have convinced every ruler and statesman on the Continent that the British Empire has in Mr. Roosevelt a resolute and appreciative friend. The other fourth was a criticism, a just and pertinent criticism, of the defects of British rule in one particular district. No doubt it was the kind of criticism that Sir Edward Grey, who is responsible for British policy in Egypt and who was present at the Guildhall meeting, did not relish. None the less, its ultimate effect will, I believe, be good. Thanks to Mr. Roosevelt, the Egyptian problem will from now onwards take the place that its seriousness demands. Almost all who are acquainted with its principal features welcomed the ex-President's outspokenness as being precisely what was needed to stir the British people out of their habitual somnolence and induce them to take the necessary

precautions against a menace the reality of which is indisputable. Englishmen as a whole, so far from resenting Mr. Roosevelt's speech, were grateful for it, and willingly overlooked the breach of the conventions he committed in making it. They would not care to see such a harangue as he delivered become the common form of acknowledgment among recipients of the freedom of the city; but they are well aware there is no danger of that. In England as in America it is now thoroughly understood that the ex-President is a law unto himself, that the precedents he seems to set are really not precedents at all because no one but himself would venture to follow them, and that his departures from the ordinary ways of doing things are always designed to serve a specific and practical end. It is safe to say that as the result of his visit England feels more than ever drawn toward Mr. Roosevelt and will follow his future career with an interest such as no other statesman of to-day is able to inspire.

But the death of King Edward had other and more momentous results than that of diverting attention from the ex-President. For one thing it completely transformed the political situation. It interposed a providential truce precisely at the moment when everything seemed hurrying towards an irrepressible crisis. Had King Edward lived we should now be either engaged in, or on the very verge of, a general election; the Prime Minister would have approached the Crown with a request for guarantees that the opposition of the House of Lords to the Liberal programme would be overborne by the creation of, or by the threat to create, a sufficient number of Peers to give the Liberals a temporary majority in the Second Chamber; the request would undoubtedly have been refused; and all parties would have been feverishly preparing for the inevitable combat, a combat that would have involved the very foundations of the British State. No doubt King Edward would have endeavored to postpone or avert it; but there is unhappily little reason to believe he would have succeeded. It was one of the curious features of his reign that the normal action of the Crown in composing differences between the Government and the Opposition was virtually suspended. A great figure and a still greater force on the stage of European politics, King Edward failed to exercise in the affairs of his own kingdom anything like the authority that Queen Victoria commanded. On some of the reasons for this failure I touched at

the time the Lords threw out the Budget, and it is not now necessary to recapitulate them. They were the product at bottom of the social alienation which existed between King Edward and the old English aristocracy, and which considerably detracted from his influence as umpire whenever a clash occurred between the Commons and the Lords. On three separate occasions he strove to save the measures of the late Government from destruction in the Upper House and each time he failed. He sought, and sought in vain, to effect a compromise on the Education Bill of 1906, to bring about the acceptance of the Licensing Bill two years later, and to prevent the rejection of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. It is not, therefore, likely that he would have succeeded at the eleventh hour in heading off the gathering crisis amid which his closing days were passed, a crisis in which party feelings have been stirred to the last degree of exasperation. It may, indeed, be said without any exaggeration that the shock of King Edward's death and the emotions roused by it have contributed more to the cause of political peace than he could have effected had he lived.

The change wrought by the demise of the Crown is threefold. In the first place the people feel that to hold an orgy of factional strife over the grave of Edward the Peacemaker is to dishonor both his memory and their own best instincts. A month or more has passed, as I write, since the death of the most popular sovereign who ever sat on the throne of Great Britain; and every minute has reinforced the national desire that party wranglings should cease. A truce leading to a settlement by consent is, it is felt, the only tribute that can worthily be rendered to the dead King. It is a tribute, it is also felt, not less due to his successor. The general notion of King George V as a somewhat colorless and indeterminate personality is, I am assured, altogether wrong. But no sovereign, however competent or resolute, could possibly wish to open his reign by making the most momentous political decision that any British ruler has been called upon to make for nearly a hundred years. No sovereign, again, would wish his coronation to take place in the midst of a bitter party turmoil of an incalculably perilous process of Constitutional upheaval. The English people feel profoundly that King George should be allowed fair play, that there should be no attempt to hustle him, that time should be given him to look round and take

a few observations, and that Great Britain cannot plunge forthwith into the passions of party polemics without lowering her whole reputation for sane and dignified politics. What it comes to, therefore, is that the death of King Edward and the accession of King George have tragically disposed the minds of the people, and to some extent of the politicians, towards harmony and appeasement; that the contentions which divide parties, grave and ever vital as they are, seem trivial almost to insignificance in the presence of the national loss; and that the nation never loathed more intensely than at this moment a continuation of the whole wretched controversy, and was never more earnestly set of putting an end to it by compromise.

This disposition towards an armistice is strengthened by the fact that an armistice of a sort is inevitable. Here we reach the second of the changes in the political situation brought about by the King's death. The Ministerial programme of two months ago cannot now be carried out for the simple reason that the accession of a new sovereign makes it obligatory on Parliament to give precedence to business of another kind. The new Civil List has to be arranged; as the Heir-Apparent is still two years under age, a Regency Bill must be brought in and passed; and there is also a strong feeling that King George should be relieved from the necessity of beginning his reign by insulting the religious convictions of many millions of his subjects. The British throne cannot by law be occupied by any one but a Protestant, but, as matters stand at present, the King, in making his Royal Declaration, is obliged to repudiate certain cherished doctrines and practices of Roman Catholicism as "superstitious and idolatrous." I think the general sentiment of the country is all in favor of omitting these obnoxious adjectives. But I am not less sure that the attempt to delete them from the Royal Declaration will not succeed without a certain amount of Parliamentary commotion. On matters of this kind the least pleasing traits in the British character are apt to be the most prominent. Already the familiar fanatics are in full cry. If you had happened to be in the Queen's Hall in London on June 6th you would have found the building crammed with fervid bigots protesting against any alteration in the terms of the Royal Declaration as "a grievous hurt to the feelings of the people of Great Britain and a danger to their liberties." But those who approve the Declaration as it

stands to-day are, I should hope, a noisy but ineffectual minority. The real battle in Parliament is likely to be waged between those who think it enough that the sovereign should declare himself a Protestant and those who think that, in addition, he should disavow Roman Catholicism, but should disavow it in language at which no Catholic could reasonably take offence. There is, as a matter of fact, no legal need for any Declaration at all, the Protestant succession being already amply guaranteed by the Act of Settlement. But, out of deference to the weaker brethren, the Prime Minister is hardly likely to propose that the Declaration, instead of being merely changed, should be done away with altogether. The fight, as I have said, will probably be between those who regard the positive affirmation of Protestantism as sufficient and those who desire in addition a definite but not an insulting repudiation of Catholicism.

But in any case, and even if the question of the Royal Declaration is not taken in hand immediately, enough remains with the Navy Estimates, the new Civil List, the Regency Bill, and the voting of Supply—business which cannot be postponed—to carry the House of Commons well into July. It will then be necessary to introduce the Budget for 1910-11, a development which two months ago hardly anybody anticipated could possibly take place until after a general election. Mr. Lloyd George's new Budget is not, of course, likely to prove so contentious as the old one; but it seems certain that a deficit will have to be faced, that new taxes will have to be imposed, and that if paupers are no longer to be regarded as disqualified for old-age pensions, fresh and productive sources of revenue will have to be found. In any event, the Budget and the necessary business of carrying on the government can hardly be disposed of before the first or second week in August; and by that time it will be time to adjourn for the summer holidays. It appears, therefore, out of the question that the original Ministerial programme of approaching the Crown with a request for guarantees of safe-conduct on behalf of the Liberal bills abolishing the Lords' veto on finance, and severely limiting it on all ordinary measures, can be carried out. One would say definitely that it cannot be carried out were it not for the Lords. When Parliament reassembled on June 8th, the Lords found themselves confronted with two sets of resolutions; first, the Rosebery Resolutions laying down the general principles

for a reform of the Upper House, and secondly, and more important, the Government's Resolutions abolishing or restricting the veto. What action the Lords may take in regard to the Rosebery Resolutions is not a matter of very great concern at this moment. But their action in regard to the Government's Resolutions may powerfully affect the course of events. If they were to reject them outright, for instance, the Government could not possibly ignore the challenge, and would be obliged to proceed with its original plan of campaign. If, on the other hand, they were to refuse to discuss them until they had been embodied in the form of a bill, the Government, I apprehend, would scarcely either dissolve or resign without incurring the strong condemnation of public opinion. It would be virtually compelled to hold the question over till the autumn session, if only to avoid the appearance of coercing the new King within a few weeks of his accession. Unless, therefore, the Lords are so unwise as to reject the Government's Resolutions forthwith, the chances, in my judgment, favor the postponement of the Constitutional issue for another three or four months. The prospects of a peaceful settlement in that event will, of course, be correspondingly brighter.

The third essential in which the situation has been changed by King Edward's death is the personality of the sovereign. While in some ways King George is less qualified to grapple with the crisis than was his father, in other ways he is more so. He is, for one thing, a far keener politician and far more intimately acquainted with the pros and cons of the question at issue. Furthermore, he is in touch with the English aristocracy to a considerably greater degree than was King Edward, and could, if necessary, appeal to them with more telling effect. These are valuable assets from the standpoint of a possible accommodation between the parties, and their value is increased, first by the certainty that if the worst comes to the worst King George will not flinch, and secondly by the universal desire, to which I have previously alluded, that the new reign should not be jeopardized by the continuation of a suicidal strife. But a "universal desire" of this nature is necessarily an unorganized desire, and the "average man" is something very different from the average M. P. The country longs for peace, but it has no means of imposing it upon the politicians; and I see no statesman who is strong enough and free enough to take an effective step towards reason and com-

promise. If King George were to stake everything on an endeavor to bring about a give-and-take settlement, he might just succeed; but the effort would have to be prodigious and the risk of failure would be very considerable. The fact is that although there are many propitious influences favoring appeasement, the country is so bereft of really commanding leaders, the difficulties in which each party is involved are so real and complex, and the old Adam of Parliamentary strife is so easily aroused, that to be sanguine of any peaceable adjustment is very difficult. Matters have gone so far that no adjustment is possible without heavy sacrifices on all sides, sacrifices such as the meekest of party leaders would hesitate long before recommending to his followers. While, therefore, one may say that the accession of George V has delayed the consummation of the crisis, and by delaying it has strengthened the hope that it may after all be averted; and while the nation from many and varied motives is zealous for a settlement—I should not care to prophesy that a way out of the tangle will be reached by consent. My impression is rather that sooner or later the struggle will be renewed with all its old bitterness, and that an accommodation in the form of a compromise will only become possible when all the combatants have convinced themselves of the futility of fighting further.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

GOLDWIN SMITH.*

THERE is a branch of history which, although in our day historians have ceased to deal exclusively with diplomacy, politics and war, receives even yet, but seldom, the separate and careful treatment that might bring out its full significance. In a modern historical narrative we are sure to read, not only about warriors and statesmen, but also about the conquerors in the fields of scientific research, in astronomy, physics, chemistry and biology, about the inventors who enrich mankind with the practical applications of scientific principles, about theologians, legists, men of letters, painters, sculptors and architects. We still hear relatively little, on the other hand, about the men who stand in the background, so far as any active part in public life or special investigation is concerned, but who interpret more or less correctly the meaning of current events, who direct more or less consciously the general tendencies of their contemporaries, and who shape more or less decisively the attitude of their generation towards the problems of daily life. We can exemplify the place occupied and the functions discharged by such interested and alert onlookers, if we recall the part played by Erasmus in the first third, and, less conspicuously, by Montaigne in the last third, of the sixteenth century; by Pascal in the first half, and by Hobbes and Locke in the last half, of the seventeenth; by Montesquieu, Voltaire and Rousseau in the eighteenth; by Goethe in the first quarter, and, so far as Britons and Americans could be reached, by Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson in the third quarter, of the nineteenth century. The comments made by such detached but watchful spectators of the drama unfolded in the struggles, achievements and failures of mankind are illuminative and helpful, because they are uttered from a coign of vantage like the tower imagined by Lucretius as commanding

* Reprinted from *The North American Review*, September, 1907.

a wide prospect of a tossing sea, a view-point which enables the observer to see social phenomena in their right perspective and true dimensions.

In Western countries, no generation since the Renaissance has been entirely deprived of the benefit derivable from such impartial commentaries and far-sighted suggestions; and, although, from the instinctive disposition to extol times past, we of to-day may conceive ourselves in this respect less happy than our fathers, there is no doubt that we possess on this side of the Atlantic men who, in a certain measure at least, perform for us the same useful function, and among them may be specified Goldwin Smith. It is mainly as a commentator on contemporary affairs, and on those historical events which have a direct bearing on the present state of things, that we purpose here to mark briefly the work done by Goldwin Smith.

By way of preface, the barest outline of a biography may be desirable. To that purpose, however, we can devote only a few sentences. Goldwin Smith was educated at Eton, after which he matriculated at University College, Oxford, where he not only gained a Double First (a first class in classics and in mathematics), but also the Hertford and Ireland Scholarships (which attest a still higher grade of proficiency in the Greek and Latin languages); the Chancellor's prize for Latin Verse; the Latin Essay prize and the English Essay prize. Early in the fifties, he was appointed, in conjunction with Arthur Stanley (subsequently Dean of Westminster), a Secretary of the Royal Commission appointed to reform the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and in that capacity was credited with doing more than any or all of his colleagues to bring about the drastic changes which revolutionized those hidebound institutions. In 1858, he was made Regius Professor of Modern History, the office which was to be filled successively by his coevals, Stubbs, Freeman and Froude. An unflinching and outspoken champion of the North during our Civil War, he visited the United States in 1868; resigned his post at Oxford to become Honorary Professor of English and Constitutional History in Cornell University; and in 1871 went to Canada, where he has since resided.

The list of his published writings is suggestive of the habitual drift of this thought. In the long catalogue, perhaps three works should be specifically mentioned as being the most widely known,

the most influential, and the most likely to prove durable, to wit, his "Political History of the United Kingdom"; his "Political History of the United States," which is rather a philosophical disquisition than a pictorial narrative, and for that very reason possesses a peculiar value; and, finally, the compact but full-freighted volume entitled "Essays on Questions of the Day."

In a long-remembered course of lectures, delivered at Oxford, on the statesmen of the Commonwealth, the substance of which is reproduced concisely in "The History of the United Kingdom," Goldwin Smith anticipated Carlyle in forming and impressing conceptions of Eliot, Pym, Hampden and, above all, of Cromwell, which are now generally accepted as correct. Singularly enlightening is his answer to the question, What did Pym and Hampden mean to do with the Church and Commonwealth when they had beaten the King? "The Church, of course, they meant to make Puritan, probably with an episcopate unmitred and reduced in power;" a counterpart, in fact, of what we see in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States; for neither Pym nor Hampden was, in principle, opposed, as the Presbyterians and Independents were, to that form of church government. "As to the Commonwealth, both of them were monarchists, though they wished to put the monarch under Parliamentary control." Yet they could never have set Charles I again upon his throne. The conviction, founded upon repeated experience, that no faith could be put in his pledges and concessions, however solemn, was their motive and justification for drawing the sword. To what expedient, then, must they eventually have had recourse? The reply is: "Probably, they would have done what was done by their political heirs in 1688, they would have kept the monarchy, but changed the dynasty. Lewis, the young Elector-Palatine, son of the Protestant idol, the Electress Elizabeth, had appeared in England, and the eyes of the people had been turned to him." To Goldwin Smith, therefore, it seems not unlikely that, had the party of Pym and Hampden prevailed, the young Elector might have been called to the constitutional throne, to which the patriots of 1688 called William of Orange. Of Cromwell in the same work we read that "he had no love of sabre-sway. Like Cæsar, unlike Napoleon, he had been a politician before he was a soldier, and he had always shown himself loyal in principle to the supremacy of the civil

power." Goldwin Smith's researches led him to conclude that Cromwell's aim may fairly be said to have been, "after the closing of the wounds of the Civil War by amnesty, to resettle the Government on a broad national basis," in accordance with the habits and traditions of the people, securing to the nation at the same time the substantial objects, religious and political, the religious objects, above all, for which the civil sword had been drawn. "From the conference which Cromwell held at the critical moment with leading men, soldiers and lawyers, to take soundings of opinion as to the settlement of the Constitution, it appears that his own leaning was in favor of something monarchical, whether with the old or with a new name." Herein Goldwin Smith can see no apostasy. Cromwell had drawn his sword in a religious cause, with which the cause of civil liberty was identified, but had never proclaimed himself a republican, though he had republicans among his brethren in arms, and had, no doubt, listened to them with sympathy, and, perhaps, flattered their aspirations. Evidently, he had been willing to restore the King, if the King could have been bound effectually to mend his ways. "That Cromwell was still true to liberty, Milton, no bad judge, must have been convinced when he wrote his sonnet. Though the poet knew that Cromwell had suffered detraction, yet over this, as over his enemies in war, he hailed him triumphant and beckoned him on to victories of peace and to the rescue of free conscience, whereof he regards him as the hope." In a word, the true view of Cromwell's character is pronounced to be that which represents him as raised from step to step by circumstances, without far-reaching ambition or settled plan.

In the second volume of his history of "The United Kingdom," Goldwin Smith brought out clearly for the first time the essential and far-reaching difference between the form of federal government created in 1867 by the British North America Act for the Dominion of Canada and that which we see exemplified in the Constitution of the United States. The difference is thus stated in a nutshell: "In the case of Canadian confederation, the national element has been from the first stronger than the federal in this respect, that the residuary power which the American organic law leaves in the States was, by the Canadian Constitution, assigned to the Dominion." Moreover: "The Canadian Constitution, though framed in the main by Canadian

politicians, is set forth in an imperial Act of Parliament, subject to repeal or amendment only by the same authority by which it was passed." The inference seems warranted that "a community living under a Constitution imposed by external authority, and without the power of making peace or war, can hardly be said yet to have attained the status of a nation."

The outline of the political history of the United States was recognized at the time of its publication as a marvel of condensation and lucidity. In no other book, whether from the pen of De Tocqueville, or from that of Bryce, has the same field been covered so succinctly and so well. Of the five chapters—there are no more—the first deals with the colonial epoch, the second, with the Revolutionary period, the third and fourth review the history of the Federal Government to the outbreak of the Civil War, and the fifth depicts the era of rupture and reconstruction. Every page of the brief essay is enriched with striking and incisive comments that challenge the reader to reconsider carefully, if not to change, his personal views of historical persons and events.

Among the living and urgent problems examined in the volume comprising "Essays on Questions of the Day," none is now more opportune and useful than that which considers the prospect and the inevitable limits of social and industrial revolution. It should be, of course, kept in mind that the standpoint of Goldwin Smith is that of a Liberal of the old school as yet unconverted to State Socialism, who still looks for further improvement, not to increased Governmental interference, but to individual effort, free association and the same agencies, moral, intellectual and economical, which have brought us thus far, and one of which, science, is now operating with immensely augmented power. In a word, Goldwin Smith accounts it the function of Government to protect these agencies, not to supersede them.

Not that he lacks deep and fervent sympathy with the effort of reformers to relieve the mass of working-men from social and political disabilities. No man with a brain and a heart, he says, can fail to be penetrated with a sense of the unequal distribution of wealth, or to be willing to try any experiment which may hold out a reasonable hope of putting an end to poverty. By the success of such an experiment, the happiness of the rich, of such, at least, of them as are good men, would be increased

far more than their riches would be diminished. Only the Nihilist, however, would desire blindly to plunge society into chaos. Goldwin Smith sees that it is plainly beyond man's power to alter the fundamental conditions of his being. "There are inequalities, greater even than those of wealth, which are fixed, not by human lawgivers, but by nature, such as those of health, strength, intellectual power and length of life; and these draw other inequalities with them. Justice is human. Where inequality is the fiat, not of man, but of power above man, it is idle for any practical purpose to assail it as injustice."

No doubt the difference between a good and a bad workman is, partly at least, the act of nature; but to give the same wages to the good workman and the bad, as Communists propose, while it might be just from some superhuman point of view, would yet, from the only view-point which mankind can practically attain, be pronounced by Goldwin Smith unjust. His views of man's future is a sanguine one. He keeps in view the fact that steady industry, aided by the ever-growing powers of practical science, is rapidly augmenting wealth. He can discern no cause for doubting that thrift and increased facilities for saving and for the employment of small capitals, will promote the equality of distribution. "Let Governments see," he says, "that labor is allowed to enjoy its full earnings, untaxed by war, waste or iniquitous tariffs. The best of all taxes, it has been truly averred, is the smallest. With equal truth it may be said that the best of all Governments is that which has least occasion to govern."

Of recent years Goldwin Smith has evinced, now and then, an inclination to turn his attention from political, social and economical inquiries to the haunting problems concerning a future life and man's relation to the cosmos. Some of his thoughts upon this subject have been set forth in "Rational Religion and Rationalistic Objections"; and in "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence." His specific view-point is that of an agnostic, but of one who recalls tenderly and gratefully the beauty and the nobility with which faith, in elevating and benign religions, has dignified and embellished human nature. Of such blessings he would hold fast to as much as is compatible with a paramount reverence for truth.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

FICTION.

We have already hailed Eden Phillpotts* master, and in taking up a new novel of his one has but to compare it with its predecessor, since there is no other English novelist now living and writing with whom it would be fair to compare him. In the present novel he is once more upon the moors of Dartmoor. A certain freshness and vivid life that he gained from touching a new subject in "The Haven" is absent, but the love of the land and the intimate knowledge of every phase of the earth's surface is here, together with a relentless study of human character. No single character is as lovable as Ned in "The Haven," though Barbara Hext, sensible, kindly, upright, is admirable. Of the characters the plot turns upon, Phillip Ouldsbroom, violent, unscrupulous, generous, a drunkard and a sort of suspicious peasant Lear; Unity his wife, who married him for money and then deceived him; Henry Birdwood, the discarded lover and afterwards father of her illegitimate child; none are lovable. The best one can say is that the author's faithful realism is profoundly interesting and the slow deterioration of character following upon the initial mistake acutely drawn. Indeed, the author's own idea of morals is not so far removed from that of his own Barbara: "Read Job and steady your mind. Who can tell what's good and what's bad? The thing that looks good often—"

One may fancy at a hasty glance that one has, in the discourses of Maria† upon her friends, churches, social aspirations, concerts, charities, poetry, etc., a light and amusing volume wherewith to

* "The Thief of Virtue." By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

† "According to Maria." By Mrs. John Lane. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

while away an idle hour. But no! here is one of those relentless portraits drawn to make us all uncomfortable and uneasy. However much we may despise Maria, we yet wonder if any of her mean self-seeking, her shortsighted grasping after unearned eminence, lurks half hidden in us. This is no light reading, but a book to waken moral qualms, a pitiless portrait of a type, the natural outgrowth of modern conditions in which so many honors can be won by mere wealth and pretentions, that it is no wonder Maria learned to believe there was no citadel she could not storm. It is not an exalted or an ennobling book, but it is a very clever one, and one at least to make many people squirm uneasily. The mirror is held up unblushingly to our meaner selves.

Vital, alive, full of meat and matter, a little crude and uncooked, with just a faint trail of vulgarity over the whole, is this last volume by Gertrude Atherton.* The pictures of Münich are interesting and the setting is faithfully done. The "Styr" is fine, if unsympathetic, and the young Englishman who is the chief figure of the piece is just a little contemptible, despite his creator's evident fondness for him. It is interesting to note that she has drawn him with all the love and care and fidelity which the older novelists were wont to lavish on the young heroine. Women have been as tenderly drawn by men, but it would be difficult to find a parallel of a young man as lovingly drawn by a woman. To be sure, George Eliot lavished infinite thought and pains upon Deronda, but, after all, it was an *idea* she was drawing, not a man. The study of passion in all its phases is cleverly, if not nobly, worked up, and the book is a full and conscientious piece of work. Such fault as one would find with it would concern only a certain coarseness of fibre, a *grobheit* of texture which is perhaps inevitable and belongs of very nature to such a book.

If "Mr. Polly"† is offered as a pendant to "Ann Veronica" he is not good enough for the place. That rebellious daughter had at least a robust vitality and, as one critic mentioned, she meant well. But he is dyspeptic, low-spirited and means noth-

* "The Tower of Ivory." By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1910.

† "The History of Mr. Polly." By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co., 1910.

ing at all. The sad case of the small tradesman crowded into bankruptcy by the department stores lies at Mr. Wells's heart for good and sufficient reasons, doubtless, but it has not yet been written. Mr. Polly would have failed, more or less, anywhere, at any time, except perhaps on a Pacific island before the white man came. There seems small profit in being sorry for him over 318 pages. The tragedy of mean people of the stuff that classical comedy is cut from can indeed be written, but only by a man big enough to laugh at their meanness and pierce below it to squeeze his little piece of human nature (as a great critic once put it) until it grimaces or bleeds. Not the surface and sentiment, but essential humanity and cosmical irony, is wanted to write the history of our own times. "Tono-Bungay" had the virtue of setting down a period whole and complete as a picture of Degas or a novel of de Goncourt's, and it had the greater virtue of vibrating for a moment to the great current of contemporary life. But "Mr. Polly," when he has done whimpering, is become impossible and — which is worse — incredible.

This is a very different book from "The Inner Shrine" with its fashionable New York and American-French society. This one is full of the breath of the woods and the clear air that blows across lakes. It plays in the Adirondacks, the Argentine Republic and New York.

Some novels are studies of life made with deliberate intent "to warn, to comfort and command." They show up Life, contract its rhythm till we see causes begetting effects and effects working out again into new causes. There is another kind of novel more distantly related to life written to amuse us, to lead us into more fanciful paths when reality by its dulness and slowness threatens to bore us; and it is to this latter class that "The Wild Olive"* belongs.

Once again this author gives us a very brave and very able heroine. His women are so capable, so high-minded and gallant-hearted, that they incline to throw the men somewhat in the shade, and Miriam, the heroine, in this volume, proud of the savage taint in her blood, is no exception to the rule.

* "The Wild Olive." By the author of "The Inner Shrine." New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

If the humor with which Miss Jarrott is drawn is occasionally a little overdone, the gentle irony with which the typical man's woman is done in Evie is delightful. If a woman had drawn her we should call it malicious jealousy. She is the perfect egoist, worldly and canny under a mask of absolute innocence and she has a practised hand at making her impulses seem to be the demands of duty.

The plot is complicated, elaborately worked out and too good to be divulged in a review.

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture fills a place in this year of grace that a decade ago belonged to Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey and a quarter century ago to an infinitely finer figure than either of them, Miss Yonge. You can safely give her books to any girl, and yet they will interest, for they deal with love, courtship and marriage. They are the more wholesome for the young girl because they deal with other matters as well—with anxieties of middle life, with the relation of mothers to sons and daughters outside the nursery, where the interest lies in the riper life and the maturer character. The filial tie, the responsible figure—these are good motives. In "The Tyrant"* the story opens with a situation that the new world and the new century have not yet abolished—a husband who is a bully and a wife who is afraid. But it all works out uncommonly easy and well; a deed falls out of a box, money flows, the husband is sent off and finally killed off, every one finds a suitable mate. The most improbable is that the scared mouse of a wife finds courage for something not far from blackmail. Yet how sweet are the gardens, the flower scents, the still air as of August afternoons! How gentle the old women, how flower-like the girls! If life were like that, how easy would life be, and how fair!

"Trespass"† is a refreshment to the weary soul. Here is meat at last after too much sweet stuff. Here is serious writing, and it is a gallant book. The little innkeeper, with his passionate virtues and his stunted inches, catches the sympathy at the

* "The Tyrant." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

† "Trespass." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1909.

very start and he never flags. What he began rather touchingly he ends rather greatly; you cannot be sorry for him any more; as soon could you be sorry for the Noble Army of Martyrs, and the story itself, which opens perhaps fantastically, ends on that note of deep irony which passes into reconciliation. People being what they are, there is but a little choice between better and worse—the affection is all. Whatever Stephen did not know about his Julia he had to learn at the last, and whatever she gave to Heron he had to do without, but he had her child. Having borne so much, he could bear the rest and make out a good sort of week-day life with the child for supreme satisfaction. Lives are made out thus and not so ill. Julia is light of weight with more of Lilith than of Eve about her. It is a pity that the best relation in the book should be the final understanding between a brave sweet soul and a low sort of brute, even though the brave soul is a foolish innkeeper with no taste and the other a poet and man of letters. It is a pity there should be no decent woman—spiritually speaking—to relieve the tension.

A pretty by-product is "The Shoulder Knot"* in which the author amuses herself by saving the soul of her most recent villain. Christine is a lovely *amende honorable* for Julia Wing and Peter Bonsey is Heron saved at the price of blindness. Meredith was always in love with his heroines; women are too apt to grow enamoured of their own puppets. This one at least has tricked out her escapade into a charming fantasia in which sea and downs play a better part than the devil, and more convincing. This is hammock reading good for hot afternoons.

FOREIGN FICTION.

If any man will know whether youth is irretrievably past, let him read "*La Croisée des Chemins.*"† The chances are that the first half of it will stir dear memories, make him twenty-one again, bring back the Quartier when he knew Paris, evoke the theories and standards of the ardent age. And then—the second half is fifteen years later; the society, the fashions, the motor-

* "The Shoulder Knot." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Boston: Cassel & Co., 1909.

† "*La Croisée des Chemins.*" Par Henry Bordeaux. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1910.

cars and the Sorbonne are all fifteen years older; and the ideals are more ancient by fifteen thousand years. It is an extraordinary test. For a moment one stops and perceives the passage of life, the shifting of ages, and measures it; then one forgets again that anything was ever different from to-day, whatever to-day may be.

This story of the cross-roads, the parting of the ways, is concerned really more with the ways than with the people that walk them. Pascal Rouvray himself, the young physician of brilliant promise, is real and likely enough, especially at the outset, and if he grows a little dull when he has turned forty that, too, is like life. Laurence Avenière, to whom he has just engaged himself, is an interesting type, and convincing almost throughout. She is independent—the youngsters have arranged their own affairs quite without family intervention—she is very ambitious and very self-possessed with a stronger sense of her own power than an Anglo-Saxon girl would have and a juster sense of the problem she has to settle. She does not try to sentimentalize away the incompatibilities; she knows that if her husband were a provincial doctor she would not be contented. And that is the truth, and the salvation of the two is to realize it. The least convincing part of the story is her revenge on Pascal for letting her throw him over, when, a mature woman deep in politics, she encounters him again in the tide of his new-won success. She would be more in love or less. The last scene in which she figures is pale and placid compared with the terrible hours of the young girl stubbornly standing out for her own will against her own heart. The tense, suffering, grim little figure was extraordinarily vital. Later, with her pale gold hair, her white frocks, the great swan's wings in her hat, she is too nearly like the adventuress of Boulevard melodrama.

The essence of the story is as far as possible from melodrama. It is simply a restatement of the old issue, old as man and older, between the individual and the race. Fifteen years ago, when we all were young, we swallowed Ibsen and Nietzsche down whole and threw up our caps for the rights of youth—the chance to live one's own life, to repudiate the past, to begin the world over again every morning. Unmistakably Mr. Henry Bordeaux was one of us then; he writes from the heart. But something strange has happened—that old doctrine looks as tawdry as a

theatre in the morning. We are all shouting for the Whole and the Race, the protection of those who cannot look out for themselves, old-age pensions, labor legislation and eugenics. Only the children in the schoolroom still quite believe in Ibsen and even Mr. G. B. Shaw has thrown him over. It began ever so long ago with Johannisfeuer perhaps; gallant Nora, tragic Hedda would not have made the choice of Sudermann's strong, silent heroine. Then Carl Ewald's troubling story of "The Old Room" was translated, the story of a woman whose sense was all of herself and a man whose sense was all of his stock, past and to come, his line; and the end of them was that when grief struck them he had the ghosts of his dead and she had not even the husband whom she had once chafed against. Meantime, in these years, how has the French stage occupied itself incessantly with all those questions which are too big for one life to embrace, which will do us no good but which we are none the less bound with all our strength to serve. M. Henry Bordeaux feels the absence of sympathy between himself and the students that throng the Mont Sainte-Geneviève to-day; if there is none it must be the boys and girls who are out of touch with advancing thought. Young Pascal Rouvray was in the great current when with his career and his love at stake, being called on his father's death to throw up all, to watch over a woman and two children and save the family credit in manufactures—in the teeth of all his theories, of all his wishes and his friends' influence, of his very personal will, it would seem, he makes the sacrifice. What his father and his mother did he does. The figure of the mother, by the way, is very beautiful and very French. We in America are hardly used to so superb a part for a woman elderly and married. She is really—and it expresses the very essence of the whole thesis—the finest and most convincing figure, but the book itself is more convincing and finer than any figure. It shows how the tide sets.

In our own land not the stoutest-hearted novelist would dare offer us a novel* of 877 closely printed pages containing pictures of peasant life, mystic philosophy founded on Spinoza and lyric poetry in two kinds. Perhaps in our own land there is no writer

* "*Waldrausch.*" By Ludwig Ganghofer. Stuttgart: Verlag von Adolf Bronz & Co.

so amply furnished forth with matter. Specialization in learning and generalization in living combine to impoverish scholarship and product, but in Germany the good old-fashioned method obtains and a writer is unabashed by wealth of material.

Ludwig Ganghofer is well known as a dramatist, poet and novelist, and is popular, despite the wealth of matter in his books. The present novel plays in Upper Bavaria in the mountains which lie directly south of Münich. A large part of the book is literally the story, not of human beings, but of the wooded mountains themselves, of the Grosse-Noth that had Heiligste Freude as mother; of the spring and the dust of blossoms and the intoxication of new life that in the opening of the year runs through the veins of all nature. The mystic's sense of the unity of all life and of its manifestation by growth and change through all eternity is presented in the songs and the discourse of the old *Waldrauschler;* folk wisdom and human knowledge in the proverbs and advice of the old *Lahneggerin;* while the two youths, Toni and Brosli, sum up two sides of life; the active, fortunate, contented and the ever-searching, suffering, growing life. The glimpse of the little dukedom, the young duchess born to earthly possessions, gifted, flower-like, beautiful and yet shunned by human happiness, bereft of peace, suffering in body and soul, helplessly clamoring at an outworn faith for solace, fill the canvas with human types. When Ambrose pours out to the *Waldrauschler* in world-weariness his yearning for the last cold rest, the hundred-year-old hermit sums up the wisdom of living thus:

"I could tell you a thousand things of the *gusto* of life. Every hour in the woods is one of a hunting of treasure and finding of gold. Think what it is to look so deep into things and see the oneness of it all. And to feel that one is oneself not just here and now, but in all eternity. To laugh and to tremble from sheer joy when, once in a way, one feels that he has lifted ever so little the cover of the great mystery—to see how from a thousand faces the same eyes look out; to know that what glows and breathes and beats in one has been from all time and must be forever and ever; to feel that others are as oneself and oneself as they are; and then to lose all fear, all the stupid human anxieties; and to begin to understand and yet to know nothing—nothing. See, boy! can you not begin to feel the joy that the years bring?"

Ganghofer is a new Auerbach offering an interpretation of life that has indeed been from time immemorial, but is to-day taking on new forms and reaching more thinkers; an interpretation of

life and of religion succinctly summed up in Swinburne's "Hertha."

It can hardly be called a conventional dénouement when a novel ends at the point where the chief character loses love, fortune and success and is sent forth into the unknown of unwritten pages with nothing but a new realization of the philosophic import of life. But so this novel ends. As Brosli passes out he knows that, no matter what goes, all is not lost; for life itself goes on, and where the corpses of the dead are strewn the seeds of new life spring.

These are interesting types, of the kind that modern French books are full of. Pierre* is a self-made man, not too scrupulous, who gets a conscience from his wife by a sort of infection and expiates in the swift agony of a day and a half his long years of splendid brutal survival as the fittest. Thérèse is a big, handsome woman with a strong moral sense and great independence and character, and an artistic preoccupation to keep her out of mischief and give a kind of independence to her life before marriage; she is frankly, deliciously and very wholesomely in love when she marries, and she has a fine instinct to defend and protect her mate without lowering her standards for herself or him. In a very lovely bit she broods over his sleep like Ste.-Geneviève over Paris. The other figures are more conventional: a cold-blooded flirt of a younger sister, also rather emancipated, who comes to a better end than she deserves; a rich millionaire in politics; and for foil, a neurotic young man, half artist, half artisan, who is either employed below his proper class or educated above it—one is not quite sure. This all sounds like George Eliot or Mrs. Humphry Ward in her early days, but it is not in the least like either. Sound and healthy is the sentiment, and the book is as much like an English novel as Thérèse is like an English girl—neither of them quite so like as the author believes.

"*Les Cervelines*"† has gone into another printing and appeared among the new books. It is not so good as Mme. Colette

* "*Pierre et Thérèse.*" Par Marcel Prevost. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre.

† "*Les Cervelines.*" Par Colette Yver. Paris: Librairie Felix Juven, 1909.

Yver's later novel, "*Princesses de Science,*" but like that it offers the interesting situations and figures of women who fill a man's place and do a man's work in the world. One in the present instance is a medical student, the *interne* of a provincial hospital, the other is a professor in the same town. The tale turns upon the profound jealousy that most men feel towards such women. In this country, unspoken but still present, it is reduced to express itself in jokes of doubtful taste; in slurs cast on the work rather than the character of such women as have a part to play in economics or law or trades-unions; in anti-suffrage associations. It is not so much that a man grudges to women the price of their toil or the actual place they fill as that he resents her independence of himself. He will give them leave to do anything except to do without him. In every situation of that sort some one must get hurt, and in this novel it is the men. The two women, not untroubled, but quite unshaken, go on their careers. The "*Princesses de Science*" ends otherwise, the successful physician giving up her practice to keep her husband, and knowing all the time, just as the reader knows, that she is the better man of the two. There is no question who is hurt that time—the world is. France seems, in a way, ahead of us in the matter of open careers for women of talent—a fair field and no favor.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

LORD CURZON

was born at Kedleston, January 11th, 1859. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. His political life included services as Under-Secretary of State for India; and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was Member of Parliament from 1886 to 1898, but became Viceroy and Governor-General of India in 1899. In 1904, he was made Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. His publications include: "Russia in Central Asia," "Problems of the Far East," "Persia and the Persian Question."

PERCY STICKNEY GRANT,

the well-known clergyman of the Church of the Ascension, New York, is a native of Boston, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard University. His present rectorship dates from 1893, and the social service he has rendered in the city makes him a competent authority on the needs of the working-man. He has contributed to various periodicals.

JOHN BARRETT

was born at Grafton, Vermont, November 28th, 1866. After graduation from Dartmouth College, 1889, he did a good deal of editorial work until his appointment as Minister to Siam, in 1894. Later he was made Minister to Argentina, Panama and Colombia, successively. He is now the head of the Bureau of American Republics, at Washington. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines and reviews.

REVEREND S. M. VERNON, D.D.,

holds the chair of Christian Ethics and Biblical Theology at the Temple University, Philadelphia. He had exceptional opportunities to know of the founding and work of the

1872. The following year a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives by Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, and since that time fifty bills have been introduced in the House and thirty in the Senate. In 1907 Senator Carter, of Montana, introduced a post-office savings-bank bill in the Senate, and thenceforth advocated the measure in each succeeding session of Congress with such vigor and persistence that the bill was finally enacted into law at the last session of Congress. In all essential particulars the Act conforms to the original bill as introduced by Mr. Carter.

The measure did not excite enthusiasm in either House of Congress at any time and encountered organized and determined opposition from the banks from the beginning. For more than one hundred days the Montana Senator, almost unaided, held the bill before the Senate, and its final passage is a noteworthy Parliamentary triumph.

The President happily registered his high opinion of the bill and the skill of the Senator in charge of it in the following letter:

"THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, *June 23, 1910.*

"MY DEAR SENATOR CARTER (or, to put it in a little different way, MY DEAR OLD UNCLE SAM),—I desire to write you and put in written form my deep appreciation of the skill, persistence, good-nature and long-suffering patience with which you have secured the passage of the postal savings-bank bill. I believe the bill is an excellent one and I think that the time will come when those who favored and those who opposed will concur in thinking that it is one of the best measures that a Federal Congress has ever passed; and in the expression of their gratitude for this the American people ought to remember that you were one of the chief of those who made it possible.

Sincerely yours,

WM. H. TAFT.

"HON. THOMAS H. CARTER,
United States Senate."

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IS ROOSEVELT AN ASSET OR A LIABILITY?

SEVEN years ago we pronounced Theodore Roosevelt the chief asset of the Republican party. He was then engaged in a struggle for supremacy with the oligarchy of the Senate, whose exercise of autocratic control on behalf of mercenaries had aroused grim resentment in the minds of the people. The dominant organization was distrusted because its leaders were discredited. From the smouldering fires of discontent there threatened to leap at any moment blazing flames of righteous anger. The party seemed to be doomed. Only the strongest imaginable counter-irritant could save it from its own subservience to specialized privilege. Fortunately or unfortunately, as one gauges what might have happened otherwise, the essential revivifying force appeared, like a meteor in the sky, in Theodore Roosevelt. It was as a force, such a force, that we proclaimed him the chief, if not indeed the sole remaining asset of the mighty body politic whose vitals had fallen victim to a mordant ulcer.

What follows is known of all. Guided by instinct so sure as to seem amazing and at times almost uncanny, stirred by innate daring so audacious as to make the highest courage seem insipid, unhampered by scruple as to method in fashioning achievements to satisfy clamor, the most venturous of beings of the present day touched, as with the rod of Moses, the rock from which there

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gushed a veritable geyser of popularity. The effect upon that ardent temperament was inevitable and irresistible. Himself became drunk from sense of power. Incalculable harm ensued from reckless acts and unconstrained mouthings. Dominance of the ego became absolute. He no longer interpreted the law. He was the law. He no longer expounded righteousness. He was righteousness incarnate. All men whose recollections differed from his were liars. All who disagreed were scoundrels. So it was then and so, we regret to say, after a full year of changing perspectives, relaxing concentrated mentality and resting jaded nerves, it is to-day. Such the force embodied in this Son—or should we say Child?—of Destiny.

For it is as a force, not as an individual, that we must continue to regard and reckon with Theodore Roosevelt. In no other way can accurate judgment be formed. Close touch with his captivating personality blinds the vision. Such another does not exist. It radiates joy. It infuses confidence. It implants faith. It inspires courage. It breathes an endowment of superhuman insight. Its self-judgment, whether pretended or real, no less than its self-appreciation, instills belief in unwonted sagacity. Its very prankishness is as fascinating as its exuberance is enlivening. Its lack of humor is forgotten in the presence of abounding wit. Suspicions of insincerity disappear like mists from the face of the ocean before the gales of a truculent spirit. Such is the nature of the man—devoid of sympathy, yet strong in self-sensibility—far from lovable, yet among the most likable now in evidence anywhere.

But the attributes of the individual are but parts of the composition. Underneath is a sense of fatalism, complemented by a veritable obsession for practical application. A certain Pilgrim Father expressed loudly his disdain of ordinary precautions. When his time should come he should die; then and not before. This was his theory. What, his practice? Invariably, when sallying forth, he bore a rifle, lest, as he remarked in response to a question implying inconsistency, he should meet an Indian, whose time had come. No man has admitted more frankly than Theodore Roosevelt his endowment of physical courage; and yet, as with the Pilgrim Father, a weapon of defence was kept at hand when as President he was facing multitudes, lest it might be another whose time had come. So in politics as in war, or time

of possible danger, he is always armed, always ready and ever cautious. To say this is no disparagement. It is a mere indication of an odd blending of traits which are only seemingly adverse. In Roosevelt, contradictions are logical; else he would be as other men, and we should not now be considering him as a force for good or evil or as an asset contrasted with a liability.

So much for the atmosphere which envelops the personality. It need not have been depicted. It might have been ignored. So might backgrounds be eliminated from portraiture. So might foundations of buildings be left to the imagination. But, in attempting to conjecture what is to be, a glimpse at least should be taken of what has been and what is. None but a seer claiming supernatural vision would hazard speculation respecting the future unless somewhere among the pigeonholes of his brain he should hold information concerning the past. Even that most renowned of soothsayers which served the wizard of Abonotichus could not have drawn within its toils the Senators from Rome, but for the painstaking gleanings of the directive mind of its master.

To find the crux of energy is to bring its power within reach of the understanding. Theology has not yet solved the problem of creation. Science cannot place its finger upon the heart of radium. Happily, however, Roosevelt, the force, is not a riddle. None of the arts of the impressionist were utilized in his making. The outlines of his nature are no less distinct than the contour of his head or the rough draught of his body. He stands forth upon all occasions, sometimes to see, always to be seen, unabashed and unashamed, proud that God did make him thus. To some the figure seems heroic; to others, ludicrous. Behold the image of the idolator as portrayed with ruthless tenderness by an accompanying coadjutor in journalistic endeavor:

"The cumulative effect upon me of this extraordinary pilgrimage has been to give me a very distinct impression that the people, the political leaders, and the Governmental rulers of Europe recognize in Mr. Roosevelt a personification of the moral power of human nature, the power not merely to appreciate high ideals, but to put them into practical effect in every-day life. In addition, Mr. Roosevelt possesses great charm and attractivenes of person and of manner. It is difficult to say this in cold type; in paying a compliment even to a woman the man of tact and social skill prefers to do it in the form of allusion rather than of direct statement; but to explain the essential features of what may be said with-

out exaggeration to be one of the most remarkable journeys of history it is necessary for the moment to abandon reserve and state the bald facts."

Those from whom tributes such as this evoke scoffing are persons of little understanding. The twaddle is sincere and, though the hearts from which it springs may be unduly susceptible, the feeling voiced is genuine. Moreover, the very guilelessness of such an utterance makes for exactitude. The paying of a subtle compliment, "even to a woman," "in the form of an allusion," would indeed become "the man of tact and social skill," but in dealing with Roosevelt it is "necessary," as our thoroughly informed commentator observes, "to abandon reserve and state the bald facts." Otherwise the recipient would be left in the dark. To such an one, artful or insinuating flattery is but an inexplicable mist. Encomium, to be rendered comprehensible, must be bestowed as with an axe.

Opposed to the unctuous adulator stands the irrational contemner—he who laughs to scorn what he regards as mere pretence, derides what he assumes to be chicanery, sneers at what he calls presumption, and groans at what he dubs vulgarity. Such are the extremes of view. And the means are small in number. Just as the object itself is rugged in outline and translucent in appearance, so are the judgments of those who behold and marvel. To the eyes of many the figure is white as snow; to the vision of others it is black as night. To few is accorded the privilege of perceiving the blending of the colors. Yet to them alone appears the truth, for here, as we have said, inconsistency wears proudly and successfully the garment of logic.

But enough of imaginative analysis! Let us return to prosaic accountancy. An asset or a liability? is the question. Two ledgers lay before us—one of the Republican party and the other of the people. Take the first and turn the pages. The figures at the bottom equalize. All that Roosevelt, the force, has been or is stands as an obligation to the party. Opposed is the very existence of the party itself, accredited to Roosevelt, the force. There is no surplus. There are no undivided profits. There are no old claims to be settled or adjusted. The account balances and is closed.

Time has come for a new reckoning. Turn the page and take the pen. Is Roosevelt a liability or an asset? Who can say?

He fetches popularity sorely needed. He also brings confusion and distraction. He offers amazing power of effective appeal. In turn, he demands subserviency. He is willing, perforce, that for the time his own nominee shall continue to be President of the corporation, but he must be Chairman of the Board. The President as an official shall heed the by-laws, but he, the Chairman, must remain unfettered. The President shall safeguard the organization, but he, the Chairman, must be privileged ostentatiously to conspire with and furtively to aid and abet its enemies. He, the Chairman, must be the great judge—the final arbiter between President and directors on the one hand and recalcitrants on the other. He will be just and fair. The scales suspended from his strong right hand will be balanced as by a feather. Appeal from any decision that he may make, being unessential to considerations of equity, must never be taken. All must abide in faith in him *und Gott.*

These are the terms submitted by Theodore Roosevelt, the force, to the Republican party. They are compounded in the mortar of studied insults, which have been heaped upon the President of the Board, from the day on which its would-be Chairman arrived in Genoa and took to his bosom an employee whose virulent insubordination had necessitated his dismissal from the public service by the President himself. Subsequent happenings need not be recounted. All have been to the same effect. By implication as plain as it has been unvarying, he who proposes to become Chairman of the Board, with unlimited power and without official responsibility, has served notice upon the directors of the corporation that the cost of the popularity which he alone can put into its coffers is complete mastery, and in the doing thereof, to make his meaning unmistakable, he has brought humiliation to and heaped contumely upon the President whom he once pronounced and whom many still believe to be a noble man. A mighty asset to the Republican party or to any party is Roosevelt, the force. Is it worth the price? That is a question for the directors, conformably attired in either the garments of the proud, or in sackcloth and ashes, to decide. Far be it from us to intrude upon their partisan meditations.

But what of the people? How stands their account with Theodore Roosevelt? To his credit stands first the breaking of the power of the Senate oligarchy and the incitement of dis-

content which has resulted in healthy revolt. That was a mighty service, performed perhaps unintentionally, but already become, no less on that account, definitely and permanently effective. The much-vaunted arousal of the public conscience may have been offset by the consequences of vicious appeals to class prejudice and envy, but the rescue of the nation from a gorged, yet hungry, clique can and should never be forgotten. Whether in this age of commercial competition with other countries the so-called injection of a higher morality into business, with the aid of a bludgeon, transcends in value to the human race the virtual estoppel, for a time, of material progress, is a question upon which minds cannot readily meet. It need not now be considered. Suffice it to say that if in fact great good was accomplished by glaring misrepresentation and venomous abuse of individuals, great harm also ensued and grave personal injustices were wrought. To recount the wrongs and injuries inflicted upon thousands of innocent persons by Theodore Roosevelt, striving under the cloak of high ideals and patriotic impulse, would be a task as futile now as it has ever been distasteful.

It is with a sense of relief that we turn from that seamy record of reckless and flagitious performance to the clean page of unvarying recognition and appreciation accredited to the people. Against them in reckoning the account lies not a single debit. Without stint or measure they have hailed and gloried in the force as a force for good and in no instance for evil. They have extenuated its shortcomings, palliated its offences, pardoned its iniquities. They have followed like sheep and cheered like goats when lambs, in common with wolves, were haled to the sacrifice. To this day, in the minds of millions, the king can do no wrong. Will the time ever come when a fatal misstep will give rise to the suspicion that "the beginning of his words is," indeed, "foolishness" and "the end of his talk is mischievous madness"?

But why speculate? The accounts for the time are closed and balance. Splendid as have been the honors ungrudgingly bestowed by the people upon Theodore Roosevelt, no less signal and valuable have been the services which he has rendered in return. How, then, shall the force be classified? As a liability, we should say unhesitatingly, of the Republican party. As an asset, we declare with no less certainty, of the people.

But what of the immediate situation? Is a struggle for mas-

tery impending between the President and the self-appointed Chairman of the Board? Each to the other is under definite and lasting obligations, but that reckoning too may be considered ended. Each now stands upon his own pedestal and must of necessity uphold his own theories and sustain, in vital combat if need be, his own purposes. Neither as an individual can control his own actions. But recently Roosevelt, the man, declared that if a national election were to be held next November he undoubtedly would be the Republican candidate and would win. His personal desires would be negligible. Circumstances and conditions would dominate the situation, and his would be the rôle of a Son of Destiny.

So, on the other hand, conflicting emotions harass the patient, grateful and high-minded President. He may continue to love, or to think he loves, as often he has said, Roosevelt, the man. But he is dealing with Roosevelt, the force. Already members of his Cabinet feel that he has been betrayed and murmur in their bitterness. He cannot escape his responsibility to them and to those who have given their support cheerfully and unswervingly. He could not if he would, and it is not in his nature that he would if he could, reverse the policy which he has adopted as just and right. The Chairman, with all his agility and immunity from reprobation for contradictoriness, has advanced so far in the opposite direction that even he cannot retreat without admitting the sway of a craven spirit. Jovial personal greetings are to no purpose. A conflict is inevitable, although, in the end, when the one shall be saddened and the other sobered by defeat, it may not prove to be irrepressible.

Meanwhile, please God, as ever hitherto in a crisis of the Republic, a man will emerge from comparative political obscurity, capable of holding high the torch of personal liberty, that all the people may see the clear light and revert gladly to the pristine standard of individual and industrial progress which, despite temporary retrogression, continues to be the glory of the nation.

THE EDITOR.

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.—II.

BY LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

I turn now to the other side of the ledger, and inquire what is the return for these benefits that Great Britain has made to India, for it is by this test that she is likely to be judged by other nations. First, let us see what are the civil rights of the Indian who is a subject of the Crown. Though he hails from what is called a dependency, he has not only in India, but in the United Kingdom, the full rights of a British subject. If he comes to England he does not need to be naturalized; he is already a citizen of the Empire; he has only to acquire the necessary qualification in order to vote in the municipal and Parliamentary elections; he can even sit—he has sat—in the House of Commons; he can enter our universities; he can compete for that branch of the Indian Civil Service which is recruited by special examination in England; he can be made—he has been made—a member of the Council of the Secretary of State. His rights in the Colonies, or, as they are now called, the Overseas Dominions of the Crown, enjoying self-government, are a different matter. But in England there is no subtraction from his prerogatives. He is as much a British subject and a British citizen as the writer of this article. Even the subjects of native states in India, though they are not technically British subjects, are, for international purposes, in the same position as British subjects. In foreign countries they are entitled to the same measure of protection as though they were British subjects; and this protection is extended not only to the inhabitants of native states inside India, but to the subjects of border states, such as Nepal, which, though not incorporated in the Indian Empire, are yet in close political relations with our Government, and in a greater or less degree may be said to accept the suzerainty or protectorate of Great Britain.

These are the privileges of the Indian outside India. Inside India we may divide the advantages which accrue to him, as we have already done on the other side of the balance-sheet, into material and moral. A summary of the material gains would be in reality a synopsis of the results of a century and a half of British rule in the Indian peninsula. Upon this aspect of the subject I will only not dilate because the facts are so easily accessible in many works. Where, before the English entered India, there were no made roads and few bridges, we have overspread the country with a network of roads and have spanned the rivers. We have constructed over 30,000 miles of railway, which in 1908-09 carried 330,000,000 of people. We have protected the coasts with lighthouses, and have created magnificent harbors and docks and wharves. Splendid public buildings adorn the principal cities. Great schemes of water-supply and sanitation are being extended to all the larger towns. The hospitals vie with those of Great Britain, and in point of scientific equipment are in some cases superior. The telegraphic and postal services are cheaper and offer advantages greater than those which we enjoy at home. Thousands of miles of desolate and uninhabited country have been reclaimed by irrigation works to the plough. I recall a vast area of millions of acres in the Punjab which, when first I visited India, was a howling waste, but is now green with waving crops, is studded with flourishing villages and towns, and supports a population that is numbered by millions. We have taken 240,000 square miles of country under the protection of the Forest Department to the great advantage both of the climate and (in respect of grazing and fire-wood) of the poorer population.

The main recurrent afflictions of India are famine and cholera and plague. Against these our forces are always mobilized; and although the fight is an unequal one, we may say of famine in particular that we have built up a system of famine relief that has rendered starvation well-nigh impossible and enormously reduced the mortality resulting from destitution and disease. A famine is now scarcity on a large scale combated by every resource of science, of accumulated experience and of unstinted means. A hundred years ago it was a horrible pandemonium of suffering, brutality and crime.

Further, we have passed in India a series of laws that would startle an English Parliament, for the protection of the peasant

cultivator from the exactions of landlords or middlemen or usurers. Manufacturing industries have been started that give wages to nearly 1,000,000 people, of whom 400,000 are engaged in cotton and jute mills; half a million in addition are employed upon the railways alone. I have already given some indication of the immense expansion of Indian trade, but it would be the greatest mistake to suppose that this enriches the Englishman or the foreigner only. The Parsi merchant princes of Bombay tread closely upon the heels of their English rivals; and the Indian merchant is known in Shanghai and Osaka, in Zanzibar and Hamburg, as well as in Calcutta and Bombay. The greater part of the internal trade of India remains entirely in native hands. The Marwaris, or great trading caste of Rajputana, are encountered in almost every town and city of India, and every village has its local *bunia,* not uncommonly a well-to-do man, who combines the functions of local shopkeeper, grain merchant and money-lender.

If we look to the condition of the people, we find that they live in better houses than they did even a quarter of a century ago, enjoy more comforts and wear superior clothes; the taxation upon them is less than 1*s.* 9*d.* per head of the population, or, if land revenue (which is properly rent) is included, less than 3*s.* 3*d.*; a great system of local self-government, which does not very readily take root in Indian soil, has been extended to them; 750 municipalities containing 8,700 natives out of 10,000 members administer the affairs of 17,000,000 people and dispense an income of over £6,000,000; 1,100 local boards are charged with the management of village education, sanitation and civil works and dispose of an income of £4,000,000. A press has been given to India, the liberty of which would shock the most advanced European democracies. The civil and criminal law has been codified, and may compare with that of any Western country. The religion and literature and social customs of India find more scrupulous protectors in their British rulers than they would have done under any native *raj.* Above all, we have given to India the priceless boon of peace instead of war, settled life in place of anarchy, security in place of brigandage and rapine. I can find in no history or record the remotest justification for the belief, sedulously propagated by our critics, that before the arrival of the British, India enjoyed a Saturnian age, from which she

has since receded. On the contrary, if we take the period when the Moghul dominion—the most powerful rule in the two preceding centuries—was at its zenith, we find from contemporary writers that while there was a thin crust of splendor at the top, below were dense layers of squalor and misery and suffering. Almost the sole surviving legacy of that epoch is the pathetic magnificence of palaces and temples and tombs.

I have previously spoken of the army as though it ought to be reckoned on the reverse side of the ledger. But clearly it might equally be contended that the conditions which I have described, and for the enjoyment of which the protection of the army is largely responsible, justify us in regarding it as a boon to India. Moreover, military service provides a congenial and well-paid occupation to thousands of Indians, many of them of good family and proud traditions who would otherwise lose their masculine character, rusting in idleness or rotting into decay. Nor should it be forgotten that the supply of so large a force as 74,000 British soldiers involves some sacrifice to England, since it renders recruiting more difficult at home.

About the navy there can be less dispute. The total charge upon Indian revenue for marine services is only £400,000 per annum. A further sum of £100,000 is paid annually to the Imperial Government towards the maintenance of the East India Squadron, and for the general services of His Majesty's ships. When we reflect that the whole of India's sea-borne trade is insured from risks by the British fleet, and that if there were no British navy India would have to protect a coast-line over 4,000 miles in length with her own, there can be little doubt that she is a substantial gainer by the transaction.

I have reserved as the last of the material benefits conferred upon India—because it is a subject of much controversy—the scope for the participation of Indians themselves in the government of their country. Upon no subject is there more widespread misunderstanding. The Englishman proceeding to India may expect to see his own countrymen everywhere, and, above all, in the offices and buildings of government, in the law courts and on the magisterial bench. As a matter of fact, except in the great cities, he will rarely come across an Englishman at all. I once visited a city of 80,000 people, in which there were only two official Englishmen, both of whom happened to be away.

When we assumed the government of India, the native agency was so notoriously inefficient and corrupt that the British were obliged to take control of all branches of the administration. But ever since there has been a progressive reduction of the European and increase of the native element, until Indians now fill by far the greater number of the executive, magisterial and judicial posts, entire classes of appointments being reserved for them either by definite rule or by unbroken practice. Figures were published when I was in India which showed that out of 28,300 Government servants drawing more than £60 a year—a high salary in India—21,800 were Indian or Eurasian inhabitants of the country. Below that figure the Indians practically sweep the board, and I have seen the total number of Government employees in India given as 1,500,000 Indians to 10,000 Europeans.

It is, however, on the higher posts in the Government service, and more especially in executive offices (for on the judicial side Indians habitually rise to the highest rank and every high court and chief court in India has several Indians, both Hindu and Mohammedan, on its bench), that the ambitions of the Nationalist party in India are fixed. Their demands have recently met with a success greatly beyond even their own expectations in the concessions made to them by Lord Morley, which open to Indians some of the foremost places in the service. The justification of this confidence rests in their own hands. There is no difference on either side of politics as to the wisdom and necessity of a progressive increase in the employment of Indians in the administration of their country. No one would impose or defend a merely racial bar. The question at issue is rather, not what is the *maximum* number of offices that can safely be given to Indians, but what is the *minimum* number that must of necessity be reserved for Europeans. So long as British rule in India remains, and there is a consensus that it is absolutely indispensable, there must be a strong British *personnel* in the higher ranks of the administration. There are, further, a number of posts for which special knowledge and acquirements are needed, of which the supply in India is still deficient, or whose native subordinates require the stimulus of European control. Consistently with these principles the desire will be, so far as possible, to extend the area of Indian employment.

Once again, however, I am disposed to attach far more weight

to the benefits conferred by England upon India in the moral and intellectual than in the purely material spheres. Trade and industries, justice and good government, peace and security, wages and employment, are an incalculable blessing to a people who before our arrival suffered from the triple scourge of robbery, indigence and oppression. But they do not represent the whole or the best of our service to the Indian community. Our highest claim to their gratitude is that we have educated their character and emancipated their intelligence. All that is best in their thought and writings, the rising standards of morality, the gradual reduction of venality and superstition, even the dawn of a national spirit—all of these have been fostered by the education which, with perhaps imperfect discrimination but with wholehearted sincerity, we have placed at their disposal.

The instruments of Western civilization have lent a powerful, though sometimes unconscious, aid to this process. Railways and steamboats have not only bridged distances and helped to relieve distress, but they have broken down the barriers that separated races and communities and castes, and have exerted a unifying influence not merely in the interest of the rulers, but upon the ruled. Cables and telegraphs have brought the news of foreign incidents in Russia, in Persia, in Turkey and in Japan, and they have facilitated common thought and common action in India. English law has supplied a meeting-ground on which East and West could adjust relations that play a large part in the life of the Indian. English writings, taught in all the schools and colleges, have been absorbed with astonishing alacrity by intellects less gifted for research than for assimilation. Beyond any other cause the English language (although it is still spoken and written only by about half a million out of 300 millions, including the European and Eurasian communities) fills, among the educated population, much the same rôle as did Latin in the Europe of the Middle Ages, and has proved the solvent of venerable prejudices and the astringent of new and patriotic emotions. The paradoxical point has even been attained that it is to the Englishman that India has to look for the preservation of her vernaculars. Any attempt to revive or enforce their study at the expense of English is viewed with intense suspicion by the advanced Indian party as an attempt to rob them of their newly won patrimony. The proceedings at the annual Congress meet-

ings are conducted in English, and I have even read of a speaker who commenced a speech in Hindustani being howled down.

These symptoms are not all or wholly good. Many foolish things are written and said in India. Many vain aspirations are kindled, much yeasty sentiment is evolved. We have not rendered the task of the rulers more easy by consolidating the ruled and feeding their minds on a Western diet. But, at least, we have raised entire sections of the community from torpor to life, and have lifted India on to a higher moral plane. It is too early to say whether the eagle will one day be transfixed by the dart that is feathered with its own wing.

Let me here at once confess that the picture which I have drawn is not one which the extreme Nationalist in India would accept, any more than the Irish Nationalist would endorse the views of Whig or Tory about Ireland. While allowing that his countrymen have benefited greatly by the influence of Western thought and ideals, the Indian Radical believes, or affects to believe, that his country is the worse for British dominion. He argues that attachment to any foreign masters is *ipso facto* impossible, and that the only loyalty of true Indians is to themselves. He depicts India as held by the English for purposes of commercial and selfish exploitation; he asks why any or every post should not be open to him in the administration of his country. He points to the excise duty on Indian cotton manufactures as having been imposed exclusively in the interests of Lancashire—as indeed it was. He complains that the highest officer in the native army can never rise to a rank which will allow him to give orders to the youngest British subaltern. He declares that the Indian army is kept to fight British battles; he protests that the revenues of the country are exhausted in the discharge of foreign obligations; and, when challenged about the place of India in the Empire, he replies that the Empire is nothing to him, since it cannot insure for the Indian his rights as a British subject in Australia, or British Columbia, or the Transvaal.

Many of these charges ignore the elementary fact that the rule of India is still, and must for as long as we can foresee remain, in British hands; some of them rest on transparent fallacies or absurd paradoxes which my previous remarks have already refuted. But there are at least two among them so per-

sistently repeated that I must devote a word to their examination. I refer to the popular charge of the so-called "Drain," and to the action of certain of our Colonies in refusing admission to, or imposing harsh restrictions upon, the Indian settler.

The "Drain" argument is the familiar contention that England takes away from India annually a sum of money amounting to many millions sterling, which impoverishes the country, and is even called the "Tribute" by extreme partisans. The total of this alleged drain is variously estimated according to the basis of calculation adopted by the critic; but it is commonly stated as the excess of exports over imports, which is the means by which a debtor country like India discharges its obligations and maintains the balance of trade. Economically this test is quite fallacious. We have only to look to the experience of the South-American States—such as Argentina, Chile and Brazil—where the exports habitually exceed the imports, to realize that such a condition is no proof of economic exhaustion; while in the richest country in the world, America, the value of the exports for long exceeded the imports by an average of over £100,000,000 per annum.

The fallacy of the reasoning may, however, be even more clearly exposed by examining the nature of the Home Charges, which are responsible for about three-fourths of the so-called drain, and by far the greater part of which are admittedly payments for services rendered or goods received. For instance, the interest on the Public-Works Debt is the price paid by India for the capital that has been raised in England for the construction of railways and canals, and advanced at a rate of interest most moderate, and far lower than could have been obtained in India itself. Further, this interest is more than met by the earnings of the works, which return a handsome profit, and it is therefore no loss at all. Again, the interest on debts incurred by former wars is the payment that India makes for the peace and security from invasion that she now enjoys, and for the consolidation of the Empire, in precisely the same way as Great Britain continues to pay interest on the cost of the Napoleonic, the Crimean or the South-African Wars. The next item is the payment of leave allowances to Anglo-Indian officers on furlough, and their pensions (largely, by the way, contributed by themselves) when they have retired. The explanation is simple. As

long as India requires a modicum—it is only a modicum—of British officers to conduct its administration, the attractions held out to them, including an occasional visit to England, must be such as to induce a high class of men to enter the service; and if they were not granted pensions on retirement, their pay in India would have to be proportionately raised. Indeed, the absurdity of the contention could not be better illustrated than by the assumption that while the salaries paid in India are legitimate and do not constitute a drain, that portion of them which happens to be paid in England is a tribute. Of course the entire pay is on exactly the same footing, and it is wholly immaterial through what bank it is disbursed. Then there is the cost of the India Office, which may or may not be run on an economical scale, but as to which it is obvious that there must be such an institution in England. There are also the home charges for the British troops in India, which could only be dispensed with by dispensing with the troops and the cost of military and other stores, rails, engines, and so forth. These must be bought outside of India so long as India, which is happily becoming more self-providing in these respects, is unable to manufacture them itself. The above are the items that compose the home charges, and are mainly responsible for the so-called tribute. And finally—a perennial source of attack— there are the private remittances made to England, either in respect of the savings of officials, or the profits of British traders and merchants engaged in such industries as tea-planting, factories or mines. To treat these remittances as an economic loss is to apply a law to India which is accepted in no other country in the world. The profits of the business are the property of the owner to do with as he pleases, and it has never occurred to any human being that the foreign investor who derives profit from American cattle ranches or South-African gold-mines is thereby robbing the United States or the Transvaal. On the contrary, the capital which the British merchant has supplied to India is a net gain to the country in the resources developed, the consumption created, the labor employed and the wages paid.

No doubt India would be better off if she had been able to find this capital herself. She possesses it in abundance, for the hoarded wealth in the country is estimated at a minimum of £350,000,000. But so long as she hides it underground, or hangs

it in jewelry on the limbs of women, or spends it in festivals and litigation, she has no cause to complain. On the contrary, she ought to be grateful that foreign capital is forthcoming to supply the place of her own ignorance or timidity, and the wealth that leaves the country in payment for the boon is not more lost (in fact, a good deal of it comes back in fresh capital) than that which remains in the country, concealed or unproductive.

The "Drain" argument is, however, only seen in its full absurdity when applied to Indian railways. These have been an almost incalculable blessing to India in cheapening the cost of transport, in preventing or relieving famine, and thereby in saving life, in mitigating the congestion of population, in providing for the rapid concentration of troops, and thus enabling a much larger garrison to be dispensed with, and securing the tranquillity of the country, and in adding to the convenience, as well as promoting the unity, of millions. And yet, because the capital to construct these lines had to be imported from England, it is actually argued that the sums paid by India in interest and sinking-fund on these advances, which will ultimately wipe out a large portion of them, and leave India in possession of a magnificent property, are impoverishing the country and constitute a "tribute" to the foreigner! Perversity could not further go; and the situation may be summed up in the remark that in order to justify the charge political economy has to reverse all its canons, and what is a source of advantage to other countries becomes an injury when applied to India alone.

The second charge relates to the exclusion of natives of India from other parts of the Empire, sometimes by direct prohibition, sometimes by laws imposing tests, educational, linguistic or otherwise, which the Indian finds it well-nigh impossible to satisfy. These conditions apply in varying degrees in Australia, in Canada and in the South-African States; and they represent a phase of Colonial opinion and an aspect of Imperial politics which are neither fortuitous nor transient, but are likely, as time passes, to stiffen into harder forms. Both the advocate of Indian rights and the champion of Imperial unity protest against these restrictions as a negation of the Imperial conception; and a denial of the rights which ought to be enjoyed everywhere in the Empire by every subject of the King. In theory this argument is unimpeachable, but in practice it is incapable of being sustained.

The common rights of British citizenship cannot be held to override the rights of self-protection conceded to the self-governing communities of whom the British Empire is now so largely composed. They rest upon the postulate that the units composing the Empire are so equal in character and claim that what is granted to one in one place cannot be withheld from another in another. But in practice this is not the case. There is a difference between the standards of living, the economic aptitudes and the social and moral conceptions of Asiatic races and of communities of European origin which, at any rate in the present stage of national evolution, is fundamental, and which no abstract reasoning can bridge. Just as the Indians are beginning to recognize in a greater degree the spirit of nationality themselves, so that spirit cannot be denied to the proud and expanding offshoots of the British race; and where there have been granted to the latter the rights of self-government it is hopeless to expect an attitude of pure altruism on their part.

The Colonial standpoint is not primarily or designedly racial, though, of course, it is represented as such. It is partly economic (the colonists objecting to the competition of cheaper labor) and partly sentimental, since they are averse from the permanent introduction into the territories which they have won and are endeavoring to develop as white men's lands, of an element which shares neither their habits nor their ideals. I think, therefore, that the Indian grievance in this respect is not a substantial one; and I doubt if much attention would be paid to it in India, where native politicians do not spend much thought on the laboring classes, were it not a convenient peg upon which to hang a larger agitation.

So much for the general charges against British rule in India.

My own view is that, while the bulk of them are quite unreasonable and rest upon gross misconception, we should do all that we can to remove any ground, if such there be, for their continued existence, and should guard diligently against their multiplication. The advantage of the union to both parties is so great and striking that we cannot afford to let its merits be obscured by carelessness or misunderstanding. British Governments, and even Secretaries of State, should be mindful, as they have the giant's strength, not to use it tyrannously, but to be very scrupulous in any conflict of interest. The contented in-

corporation of India in the Empire depends upon her feeling that the Empire is impartial as well as strong, and that she herself profits by the bargain.

Viewing the subject as a whole, the question may be asked whether there is or is not in India a genuine loyalty to British rule. The answer to the question is not easy, for the simple reason that on no subject, and least of all one of popular sentiment, is it possible to find a formula that will cover the mental attitude of 300 millions of people. The Princes of India are enthusiastically attached to the British connection, partly because they have always been accustomed to recognize a sovereign authority (the Moghul was not less foreign to the majority of them than ourselves), and partly because they recognize in the British Crown the sole durable guarantee of their security and rights. The educated classes are divided between recognition of the paramount necessity of the British overlordship to keep the peace and assure the progress of India, and a surrender to the appeals of Indian nationality and patriotism. A small section is incurably disloyal and hostile. The masses of the people, except when they are carried off their feet by waves of superstitious excitement or racial frenzy, are disposed to be loyal to any master who will insure them food and wages. Perhaps the one form of loyalty in which all would join is loyalty to the person of the Sovereign: a result not merely of the Eastern taste for personal rule and belief in the exalted attributes of the Crown, but also of the impression produced upon India by the virtues and sympathy of the late Queen Victoria, the character of the late King and by the visit of the then Prince and Princess of Wales.

But perhaps the question may be asked, How, then, does it come about that so marked a seditious and anarchical movement has been manifest in India in recent years? The answer, I think, is twofold. The Indian movement is a part of that uprising of natural sentiment in favor of self-governing institutions which has run like a tide throughout the East ever since the victory of Japan over Russia, and has been equally visible in China, India, Persia, Turkey, Russia and Egypt. In India it takes the form not merely of a demand for a greater share in the government of the country and for some approach to Parliamentary institutions, but in its cruder and more violent shapes appealing to ill-balanced intellect, fed upon the rhetoric of an hitherto uncontrolled press,

of attacks upon the instruments of an alien rule culminating in the assassination or attempted assassination of high officials of the Government—often (such is the unreasoning fatuity of the perpetrators) of those who have been most conspicuous for their service to the native cause. A second reason has been the general belief that there has been some lack of firmness and consistency in the policy of the Government, which has attempted the difficult and well-nigh impossible task of running conciliation and repression, so to speak, in double harness, with the result that the coercion has usually been too late to frighten and the conciliation too fortified to appease.

Times of trouble undoubtedly lie before the British Government in India, as they do before any Western Government attempting to rule an Eastern people upon Western lines. If the objection be raised that the obvious alternative is to rule them upon Eastern lines, the answer is that the people will not have it themselves, and that, having drunk from Western phials, they decline to have any other beverage. It is too late, in fact, to change the prescription. In these circumstances those nations who, like Britain, have accepted the responsibility cannot now evade it. They must pursue their allotted furrow without repining, and with a sober self-reliance to the end, uncertain what that end may be, but conscious that the highest duty forbids them to take their hand from the plough and that weakness or abdication now can only lead to irreparable disaster later on. In a sense there is a greater demand for statesmanship than there was in the days of military conquest and almost unresisted acquisition. To guide the newly born aspirators of India into prudent channels, to convince her that she gains not less than Great Britain by the Imperial partnership; to improve her agriculture (the staple employment of nearly ninety per cent. of the population), to develop her industries, to encourage her manufactures, to foster co-operation and self-help among the people; above all, to regard the administration of India as still the supreme touchstone of British character, just as it is the noblest of British achievements—this is England's present and future task; it will be enough to occupy the best character and energies that she can produce for as long a span of the future as it is humanly possible to forecast.

CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

WHAT THE WORKING-MEN WANT.

BY PERCY STICKNEY GRANT.

In the United States the lines are becoming more closely drawn between individualism and socialism; the fears of capital are more evident; the convictions of socialists more confident. Several moneyed organizations, as well as weighty personalities, are now entering the field openly or secretly against socialism. Eminent ecclesiastics have just organized a militant anti-socialistic union.

IS NOT A FIGHT IN AMERICA AGAINST SOCIALISM A MISTAKE?

Is not this marshalling of forces hasty and injudicious? Does a lining up of capitalists against socialists show a sufficient understanding of socialism and of democracy? Millionaires who band together to fight socialism certainly do not appear to appreciate their own power. Whatever socialism is, socialists are for the most part unsuccessful folk or they are dreamers or philanthropists—people with a lot of imagination, pity, liking for mankind. Wealth is so powerful that, if it consulted its dignity, it would be negligent of such critics. Through control of the institutional side of life, it can put a stop to their voices when it will, and so can afford to listen long to discover if they speak truth or falsehood.

> "The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
> And is not careful what they mean thereby,
> Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
> He can at pleasure stint their melody."

An appeal of our times—not drawn from the field of ethics, but from the hunting field, or wherever chance and danger may be faced for the sheer sake of audacious combat—is, "Be a Sport!"

What a large opportunity lies open to the sportsman in social controversy! Sympathetic attention paid the poor man's view of life by rich men would be the "sportiest" of propositions. Their generosity towards the weak, their confidence in reason and justice, their support of free discussion, their wager of power and wealth upon the result,—in short, their courage would excite our admiration. College athletics and expensive sports, on sea and land, seem fruitless, if the sportsman when confronted by human problems is thrown into a panic and will not give his opponent a chance; but silences him, starves him, sand-bags him.

Socialism, however erroneous, is a serious and enthusiastic attempt to solve our economic problems. Sydney Brooks calls the "Labor Question" one of "insoluble conundrums." Let us Yankees try to "guess" them. Our attack, therefore, had better be made upon the problem itself or upon those who are indifferent to it. Mr. Taft is wrong. Socialism is not our greatest problem. The economic conditions that worry socialists and many anti-socialists are our greatest problem—namely, the anomaly of a democratic State and an absolutist industrial system living together.

Conspicuous opposition to socialism contributes to the very method by which socialism claims it will triumph. By making more clean-cut their differences and by forcing into opposing ranks socialists and non-socialists the "*Class Struggle*" is accentuated and promoted, which Marx and his followers prophesy will produce the disruption of society—"the social revolution"—and clear the way for a socialistic State.

The Sunday-night after-meetings at the Church of the Ascension furnish a sort of sociological exhibit where the human and up-to-date status of a social question can be studied.

Socialists whom I hear, do not itch to lay hands upon other people's property or to reduce everybody to a dead level of pay. They want what most men want—working and living conditions favorable to good health, opportunities for their children, room for culture, leisure for the enjoyment of music, art, nature. Our problem, then, is not how to fight an "ism"—"socialism"—but how to arrange matters so as to give poor men and women more of what we all hunger for—the joy of life.

The socialists whom I know are mild in their demands. They wish to be sure of work, and they hope for such an organization

of industry in the future, that their children may be sure of work. They do not ask to be supported by anybody's labor except their own, or to have their children supported by anybody's labor except *their* own.

The new order of things, if it come, will not be produced by socialists, but by their foes. "Class struggle," "surplus values," "the economic interpretation of history," are not the charmed words that will open the door to a lovelier industrial future. So, in fighting socialism, the conservative classes are facing in the wrong direction. Their enemies are of their own household. Current legislation indicates the lines of future advances—what might be called the liquidation of privilege. Public Service Commissions, Rates Commissions, Corporation Tax Laws, and not socialistic platforms will for a long time be responsible for our economic reforms.

Socialists when they deal with political programmes ask, in their simplicity, for such revolutionary changes that they frighten the average citizen, whether capitalist or wage-earner, and for this reason they cannot secure an overwhelming following. They are firing at a target so far away that they cannot hit it. But while socialists are absorbed in this harmless game of long distance and ineffective firing, our statesmen of practical sagacity and popular instincts will, by close range and effective shots, weaken monopoly and privilege.

For instance, the limitation and even the public ownership of capital is coming, not through socialism, but up these steps—competition, monopoly, public regulation. When under competition the highest profits are at last secured by trusts and pools, which practically destroy competition, then the next move by the consumer is to control by law the rates and prices of such combinations of capital. But publicly *controlled* capital will have a tendency to become publicly *owned,* because investors will fight shy of an increased public control of property with a reduction of profits and will not buy the securities. This tendency is already seen in some public utilities.

Again, the fight is not between socialism and individualism, as recent prospectuses announce. Socialism is a new form of individualism. It proposes, under the difficult conditions of modern industrialism, to give just what Jeffersonianism supposed it gave when most Americans were farmers—an equal chance to

individuals. Socialists want to make the Government an umpire who will see that every one has a fair chance; only, to prevent the umpire from being biased by evil influences, socialists propose to make the umpire more powerful than the influences.

The one point to which the socialistic criticism of the present industrial *régime* continually returns, is that of the wage-earner's industrial helplessness,—now that he must secure the consent of the owner of machinery and of tools before he can have work or wages. The wage-earner is called "a proletarian," "a child of the abyss," "a wage-slave." The socialistic outcry is largely the human insistence upon individual importance and individual value in the face of this modern industrial helplessness.

Many visionaries call themselves socialists because they believe there is much misery, ignorance and injustice that can readily be remedied. These persons are not theoretical socialists, not Marxians, but keen well-wishers to humanity, who are convinced that life needs to be rationalized and who are warmed by the intensity, comradeship and hopefulness of socialism. But, if there were a thoroughgoing fight made against socialism, these persons would be liable to join the socialist party.

Many writers and professional men confess to each other that they are socialists at heart. Would it be wise to drive them to the necessity of absolute definition?

Many clerks, even business men who have made their money in slow and conservative fashion, are more sympathetic with the complaints and cures of socialism than trust magnates and high financiers imagine, and ought not, by a still greater sympathy with the "under dog," to be turned over bodily to the socialist party.

Then there are the thousands of intellectual young men, college graduates, observant, travelled, kept out of pulpits by distrusted creeds, whom we ought not to throw into further revolt. They contemplate our social wilderness with as much confident strength as a pioneer contemplated the forests that were to yield a place for his home and fields of corn. These young men can live on little; they despise social ambition; they cannot be frightened, and they ransack the world for sociological facts. You meet them at settlement-houses, upon philanthropic committees, in the Capitol at Albany opposing bills injurious to dwellers in tenement houses, in meetings where speakers say what they think, often

in missions and parish houses where there is practical work done for the poor. These youths seem always to be singing Whitman's hymn:

"Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!"

Again, why fight socialism, when we discover, wherever radicalism comes into power, no alarming transformation, but conservative and generally approved results. John Burns, in England, Briand in France, and the Mayor of Milwaukee, all point this moral. Of Emil Seidel, the Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, the "New York Evening Post" of July 11th says: "Scarcely a day passes that he does not do some sensible thing in a simple way that no one had thought of before."

DISLOYALTY AND INGRATITUDE ARE TO-DAY THE CHARACERISTICS OF THE WORKING-CLASSES AS EXPERIENCED BY THEIR EMPLOYERS.

The newspaper-reading public and conservative business men when confronted by the labor problem are often confused by the behavior of working-men toward employers famous for their kindness. During the Pullman strike, it was hard for the public to understand how the employees of the Pullman Company could be so hostile and could commit acts of violence. Had not Mr. Pullman given them an ideal town to live in, all at his own expense?

A like wonderment beheld the strike of the National Cash Register employees, at Dayton, Ohio, where John H. Patterson and his associates had done everything they could think of to make the inside and the outside of their factories attractive, and to brighten and enrich the lives of their employees; where the employers were as proud of their services to their employees and to the community as they were proud of their business success—employers who almost broke their hearts over the ingratitude of their work-people.

Similar cases are so numerous that a recent writer, J. Thayer Lincoln, a distinguished graduate of Harvard, a sympathizer with working-men, whom he knows, both as a manufacturer and as a philanthropist, has made the deliberate statement, without

bitterness, but the result of observation, that the better the employer treats his hands the worse his hands treat him.

The working-man is certainly ungrateful, and ingratitude is that fault in the poor which philanthropists can least endure. Among religious and philanthropic workers there is a constant secession, because they do not find gratitude among their needy beneficiaries.

Gratitude is not a test of beneficence and ought not to be expected. It puts the giver upon a pedestal and the recipient upon his knees. Even great natures do not easily discover gratitude among their virtues. Goethe found gratitude so difficult that, when he was a young man, he cultivated it by special exercise. Seated in his room, he called before his mind friends and relatives who had given him the objects his eyes beheld, and thereupon he mentally thanked them. Dr. Samuel Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds became friends over the discovery of their mutual antipathy to gratitude. In a house where they were both calling and met for the first time, a lady of the company continually bemoaned the death of a friend. "At any rate, madam," broke in Sir Joshua, "you have been relieved of a burden of gratitude." It was this astute reading of human nature by the painter that won Dr. Johnson.

Ingratitude is as frequent among the needy as among workingmen. A common explanation fits both cases: More than two thousand years ago Aristotle read the philanthropist's riddle when he pointed out that gratitude is less keen than benevolence, because it is more agreeable to give than to receive. The benefactor enjoys himself more than the beneficiary.*

But a more economic and personal explanation of the workingman's ingratitude can be found. The working-man's great complaint to-day is his helplessness, and it is perfectly clear that whatever increases this sense of helplessness will really increase his outcry. Working-men don't like to have things done for them. The more that is done for them the more they feel in the power of the person who is responsible even for their benefits.

Paradoxically enough, whatever the man of power, the capitalist, the employer does, out of a good heart or philanthropic intent, or even from shrewd business perception, to alleviate, as he supposes, the hardships of his working-people,—by good tenements,

* Ethics, Bk. IX, Ch. VII.

by kindergartens, by factory luncheon-rooms, by lectures, garden villages, etc., etc., etc.,—he is, as a matter of fact, making his working-men feel their dependence, with the result that some of the most serious explosions of indignation have taken place amid the fairest environment that can surround the conditions of toil.

There is another reason for the working-man's ingratitude to his employer. Working-men say that if the company can afford all these extras, these adornments and additions to the comfort of their people, then it can afford to pay higher salaries. Of the two methods of distributing a surplus, the working-man prefers the latter. He would rather take his chances in an ordinary factory with higher wages and use the addition to his income as he pleases.

In other words, the working-man realizes, or, at any rate, asserts, that he himself is paying for the improved tenements, for the parks, for the libraries, for the comforts and conveniences of the superior factories, for kindergartens, for lessons in cooking, for lectures, for flower-gardens, for flower-boxes outside the windows, etc., etc., and while he is paying the bill for all these things he finds the world at large praising his employer as a notable philanthropist, and in his heart he regards this as a sham. At any rate, he would rather be his own philanthropist.

The industrial system that depends, in the last resort, upon gratitude is a psychological mistake. The bond in economic life that holds employer and employed cannot be a weak and exploded virtue; it must be something strong and reliable. Gratitude cannot be the cement between classes in a democracy. Men are not, cannot and ought not to be held to their work and employer by gratitude, but by the broadest justice.

THE WORKING-MAN, WHETHER HE HAS REASONS FOR GRATITUDE OR NOT, IS CERTAINLY NOT LOYAL TO HIS EMPLOYERS.

"Take any of our great and successful establishments," says the "American Foundryman," "and get into touch with the management and you will find the universal complaint of the disloyalty of the men. See the men, on the other hand, and you will find the irritation due to arbitrary and unjust treatment, the existence of conditions repugnant to an independent spirit, etc. One need not then wonder why oftentimes the percentage of changes in the shop organization amounts to over one hundred per cent. annually

How much greater would have been the success of the business pecuniarily, as well as the prosperity of the community, had more attention been given to the feelings of the actual wage-earner."*

Loyalty is an old, clan spirit and attached a man to a man of his own blood who was his chieftain; it attached the subject to a King as to a God-given leader and protector. Industrial conditions do not reproduce this relationship. The employer and employee do not acknowledge identity of interest. They treat each other, on the whole, as enemies. Labor is a "commodity" to be purchased by capital. How can you expect loyalty from a commodity?

If one listens for any length of time to working-men discussing these matters, he discovers that the way out of the difficulty is not an "insoluble conundrum," but is a simple and logical step. It is nothing less than an application of self-government to industry.

Democracy in its principle accords with the modern conception of divine activity, which is a working from within, not from without. The old idea of God as sovereign, sitting outside of creation and ruling it, gave the prototype to the divine authority of kings; in fact, to all arbitrary power. The idea of a god inside the universe, ruling through the laws of nature, the modern position, is the prototype of self-government. This centrifugal force is the method of democracy—it issues from within the ranks of people and not from a privileged position outside.

When an industrial magnate claims to run his enterprises by "divine right," as conspicuously happened not long ago, he is logical, for our industrialism is still under absolutism and has not passed into the democratic or self-governing stage. In religion and in politics we have largely turned to a theory, and to some extent to a practice, where sovereignty operates from within rather than from without; it can be only a matter of time when this philosophy and practice govern industry.

Our best educators have given up the attempt to secure discipline by the exercise of authority from above and are attempting to produce a maturer attitude toward conduct on the part of their pupils by leaving discipline more in the hands of the students themselves. They have met with most encouraging results.

* Transactions of the American Foundrymen's Association, p. 197.

Twenty-five years ago the participation by Harvard students in the Republican Presidential Torch-light Procession through the streets of Boston, was something of an orgy, ending in a good deal of a fight. I saw the Taft procession. It was like an Anniversary Day parade of the Brooklyn Sunday-schools. I was so astonished that I inquired the reason. The whole matter, it seems, had been taken up by the class presidents,—students,—who put the men on their honor with the sober and well-behaved results I beheld. If self-government among young, hot-blooded students can do that, it can do anything.

The working-man has secured a measure of industrial self-government through Trades-Unionism, which lifts him from the position of abject dependence upon the will of his employer and makes collective bargains on a higher level of consideration and mutual contract than he could make alone. By being a member of a trades-union a working-man has something to say about the business with which he is connected. In fact, he has a great deal to say about the way in which the business must treat him. And this, to a certain extent, is satisfactory to his instinct of independence and his love of having a say in that which orders his life. But trades-unionism cannot solve the Labor Question; for if it were to go to the limit of complete organization we should have this picture: On one hand, organized capital; on the other hand, organized labor, the two related to each other by trade agreements or contracts. But this basis of industry cannot be final in a democracy, for it immediately separates the population of citizens, who are supposed to be equal before the law and equal at the polls, into two opposing industrial camps and paves the way to socialism by intensifying the "class struggle."

The highly enlightened effort of the United States Steel Company to have its employees buy its stock and so to share in its profits is notable and a great step in the right direction. Mr. Carnegie, as well as Mr. Ingalls, of the "Big Four," preaches profit-sharing as the next industrial step. Profit-sharing as an industrial cement is surely much stronger than gratitude.

BUT THERE ARE INDICATIONS OF FURTHER PARTICIPATION OF THE WORKING-PEOPLE IN THE MANAGEMENT OF INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISES WITH WHICH THEY ARE CONNECTED AS EMPLOYEES.

"In my reorganizing work in factories," says the successful

industrial engineer, H. F. S. Potter, "I have found that where there is a tendency to centralize power in a one-man *régime* the growth of the enterprise is narrowed to just the scope of that one's capabilities. Whereas if every individual in the organization is given the opportunity and the privilege to express his views and his reasons for them in matters regarding which they may be of value; if whatever there is good in that presented is accepted for what it is worth, then at once the management is reinforced by the potential knowledge possessed by the brains of the whole."

The advantages of democracy are not to be looked for only in those ends that it expects in common with all government, such as safety and justice; or even in those results in which democracy may be richer, such as freedom, self-respect and opportunity. The advantages of democracy are to be found in its method of operation, whereby the citizen, having to assist in the process of government, develops qualities of statesmanship,—judgment, foresight, patience, honesty, sympathy,—and must consequently become a more highly organized and experienced personality, with a profounder social consciousness than the average subject of a king.

Lyman Abbott claims, with good reason, "that when the world learned it could have a State without a King and a Church without a Bishop, it had taken a long step towards learning that there could be a shop without a boss."

In the printing-rooms of the "Boston Globe," I am told, the "boss" of the printers is selected by the printers themselves. Far from being an easier taskmaster than the "boss" selected formerly by the owner, there is a more severe discipline in the printing-room than ever before, because an offender now against the rules of the printing-room has no longer the sympathy of his fellows and merely the ill-will of the owner, but he has the ill-will of his fellows as well; and if his behavior or disobedience has been flagrant, he is dismissed at the direction of the "boss" and with the consent of his fellows, in a fashion that makes it difficult for him to get work elsewhere. Such a method exhibits public opinion harnessed to industry.

"Towering over President and State Governors," says James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," "over Congress and State Legislatures, over conventions and the vast machinery of party, public opinion stands out in the United States as the source of power."

Public opinion has been an important factor in settling strikes and lockouts, where a passive and suffering public gave a verdict for one side or the other which had weight with the disputants. But what a range there is for public opinion within the body of workers! How dominating an influence under a democratic organization of industry! This field,—that of public opinion applied to industrial life,—remains yet to be capitalized.

INDUSTRIAL HELPLESSNESS CONFRONTS POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE.

The feeling of industrial helplessness which is the incubus upon the spirit of the working-man, is contemporaneous with the teachings of independence which proceed from democratic institutions and from modern science with its weakening of traditional authority.

Others besides the workers see their helplessness. The Hon. John Bigelow, whose great age loaded with public services has spanned most of our national existence, wrote, in 1908, to Governor Hughes:

"With food enough produced in the United States to nourish twice its population, the average wage-earner can lay up nothing, can provide few privileges, and practically no recreation."

How different from the reality were the hopes of our young Republic! The expectations of the visionaries of the first half-century were well voiced by William Ellery Channing. In his lecture on "Self-Culture," delivered in Boston in 1838, he declared: "The grand distinction of the times is the emerging of the people from brutal degradation, the gradual recognition of their rights, the gradual diffusion among them of the means of improvement and happiness, the creation of a new power in the State—the power of the people."

What now do we hear from a voice raised in the same neighborhood seventy-two years later: Mr. Roosevelt, addressing the Alumni of Harvard College, at Cambridge, in June, 1910, had to confess that our democracy had not met the expectation of its well-wishers. "I found everywhere (in Europe) a certain disheartened sense that we had not come up to our ideals as there was ground for believing that we ought to have come; that we had not achieved them as we ought to have achieved them; and every instance of corruption, of demagogy, of the unjust abuse of wealth, the unjust use of wealth to the detriment of the

public, or the improper acceptance by the public that mere wealth in and of itself constituted a claim to regard in the community, every instance of brutal materialism on our part, every time that it was made evident that the attitude of this country was such as ought not to be the attitude of a democracy founded on the principles upon which ours was founded — every such instance served to dim the ideal that the name America conjured up in the minds of those in foreign lands."

A great deal of what we call socialism is only democracy getting its second wind. Disappointment at the results of political democracy was inevitable. The modern experiment of democracy, it must be remembered, coincided with those great mechanical inventions, the cotton-gin, the spinning-jenny, steam, electricity, etc., which by making it possible to run thousands of machines under one roof have encouraged concentration of capital. The kit of tools of the old-fashioned workman is now an archæological curiosity; our skilled workmen are dependent upon access to machinery capitalistically owned. Political independence and industrial dependence cannot live together. The same man cannot represent both without complaint and confusion. The same country cannot contain both without disrupting ebullitions.

Wonderful things are happening in our times. The belief is gaining ground that destitution can be abolished; that if men will be brotherly the earth will be nearer heaven. A new religion has taken possession of millions, some of whom call themselves atheists. The working-people of many lands have reached a new understanding among themselves and have banded together in an optimism of outlook, a joyousness of spirit and a self-sacrificing compact, such as in the past has only illuminated periods of religious exaltation. The lowly man no longer feels lonely. The doubter no longer is worried by dogma. Within life itself has been found new grounds of faith, new and far-reaching fellowship. The world was never so friendly a spot to the human spirit as it is to-day. The Hebrew on the eve of the Messianic coming; the Southern slave on the threshold of emancipation; the crusader in sight of the Holy Sepulchre—must have had the exultant expectations, "the thrills," as we say, that a glimpse of industrial brotherhood, upon a purely human basis, is giving millions of wage-earners to-day.

"Released from monastic and oppressive regulation, from the

hurt of body and imprisonment of mind, the people of the Renaissance," says Professor Rudolf Eucken, "burst into freedom of classical speculation and gained cheer, enthusiasm, power."

Why have our masses not the joy and enthusiasm of the people of the Renaissance? Modern life represents a new freedom and self-confidence, but they are only partially distributed. The freedom and the exhilaration that the working-people of the Renaissance enjoyed, our working-people have lost through industrial helplessness. This is a serious loss, not only because a great epoch has dawned upon a divided civilization, but because the majority of the people through industrial helplessness are not in a position to join the privileged few in using the modern enlightenment to the good of all in greater discoveries, art, letters and relationships. We are all losers if we permit any class to lack freedom and self-confidence. We are only completely gainers by the mental enfranchisement of our time, when all classes work together for discovery, for increase of wealth, for the spread of material benefits, and for the highest individual and social development.

PERCY STICKNEY GRANT.

ALL AMERICA!

BY JOHN BARRETT, DIRECTOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS, EX-MINISTER TO SIAM, ARGENTINA, PANAMA, AND TO COLUMBIA, ETC.

THE purpose of this brief discussion is to awaken among thinking men more active interest in the twenty resourceful, ambitious, and yet too little appreciated American Republics lying to the south and southeast of the United States. That all of them, from Mexico and Cuba south to Argentina and Chile, are entering upon a period of remarkable progress and development is evident from what they have done and are doing. The ignorance of the majority of the people of the United States and of Europe with their past history, their present achievement, their limitless resources, and their immense potentialities is almost startling. This lack of knowledge is not, however, so surprising when we remember that the northern world has been largely occupied during the last twenty years with its own political progress and the exploitation of its own material resources. If there is a prevailing lack of acquaintance to-day with Latin America, the fault rests with the people and press of the country and not with the Government, for the State Department, under the able direction of Secretary Knox and Assistant Secretary Wilson, devotes almost seventy-five per cent. of its time and energy to the consideration of Latin-American diplomatic and commercial questions. The correspondence, moreover, which is now pouring in great bulk into the International Bureau of the American Republics—an institution devoted to the development of Pan-American comity and commerce—from every part of the world, and the tenor of editorial and descriptive articles appearing to-day in the press, demonstrate beyond question that Latin America as a whole and its salient characteristics are destined soon to be better under-

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stood. It is most appropriate now that there should be some special consideration of Latin America, because there is in session at Buenos Aires the Fourth International Conference of American States, which will consider many questions having a direct bearing upon the welfare, prosperity and the common interests of all the American nations.

The enthusiastic and patriotic citizen of the United States, who has not travelled extensively enough about the world to realize that there are some other countries of great physical and economic features, is in the habit of describing this and that characteristic of his city, State or country as "the biggest thing on earth" or "the largest in the world." The man with this habit feels almost stunned when he is told that the entire area of the United States proper from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico can be placed inside of the Republic of Brazil with room left over to hold New York State nearly four times; that out of the Amazon flows every morning several times the volume of water which the Mississippi empties into the Gulf; that, again, down in southern South America the Parana carries to the sea a flood greater by half than the Mississippi; that the city of Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, has expended more money during the last five years in public improvements than any city in the United States with the exception of New York and Chicago and boasts now of nearly a million population; that Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, has one million two hundred thousand people within its limits, and is growing more rapidly than any city in North America with the exception of New York and Chicago; that Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, and Valparaiso, the port of Chile, are expending a larger sum in the construction of harbors suited for the largest shipping of the world than is being devoted at the moment to any harbor in the United States; that Bolivia is building a system of railroads over its mountains and down into surrounding valleys which rival the railroad systems of Colorado; that Lima, Peru, has a university which was one hundred years old before Harvard was founded; that Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela possess a variety of climate and resources, due to their mingling of high plateaus and valleys, unsurpassed in the world.

If, after considering these few facts, it should be desirable to still convince the sceptical and superficial observer, and he wished

further data to form an opinion about the other southern republics, it might be mentioned that the five Central-American republics of Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica are the first group of nations in the history of the world to sign and ratify a convention requiring the settlement of all disputes between them before an international court of justice and without recourse to arms, such treaty having been negotiated at the Central American Peace Conference held under the roof of the International Bureau of the American Republics in Washington in December, 1907; that Mexico, under the wise, strong and benevolent administration of General Diaz, has developed such a measure of stability and prosperity that it has invested within its limits eight hundred millions of United States capital; that little Panama, known practically for the sole reason that through it is being constructed the great canal, has large areas of land suited for agriculture and extensive forests awaiting legitimate exploitations; that Cuba, now beginning a new and critical era in its history, is possessed of a climate, soil and possibilities which will make its wealth of the present seem small in comparison to the potentialities of the future; and that the Dominican Republic and Hayti, even though they may have led a somewhat troubled existence, are real garden spots of the Caribbean, where eventually plenty and prosperity must be prevailing characteristics.

Lest this summary just given above should be misleading, and the criticism should be made that too strong a picture was being drawn of the great features of Latin America, it is well to bear in mind that the tendency of the comment and description in the United States and Europe about Latin America is patronizing, not laudatory. We hear too much of the unfavorable side. We are too continually regaled with exaggerated stories of revolutions, of trying climates and of unfavorable environment. If one listens to a group of persons discussing Latin America, the prevailing note is usually one of unfair criticism rather than of just consideration. Instead of always holding the sixpence of revolution and alleged instability of government so close to our eyes that we cannot see the good beyond, let us clear our vision and acknowledge that two-thirds of the entire area and population of the twenty Latin-American republics have been characterized with no serious revolution during the last decade and a half; and that European financiers who do not wilfully make

a mistake are to-day pouring millions of dollars into Latin America for the construction of interior railroads and electric street-car lines in the municipalities, for the development of water-powers and the opening of mines, for public improvements of all kinds, and for the exploitation of agricultural and timber wealth. Conservative opinion in the moneyed centres of the Old World is beginning to believe that investments in the larger portion of Latin America are now practically as safe as they are in the United States, and financiers are backing up this belief by purchasing the stocks and bonds of a large variety of companies doing business in that part of the world. The readiness with which the Brazilian and Argentine loans were bought up shows the growing confidence in these republics. Why not? The annual foreign trade of Argentina, located in the south temperate zone, like the United States in the north, covering an area nearly equal to half of that of the United States proper, and yet having only a population of seven millions of people, is valued at approximately seven hundred millions of dollars, or an average of nearly one hundred dollars per head. There are few countries in the world, even among the oldest and most prosperous, which can show figures to compare favorably with these.

Although Brazil has been somewhat handicapped by unfavorable conditions in the coffee trade, it has held its head high and everywhere gives evidence of great material advancement. Its annual commerce approximates five hundred millions of dollars. Chile, which, if transplanted from southwestern South America to a corresponding position on the Pacific coast of the United States and Canada, would reach from the Mexico-California line north into the very heart of Alaska, has a foreign trade valued at two hundred millions of dollars annually; and it is constructing a great longitudinal railway which will require scores of millions of dollars to complete, and yet it goes about it as if the task were an every-day one. Similar figures might be cited about the other American republics, but only one other fact need be mentioned to prove that all Latin America is making mighty strides in commerce—and commerce is often described as the life-blood of nations. The total volume of the foreign trade of these twenty republics, including exports and imports, approximates now annually two billions of dollars, or a sum equal to two-thirds of the entire foreign commerce of the United States. When it is further

remembered that this represents an increase of one billion dollars in ten years, or one hundred millions of dollars per annum, the critic who looks upon Latin America disparagingly experiences a feeling that perhaps he should change his point of view.

It is not intended within the limits of this discussion to employ the usual arguments in favor of building up our trade with Latin America or to set forth specifically the affirmative and negative sides of government aid to steamship lines, of opening banks controlled by United States capital or of negotiating reciprocal tariff treaties, etc., but rather to develop a keener appreciation of what Latin America actually is. As the real value and quality of a country are measured not alone by its natural wealth, but by its peoples and its institutions, it is well to note some salient characteristics under these heads. And while, of course, there are exceptions, it is undoubtedly true that the average citizen of the United States or Europe who spends much time in Latin America, or takes up his residence there, learns to love and admire the Latins, and to give them credit for qualities and achievements too often entirely forgotten by the passing or superficial observer. The average traveller who makes a rush journey through Latin-American countries sees little of the higher and better-educated classes. He draws his conclusions too often from a certain element of the natives with whom he comes in contact in the more petty details of his travels. If he has time, however, to get behind the scenes, as it were, there is not an important town in all Latin-America where he cannot meet a large number of men and women of superior refinement and charm. If he proves his worth, he will experience a hospitality equal to that given him in any part of the United States or Europe. If he is polite, gentle and appreciative, he will receive a treatment in return that will cause him to carry away most delightful memories.

If there is one quality which makes for real learning, and which the hurry and bustle of our life has caused us to neglect, it is thoroughness in education and study. The average Latin American who aspires to any position of scholarship, or who may wish to become a successful writer, professor, priest, lawyer, doctor or engineer, pursues his studies to an extent and with a thoroughness that, it must be frankly but truthfully stated, is not always characteristic of his neighbor in the United States. Without any reflection whatever on the graduating classes of our

leading universities and colleges, it is safe to contend that a larger number of men graduate from the Latin-American universities with a comprehensive grasp of all the subjects they have taken up than do from the average American high institution of learning. If the standards required for the practice of the learned professions of the twenty Latin-American republics were put alongside the standards required in the forty-six States of the United States, the comparisons would be unfortunate for the latter.

The North-American newspaper man often pokes fun at the Latin-American newspaper because it devotes such a large proportion of its space each day to extended discussions of literary, scientific and legal subjects; and yet, if these features were not included, the constituency of those papers would feel as if they were not treated with respect. It is an open question if it is not better to fill the papers with such matter when it is appreciated than with long, extended stories of crimes and casualties. Newspapers claim that their standards are determined entirely by the people who read them. This argument applied to Latin America is certainly a compliment to its intelligence.

Only recently a prominent newspaper in the United States emphasized "graft" and laxity of morals as characteristics in Latin America. Alas! if there ever was an illustration of the old figure of speech that a man living in a glass house should not throw stones, it is found in the criticism by the people of the United States of "graft" and laxity of morals in Latin America! In view of the constant discussion and evidence of "graft" in the leading municipalities of the United States, it is well to point out that it costs far less to administer such great cities as Rio Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santiago, Mexico and Havana than it does cities of corresponding size in the United States. And yet in the excellence of their water and sewerage systems, in the cleanliness of their streets, in the quality of their schoolhouses and public buildings, in the extent of their parks and boulevards, and in their adoption of modern sanitary measures they can compare favorably with and even surpass the majority of the municipalities of the United States. A searching investigation of the twoscore millions which Rio Janeiro expended in the building of new streets and docks, of a similar sum which Buenos Aires expended in the building of its wonderful system of wharves, and of the remarkable improvements that

have recently been made in Mexico City, show no such evidences of so-called "graft" as have been found in similar enterprises in the United States. Now and then there may be some local official or a governor of a province of a lesser country who fattens himself on a system of tribute, but this is no longer characteristic of the great resourceful countries of Latin America, and it will soon pass away from those where it is now alleged to be chronic.

In all discussions of the laxity of morals there comes up the one great question of preserving the sanctity of the family. Divorce is almost unknown throughout Latin America, and race suicide is never even mentioned. The average high-class family of Latin America can usually boast of a family ranging from five to ten children. Domestic infelicity, of course, exists, but it does not stalk abroad and make blasé the growing boys and girls of the land. The percentage of Latin-American women of good families who go wrong, to use an expressive phrase, is indeed small. The average Latin-American mother has a regard for the family tie and for the principles of the Church in which she has been brought up which forever protects her from unfortunate alliances. The average Latin-American man is often described as being much more of a devil than he really is! His pride in his family is a strong characteristic, and even if at times he may quietly conduct questionable relations with those outside the conventional pale of society, he will invariably resist with all his strength of body and mind any suggestion that he is not loyal to his family. The divorce records for the city of Chicago in one week will surpass those of all the Latin-American cities in a year. The number of men who live apart from their wives in the United States as compared to those in Latin America is five to one. If the existence of a nation depends upon the preservation of the family, the future of Latin America cannot be considered as in danger.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to describe carefully the educational spirit, the scientific research, the musical fondness, the appreciation of fine art, the literary tendencies, the social finesse which characterize the principal cities and the controlling population of Latin America, but they are well worthy of investigation on the part of the person who would know well that portion of the world. Latin America's historical record is, moreover, so full of heroic achievement and high statesmanship

that it should be better understood in the colleges and schools of the United States. The stories of, for example, such men as San Martin and Bolivar, who gained the independence, respectively, of southern and northern South America, should be known equally well with the great work of our own Washington, from whom these Latin-American leaders gained their inspiration. The story of how each one of these twenty countries won its independence is so romantic and thrilling that the modern educator might often question if it were not better to pay less attention to what was done by the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome and of the Middle Ages and more to what was accomplished by the heroes of our sister nations in modern times.

High society to-day, perhaps, gives more attention to music than to any other form of entertainment, but it does not appreciate the fact that Buenos Aires has an opera-house far surpassing anything in the United States and ranking among the best in the world. The greatest singers go there as well as to New York. Our newspapers are often cited as the best evidence of our splendid material progress, and yet no newspaper in the United States has a plant and equipment more costly than those of the principal papers in Buenos Aires and Rio Janeiro.

Having made these observations on Latin-American conditions, it may be well to call attention to the work that the International Bureau of the American Republics, located in Washington, D. C., is doing for the development of better acquaintance, friendship and commerce among the American nations. The existence of such an institution has not generally been appreciated in the United States because of the simple fact that the American people, up to the time that Elihu Root made his famous journey around South America, had not given sufficient attention to that part of the world to recognize the efforts being exerted by this international agency in Washington to make Latin America better known in the United States and the United States better known in Latin America. Upon Mr. Root's return from his remarkable journey he infused new life into the International Bureau, until now it is accomplishing results for Pan-American commerce and comity never expected a few years ago. Established in 1890 by the First International Conference of American States, which was held in Washington in the winter of 1889-90, and presided over by James G. Blaine, it signalizes the completion of its

first score of years by taking up its permanent abode in a magnificent new building which has been described as a "Temple of Peace, Friendship and Commerce." For its construction all the American Governments contributed, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Its cornerstone laying in May, 1908, was one of the notable historical events of Washington. Epoch-making speeches were made by ex-President Roosevelt, ex-Secretary Root, the Brazilian ambassador, Mr. Naluco, and Mr. Carnegie. Three thousand people, prominent in the official and private life of the capital, witnessed the placing of this stone coincident with the raising of the flags and of the playing of the national anthems of the twenty-one nations which have a common interest in this structure.

The celebration of the dedication and occupation of the new building in April of this year was also made notable by addresses of President Taft, Secretary Knox, Ambassador de la Barra of Mexico, Senator Elihu Root, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, delivered in the presence of a distinguished audience in the noble assembly hall of the new edifice.

The International Bureau is supported by the annual appropriations, based on population, of all these Governments, and its affairs are controlled by a governing board made up of the diplomatic representatives of the Latin-American republics in Washington, presided over by the Secretary of State of the United States as chairman *ex officio*. This board in turn elects the director, who is its executive and therefore an international officer. Its correspondence averages over six thousand letters received and answered each month. For commercial purposes it is in touch in both North and South America with manufacturers, merchants, exporters and importers, doing all it can to facilitate the exchange and building-up of trade among the American nations. On the other hand, it is in touch with men in public life, university and college presidents, professors and students, writers and newspaper men, scientists and travellers, providing them with a large variety of information which will increase their interest in the different American nations. It publishes numerous handbooks, pamphlets and maps. It issues each month a bulletin giving the latest information in regard to the commerce, laws, new enterprises and general development of each republic. The Columbus Memorial Library, which is under the direction of the

bureau, possesses a large collection of books, historical, travel, narrative, statistical and governmental, relating to every American nation, and can be consulted without charge by any responsible person. Nearly eighteen thousand volumes are now found upon its shelves.

In conclusion, it may be fitting to quote from a prophecy made by the writer in an address delivered before the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, as follows:

"Without unwarranted enthusiasm, let me point out to you my confident belief that the next ten years will be a Latin-American decade—that all the world will be then studying and watching Latin America as it now does Japan and the Orient, and that a material, economic, intellectual and political advancement will be witnessed in Latin America which will rival what has been accomplished in the United States. Were it not for the lamentable ignorance which prevails throughout the United States in regard to the peoples, institutions, resources and governments of this section of America, this statement would not seem in the least surprising. Those of us who have travelled from Cuba to Chile and from Brazil to Bolivia are keenly aware that this great onward movement has already begun and that Latin America has entered upon a new era of splendid activity and world-wide influence.

"Twenty republics, varying in size from the area of Brazil, which is larger than that of the United States proper, to Salvador, the smallest, which would take in Rhode Island six times over, having a combined population of nearly seventy millions and a foreign commerce valued at more than two billions of dollars per annum, are going ahead so rapidly that no man can safely prophesy the limit of what they will accomplish during the next ten years. Gifted with a variety of climates and of resources, blessed with a marvellous intermingling of cool plateaus and tropical lowlands, provided with vast navigable river systems and a long extent of accessible coast-line, supplying numerous important products which the rest of the world must purchase, and possessing a people of deep sympathies and high intellectuality based on an old and worthy civilization, they all challenge our best study and keenest appreciation."

JOHN BARRETT.

A REPLY TO ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON "THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF AMERICA IN ITALY."

BY REVEREND S. M. VERNON, D.D.

THE courteous invitation of the editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to reply to the article in the July number falls in with my sense of duty, and is therefore accepted. In so far as the venerable prelate, for whom I have always entertained a very high regard, refers to the expression from the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church concerning the Methodism of Italy, I shall not follow him, leaving an answer on those points to the discretion of those to whom the matter belongs.

I am conscious of the great delicacy of the task before me, and of the necessity of great care lest I offend, and I exceedingly regret that the Archbishop felt it his duty to project such a discussion in a form that leaves no choice but to make such response as the circumstances will permit. I am sensible that twenty millions of Methodists and their adherents on one side, and nearly as many Roman Catholics on the other, are in danger of being swept into a heated religious controversy. I therefore deprecate the beginning of this discussion and hope it may end without any of the possible evils to which it might lead.

That I justify the entrance of the Methodist Episcopal Church into Rome does not imply a want of respect for the Roman Catholic Church. As I believe that the presence of the Roman Catholic Church in America is a constant stimulus to the Protestant churches to keep up to the discipline of their best life, in addition to the good it does among its own adherents, so I believe the presence of the Methodists in Rome has already had a most salutary influence on the Roman Catholic Church, in addition to the good they have done to those who have come directly under their influence.

I am sorry the good Archbishop chose to spread before the curious public what he considered defects in the conduct of the Methodists of Rome; no doubt they have defects, but might there not have been a better way of dealing with them? Would not an effort to cure them have been in better spirit and have borne better fruit than the effort to smite them with public scorn and condemnation? A private note to those in authority or a brotherly conference might have cured the evils, or, better yet, have proven to him that they did not exist. I will not throw stones. I am sorry that his Grace undertook it, and that, having tried it, he did not throw straighter and with more grace of movement.

The Archbishop displays a fatal weakness in the foundation on which he chooses to build. He says that the statements he makes are drawn from "Methodist authorities," then proceeds to name, in connection with Bishop Burt, Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, D.D., and quotes very largely from "Four and One-half Years in the Italian Mission — A Criticism of Missionary Methods." The book is written by this "Methodist authority," and is declared to be "particularly enlightening," that is, it gives the kind of information, or misinformation, that serves the purpose of the Archbishop. The fact is, the book is not "a Methodist authority," has never been so recognized by any missionary board, conference, bishop, or any human being but Archbishop Ireland. Instead of being a Methodist authority it is repudiated by all Methodist authorities as unfair and an injury to the mission. To say that his Grace did not know would discredit his intelligence without relieving the other delicate phases of the question, for if he did not use the ordinary means for obtaining knowledge, what right had he to speak? He further says of it that it "is a semi-official report to his fellow Methodists of America on the conditions of Methodism in Italy." Dr. Stackpole does not call it a report; no one else ever called it a report till Archbishop Ireland found out its true character and named it properly. It was not sent or read to the Missionary Board as a report; it was not so sent to any conference or bishop; indeed it was never heard of as a report save in the good Archbishop's inner consciousness, one of those inward states by which relics—the bones of saints and others—have so often been found. But it is fatal to this theory of a report that in its title its true character is indicated: "A Criticism of Missionary Methods"—that is the whole of it, a

criticism and not a report. The "semi-official" is also spurious, for it was not written till he was out of office. Considerable time elapsed since these events and conversations before they were recorded in this book, and if the writer left Italy with a sore heart and then had a few episcopal rebuffs about appointments, he would be almost sure to forget some essential things to a proper understanding of the incidents related, and to remember some things that did not at all occur. Was there ever a minister rejected by a congregation who had broad-mindedness enough to attribute it to anything else than a lack of intelligence or Christian character in the congregation, and he could furnish an endless list of specifications to sustain that interpretation? It might be possible for a tyro to be deceived by the testimony of a man with a grievance like Mr. Stackpole, but a veteran like our Archbishop, accustomed to hearing and judging cases daily, would see into the inwardness of such a case at a flash; it would be impossible for him to read a book like this without scenting from afar the fumes of burnt gunpowder from unseen battles that had been fought. The principal foundation on which Archbishop Ireland builds being thus swept away, the whole fabric of his objections to the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome falls with it. He objects to Dr. Stackpole's declarations of purpose and attitude while in the service of our Church in Rome, so did the Methodist bishops; he thought Dr. Stackpole ought to be sent out of Italy, so thought the Methodist bishops; but when he is sent away he turns about to say as unjust things about his own Methodist Episcopal Church as he had said about the Roman Catholic Church; then Archbishop Ireland flies to him and, raising him to the dignity of a "Methodist authority," proceeds to build his argument out of this "wood, hay and stubble" that is burned the moment it is "tried by the fire" of truth. If indeed Dr. Stackpole did go to Rome full of the idea of conquering the dominions of St. Peter and transferring its rich treasures to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and if our bishops cut short this daring enterprise by removing the ambitious sectary, they are certainly entitled to the gratitude of the hierarchy for saving the patrimony of St. Peter.

This witness is disqualified to testify in such a case, not only because of his well-known bias, but also because he knows nothing and says nothing about the question now under discussion—the

present deportment of the Methodists in Rome. His book was written sixteen years ago and is too old to throw any light on present-day questions, and it is not old enough to interpret the ruling motives of those who introduced Methodism in Italy, for they entered the field twenty-three years before, so all this testimony is of no value.

The statements about the mercenary character of our ministry are one-sided and a gross overstatement of an ugly truth that is known to every one who knows the spiritual dearth and low moral plane of life in Italy. It is certainly not according to the facts in the case that we have found the Waldensians so addicted to the mercenary spirit. That there may have been cases of the kind mentioned may not be disputed, but they were rare and unimportant compared with the many noble instances of royal devotion to the cause of Christ and truth. Why was not mention made of that royal figure and force in the regeneration of Italy, Rev. Teofila Gay, D.D., the thorough scholar, able preacher, and public-spirited citizen, loyal to his king and to the best aspirations of modern Italy? He was a graduate from the Geneva Theological Seminary under that great scholar, Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, and, as every one knows who is familiar with events in Italy the past twenty-five years, has been one of the most virile and influential figures in that moral and spiritual renaissance that is lifting Italy to a place of honor among the nations. Other distinguished men came to us from the Waldensians, and we had but few unworthy applicants from that source.

The Archbishop says truly that many priests offered their services for the larger compensation which they saw in prospect. Was it to our discredit or to that of the Roman Catholic Church that many propositions came to us from the priests of that Church and were rejected by us? No priest was ever received till after careful and searching examination as to the reality of his conversion and the sincerity of his purposes, in one case the period of testing and proving extended over a period of three years, but that we were never imposed upon we do not claim. It is a sad fact that after more than a thousand years under the tutelage of the Roman Catholic Church the masses of Italy have become so accustomed to deception and fraud that their priests even are capable of such things, and seem to have no conscience on the subject. We have had hundreds of priests offer themselves, most of them coming

"by night" as Nicodemus did lest they should be observed, whose motives were so transparent that they were dismissed at once to go back to the service of the Church that had been the instrument of forming their characters. Though sometimes imposed upon, is it quite worth while to bring a "railing accusation" against a Church because a Judas may have crept in among the faithful, or is it discreet to do it if the Judas comes from the household of the man bringing the accusation? Does it not seem like a forlorn effort to find an occasion of complaint against us? He does not speak of the great and godly men who have come to us, who were an honor to Rome before they came, and an honor to us by their coming and their services with us. One of the brightest of such men was that prince among preachers, Rev. Alcesta Lanna, D.D. As a youth he passed through all the Italian schools, taking, after competitive examination, the highest honors in each, which entitled him to a position in the Vatican College. So brilliant was his career and his future was so full of promise, that he was at once taken into the faculty of one of the first colleges in Rome. After long examination and testing under the searching methods of Dr. Vernon he gave satisfying proof of his real conversion to Christ as well as to Methodism, and he was accepted without the matter of finances having been once named by either party. He had been professor of philosophy in the Vatican Seminary, and was at the time professor in the College of the Apollinari, which position he resigned with all prospects of promotion to high station to enter a despised mission, without guaranteed position or support, and with no alluring prospects. At the close of the same year, 1874, another man of like character and ability, Prof. E. Caporali, LL.D., the son of a Viennese baroness, left the Church of Rome and entered our communion in a similar way. He was a wide-ranging student of the German type, and carried forward his literary enterprises with great success, among other things publishing a scholastic work of an encyclopædic character of eight large volumes. A little later came a shock, felt throughout all Christendom, if newspaper comment is any indication, when Count Enrico di Campello, a canon of St. Peter's Church at the Vatican, after three years of frequent visits to Dr. Vernon, our superintendent, with whom there were prolonged discussions and earnest searchings for the truth, openly renounced Roman Catholicism and became a Methodist. There

was also Prof. Taglialatela, of Naples, whom Dr. Vernon received from the Roman Catholic professorship into the Methodist Episcopal Church, who now has four sons in our ministry, one of them, Alfredo Taglialatela, known as "the Savonarola of Italy." These are enough worthy names, though the list is long, to show the quality of many of our converts. I freely grant that many of them were poor, some very poor, they may even have been born in a stable and have envied the birds their nests and the foxes their holes. That his Grace should object to the activity of our ministers in making converts seems strange when we remember how the various agencies set on foot for that purpose are endeavoring to win Protestants.

Mention may be made of the "American Catholic Missionary Congress" held November 15-18, 1908, at Chicago, which boasted 25,055 "converts" through the "missions" of "the Paulist Fathers" to non-Catholics. (It is said that no Catholic is admitted to these innocent non-proselyting services unless attended by at least one Protestant.) This great public congress to rejoice over the conversions reported by a hundred missionaries was attended by "the Pope's legate bearing the triple Pontifical cross," officially endorsing the movement; and Cardinal Gibbons "gave his blessing." We do not object to these missions, but they make ridiculous the Romish outcry against our "proselyting" of Italians. We do not require persons coming to our revival meetings to bring a Catholic as a personal ticket.

The Archbishop is very much disturbed by the methods adopted by these zealots in their effort to win Roman Catholics. He solemnly declares to the listening world that one of their papers published a cartoon showing the Pope in an attitude different from that in which Roman Catholics are accustomed to think of him, and that they have applied epithets and terms to him that seem unsuitable to one of his dignity. The distinguished prelate ought to know that an epithet or opprobrious expression hurts only the man that uses it unless there is the force of fact and logic back of it, then it may stick and cause some discomfort. A cartoon, indeed! The ordinary politician has dignity enough to march right on and pay no attention to cartoons. But, His Holiness? After all, is it not a rather harmless way of expressing one's feelings toward those who have the presumption to hold religious opinions that cannot be approved, as compared with

the methods adopted by former Popes toward those who differed from them? Shades of the Inquisition answer! Ye who went up to your crowns from dungeons, from the rack, and from the stake, answer! Ye well know and can declare that the "revenges of history" have been very slow and gentle. The whirlwind now having the Vatican as its centre is very gentle indeed when we consider the "sowing to the wind" from that source during the Dark Ages. I could wish that the Archbishop had a little more confidence in the truth of his cause and the certain triumph of truth, than to be frightened by a cartoon and a few epithets. When John Wesley was vilely assailed and falsely accused he was about setting out on one of his preaching tours when his brother Charles rushed in and said: "You must not go, it will not do; you must stay and answer these calumnies." The great and good man looked at him and said: "Brother, when I gave myself to God, I gave him my reputation also, and he can take care of it"; and God and His Church have taken care of it without any interference on his part. We certainly do not approve any unworthy attack upon the Pope, but the way a ship behaves under fire proves whether it is pasteboard or steel-plated. Unjust attack is the good man's opportunity, and often his richest asset. The epithets hurled at Jesus Christ called forth some of His best utterances, and they are the dark background against which His character rises to-day large and luminous.

Serious complaint is made also that some editor in passing the Methodist publishing-house in Rome saw in a window the titles of some books that offended him. He did not so much as open one of them to see if they contained anything offensive or had any arguments for their support that were worthy of consideration, but at once raises a howl that reaches America and by the grace of an Archbishop gets to the classical pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. This condemnation of books that have not even been opened or read and the parading of "Methodist authorities" that are no authorities are all of one piece, and if the Methodists of Rome have so conducted themselves that such methods must be resorted to in order to discredit them, I am disposed to think they must be a pretty nice body of people. I suppose the Methodist bookstore in Rome, like the Methodist bookstores in this country, does a general book business, buying and selling according to the demands of trade within such limits

as seem proper for a religious bookstore. The matter is too trivial to occupy more space, especially as his Grace did not even see the titles himself but takes the word of another about them.

The Archbishop has some uncomplimentary things to say about our girls' school in Rome, claiming here to speak for once from personal knowledge. It is not a very dignified occupation to loiter about a female school and pick up the little items of gossip that always go out from such places, from the students that could not pass their examinations or that would not submit to necessary discipline, or from parents who thought their daughters did not receive proper recognition. He has nothing to allege that is worth a moment's attention outside of the board controlling the school where all his complaints would have received courteous attention and such measures would have been adopted as were found necessary to cure the evils complained of. This school has attracted the attention of the best families, and ranks as by far the best school for young ladies in Italy. The grandchildren of that world-renowed old patriot, Garibaldi, were educated in it, and one of them is now in charge of a branch of the institution. So great has been the demand on its accommodations that three new buildings are now in process of erection to meet the demand. It has character and strength enough to bear unhurt all the low gossip that may be handed around by those who like the commodity, even though an Archbishop stands sponsor for it.

He assails the memory of the eloquent and courtly Bishop Newman with a quotation from a sermon the bishop preached in Rome, in which he finds "a brutal attack on the papacy." Bishop Newman's words may sound harsh in the ears of the partisans of the Pope, but if what rival Popes have said about one another was true and infallible, and if what the most able and devout priests from Savonarola to our times have said about the priesthood in general may be accepted as true, then the utterance of Bishop Newman seems mild and gentle. As for Bishop Burt, "his works praise him," and being very much alive he is able to speak for himself, if the occasion requires it, which I apprehend it does not.

Having given so much space to these unimportant matters of a gossipy nature that were worthy of notice only because of the eminence of their author and the dignity of the forum where they appeared, we may now turn to matters of more substance

and weight. The main question now faces us, why did the Methodist Episcopal Church go into Italy? Rev. Leroy M. Vernon, D.D., was sent to Italy in 1871 after a very thorough discussion of the propriety of such a movement in which all phases of the question were considered. It is but just to say that some very able men were not convinced by the arguments that carried a majority of the Board in favor of the measure. There was no lack of consideration for the feelings of our brethren of the great communion that would seem to be antagonized by the measure, nor were the delicate questions of propriety and courtesy to another form of Christian faith overlooked. But after thorough discussion the majority felt it to be their solemn duty to open a mission in Italy.

One of the most influential considerations in favor of the Italian mission was the great illiteracy among the Italian people. According to the Government report, it was seventy-one per cent. of the entire population. That is, in the eighteen million of people only twenty-nine out of a hundred could read and write. This was the outcome of more than a thousand years of Roman Catholic ministries, and there seemed little ground for expecting anything better in the future. The Church had put vast sums in great cathedrals, two of them at least representing an outlay of more than $100,000,000 each, more than the Methodist Episcopal Church had spent in its history for church buildings, and enough to have planted a schoolhouse in every Italian community and paid a teacher. The Roman Catholic Church seems to proceed upon the theory that it has rendered full service to a people when it has set up the institutions of Christianity among them; the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the other hand, has always held itself bound to teach the people and give them the opportunity for the largest intelligence as a necessary means to the best life. If the Roman Catholic Church would melt down into coin some of the silver bishops and virgins that stand idly around in the crypts of these cathedrals, and send it out to teach the people and raise up living temples of renewed royal men and women, we would all have more faith in the miracle-working power of relics and a new conception of the practical utility of bishops and virgins.

Another consideration that had great weight with the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church was the fact that

the men of Italy had to a very large extent reacted from the Roman Catholic Church and would not attend its services. Many of them had reacted to blank infidelity, others to bitter hatred of the Church, and many to simple indifference. The Methodist Episcopal Church, without any such ambitions as Archbishop Ireland and his "Methodist authority" attribute to it, felt that here was a call to minister to a people destitute of proper gospel privileges. This reaction was due in part to the moral sentiment against the practice of the Church in giving indulgences and allowing a traffic in them, as revolting to good taste as to true moral and religious feeling. Roman Catholics themselves have felt as keenly as any others the absurdity and the terrible demoralizing influences of this evil, some of them, as Luther did, reacting in the direction of reform, but the larger number in the direction of indifference and scepticism concerning all religious truth. The mass of men do not distinguish between the substance of truth held by the Church and an excrescence fastened on it by the cupidity of men. Another reason for the reaction is the abomination of the unholy traffic in relics. There never can be a race of inteliigent men loyal to a system of this kind, for everybody knows it is false and deceptive, largely for the purposes of financial gain. A number of different cathedrals profess to have the same relic and carry on a thriving traffic in exhibiting it to travellers, and all under the watchful oversight and blessing of the Church. There is no explanation or defence to be made, unless they extend the doctrine of transubstantiation to include the possibility of changing a piece of old iron also into a nail from the true cross. This outrage upon the common sense of mankind becomes more shocking and unendurable when the power of working miracles is attributed to these relics. Who that has ever seen it can forget the monstrosity of fraud and greed perpetrated in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem by a Roman Catholic monk? He meets the traveller with smiling face and offers for sale a wafer he has made from the Virgin's milk which he finds every morning on the floor of the stable where the Christ was nourished. Because on one occasion the supply was more than the infant Jesus required and it flowed out on the floor, so now for all time this miracle of the reappearing milk goes on repeating itself each day for the glory of God and the special benefit of this monk,

and the world is expected to believe this as a part of God's manifestation of Himself to men. Even worse is the gigantic fraud and hideous blasphemy of the pretended lighted torch at Easter in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. A few years ago its abuses became so shocking that the Governor of Jerusalem forbade its repetition. But the great swarm of pilgrims came no more to traffic and trade in Jerusalem, and there was such a clamor from the shopkeepers and all trading people that the Governor was induced to "restore the miracle," and every Easter the same gigantic fraud of the pretended descent of fire from heaven is perpetrated to the utter disgust of all intelligent people. I freely grant that the Roman Catholics are not alone guilty in this, for the Greek, Copt and Armenian churches join in the awful blasphemy of the Holy Ghost. I do not mean to intimate that Archbishop Ireland approves of these corrupt practices; many of the prelates and intelligent laymen of the Roman Catholic Church in America are as much opposed to these things as any Protestant can be, but the point I am making is that these abuses in the lands across seas have wrought the ruin of faith among observing and thinking people. The last census of Italy says that of all the States of Europe Italy has the largest number of men without any religious profession. It is undoubtedly true that "Rome, itself the centre of Catholicism, contains in its borders more sceptics and infidels than any city of its size in the world."

Other causes of this general reaction, such as the maintenance of large celibate classes of both sexes as servants of the Church among the hot-blooded, ignorant people of the far south and the state of morals that naturally result, might be given to account for that reaction from the Roman Catholic Church that appears in all European countries as well as in Italy. The question before the Methodist Episcopal Church was whether these reactionaries, believed to be a large majority of the whole population, should be left without religious culture and gospel ministries. The final decision was, that as the Master had "compassion" on the people who were "as sheep without a shepherd" and gave them bread for their hunger, so would the Methodist Episcopal Church provide for the starving of Italy.

Still another thing that seemed to justify the entrance of the Methodist Episcopal Church into Italy was the almost entire

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suspension of the preaching of the gospel in the Roman Catholic Churches of that unfortunate country. The priests contented themselves with the celebration of the Mass, and if they ventured upon any discourse to the people, it was usually about some question of civil or ecclesiastical administration, or concerning the history and miracle-working power of some relic, or a recitation of the traditions concerning some saint or holy virgin. The use of distinctly gospel themes and the preaching of the saving truths of the gospel were hardly known in the church of Italy maintained by the Roman Catholic Church. The Bible was excluded from Rome, and the people were left nothing at all but the mongrel system of pagan rites overlying and corrupting Christian truth that arose when the barbarian hordes from the north of Europe overran the beautiful plains of Italy and imposed many of their superstitions on the subdued, helpless people, to be incorporated into their ecclesiasticism, by which was brought about that eclipse of all that was brightest and best in Christian faith and manhood, recognized by all historians as "the Dark Ages." To restore the preaching of the gospel to Italy and to secure for its people the right to read the best literature in the world, that which has regenerated and elevated every land to which it has gone, that is, the Holy Scripture — this was the high purpose of the Methodist Episcopal Church in going into Italy, Archbishop Ireland and his "Methodist authorities" to the contrary notwithstanding. Never did a more heroic, courteous, and lofty-minded man set foot on the soil of Italy than he whom the Methodist Episcopal Church sent first to that glory-crowned land to unfurl the banner of a new unfolding of an old truth that once made it the garden of the world, and he received no instructions from the authorities of his Church to proselyte Roman Catholics, and he would have scorned them if he had. That the Methodists are not in Rome for the purpose of "proselyting Roman Catholics" is the testimony of Professor E. C. Riley, who if not "a Methodist authority" of Archbishop Ireland's kind, is at least a true and consistent friend of the church, and withal a competent and intelligent witness. He says in the "Central Christian Advocate" for April 20th, 1910:

"It is not true, as I know from intimate acquaintance with the Methodist work and workers in Rome, that the Methodist Church is

guilty of insulting agitation and offensive proselytism which constitute a real warfare against the Holy Father and the Catholic religion. The Methodists have their hands more than full with those who come to them believing nothing and seeking light. Crandon Hall, in which I lived and taught for a year, is patronized by daughters of officials and leading families in Italy. The young ladies pay their own expenses, and the school is so overcrowded that it has been obliged to seek more capacious quarters outside Porta Salaria. Pope Leo XIII offered indulgences of no less than twenty-five days to any one who would keep pupils from the school! Although no proselyting has been done by the school or its friends, the attendance has been between two and three hundred. Miss Italia Garibaldi, granddaughter of the great General, has charge of the Garibaldi school for poor girls. She says she has never sought a pupil, but she cannot begin to accommodate all who come."

Everybody else connected with or acquainted with our work in Italy, except his Grace's "Methodist authorities," knows that "proselyting from the Roman Catholic Church" is no part of our mission in Rome.

I might present other considerations that were influential with our Missionary Board if space permitted and the argument required it, but it is always well to keep some ammunition in reserve. I have not and I would not touch certain moral conditions in Catholic countries that are well known to all well-informed people. The Roman Catholic Church ought to appreciate the courtesy and delicate respect of our Methodist and other Protestant editors in not detailing the awful conditions revealed when the lid was lifted off of the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba. I know that his Grace and the great body of Catholics in America condemn these things as heartily as the most pronounced Protestant does, but he can hardly deny that the Roman administration, if not responsible for them directly, is indirectly responsible, because it allowed them when it had power to suppress them. I believe the Archbishop is using his influence for a better life in all Catholic countries, and I trust the self-restraint of our editors will continue and that we shall have no nauseating discussion of things unsuitable for refined ears. I assure his Grace that we will all be delighted to aid him in any way within our power in concealing and curing the reproach of Zion. I would despise Protestantism if it gloried in parading the sins of the organization against which it is in protest, and I am sure it never will unless driven from its manifest discretion by continued misrepresentations and false accusations. We have in

America the purest and best branch of the Roman Catholic Church to be found in the world, and we are ready to second its efforts in any way it will allow us to lift other Catholic countries to a higher moral and spiritual plane. May we not hope that there will be no more carping criticism, ransacking the earth for materials of accusation, magnifying of trifles, false constructions of motives, uncharitable judgments, and instead the cultivation of the spirit of unity, forbearance, and good-will? The world greatly needs the pure simple gospel of Christ, and it matters very little whether it receives it through Roman Catholic or Protestant channels, so it is pure and uncorrupted. The grand old Roman Catholic Church has had a long voyage, sailing through many very salty seas in the Dark Ages, and it is not strange if it accumulated a great many barnacles that disfigure and hinder it, and if it would consent to a good Protestant dry-docking I am sure we would not hurt a single plate of its hull made of fundamental theological doctrines and would then send it on its glorious way freed only of its human traditions, decrees of councils, and ecclesiastical pretensions that cause it so to roll and flounder in the rough sea in which it finds itself.

If there are any legitimate complaints against the Methodists in Rome, the constituted authorities will be prompt to consider and deal with them as their merits require. It would seem to be ordinary Christian prudence, however, to first notify the authorities of the Church of the matters complained of, in a courteous, formal way, before spreading them abroad in the secular prints. If his Grace, or any prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, will furnish competent proof of immoral conduct in any of our ministers or teachers in Italy, I am willing to assume the responsibility for having them expelled from the Italian conference and from membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. J. Walling Clark, superintendent of the mission, is a man of high culture, fine abilities, and most courteous Christian character. I have known him from his student days and will vouch for him that he will treat with utmost courtesy, sincerity and fidelity any complaints or suggestions made to him by any prelate of the Roman Catholic Church.

S. M. VERNON.

THE DIALECTIC IMAGINATION.

BY JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, PROFESSOR OF LOGIC IN PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

It is no doubt natural, in a way, to associate the play of the imagination exclusively with the artistic temperament, and to think that it has no place in the experience of one who is immersed in the busy affairs of life and is brought into daily contact with plain facts and prosaic situations. On the contrary, however, there is a very important function which the imagination performs in the more sober processes of reason as well as in the flights of fancy. In matters of sentiment, of feeling, of taste, the imagination appears at play. In the offices of reason it serves quite a different function. It is there the imagination at work. The phrase, the dialectic imagination, will express this peculiar function—that of facilitating the work of the reason in the effort to solve the matter-of-fact problems of life. It is a function which is essentially logical.

This is the kind of imagination which builds upon fact. It is not merely the plaything of the fancy; it is an instrument of the reason. The business of interpreting the every-day experiences of life, and compelling them to serve ends of the greatest efficiency, is an art which in an especial sense is dependent upon the collaboration of the imagination. The imagination thus acts as the conceiving function of the mind. A fact, as a brute fact merely, is a matter of simple observation. The imagination is the mind's contribution to the given fact. No fact by itself is self-illuminating. It is like a diamond which is placed in a dark room. The light of a well-furnished mind must illumine the fact before it will flash back its radiance. The imagination is the eye of the mind. It is the inner vision alone which is capable of interpreting what the outer vision can only report. The hidden

significance which any fact may possess, its relation to other facts, what it may suggest, its value in terms of the uses to which it may be put, all arise from the activity of the imagination. Every fact—that is, every significant fact—is to the mind so much raw material suggestive of indefinite possibilities. It has to be fashioned by the thought. It is to the mind what the block of marble is to the fancy of the sculptor. It must be dominated by an idea—that is, by the imagination.

A resourceful man in dealing with the every-day facts of experience must be able to picture them in a variety of possible settings and relations. He should possess what I would call the hypothetical instinct, the art of suggesting certain suppositions and of premising their necessary consequences. It is the ability to see the effect in the cause and the cause in the effect. The one who may have this gift is able to perform a series of ideal experiments with the facts in his possession. It is not necessary to put them to any actual test; in all probability it will be impossible or at least impracticable to do so. His imagination, however, can sketch in fancy various probable results which he will therefore accept or discard as a reasonable working hypothesis according to their promise of rewarding realization. A skill in supposition is merely a phase of the art of imagination.

Our body of knowledge is nothing more than an amorphous mass of unrelated facts unless it is touched by the imagination. The fancy gives form to knowledge, relating part to part and part to the whole. It exercises the art of generalship in massing facts in proper order and sequence, and in directing their movement according to a comprehensive plan. The body of knowledge must have life also as well as form. Fact without fancy is dead. The imagination, therefore, must be summoned in order to give life to knowledge.

In all reasoning the mind puts together its material in some new combination possessing a significance which the various parts taken separately could not in the remotest manner reveal. The power to work out new combinations of old material is the peculiar function of the imagination which in this manner gives a touch of originality even to the most commonplace tasks of life. By the constructive processes of the imagination every form of activity is widened in scope and deepened in efficiency by the brooding thought which sees things in the light of what they may

become. It is the imagination which both sees the need and is capable of devising the means to meet it.

This provokes necessarily a critical spirit, a spirit of restlessness which chafes under the imperfections of the present because a vision of a better future sways before it. Discontent which is resourceful acts as a spur to the imagination. It is also the spirit of progress which discovers the possibility of improvement and presses towards its realization. An unimaginative people are proverbially unprogressive. They are satisfied with the present because they see no future. "Where there is no vision the people perish." However, the vision which comes to the prophet or to the far-seeing statesman is not merely the chance creation of the fancy. It is not the poet's vision. As Leibniz has said, "Every present is big with the future," and so the imagination which discerns the future is the imagination which sees and is able to interpret the necessary implications of the present. The seer's vision must be founded upon insight; otherwise his foresight can have no substantial basis in reality. The imagination pictures the future significantly only when the future appears as a necessary consequence of present conditions. It does not merely come after the present; it grows out of it. How can we know what is possible unless at the same time we are able to penetrate beneath the surface of what is actual? Penetration, indeed, is the root of prophecy. The imagination, therefore, cannot swing clear of the reason. Although in a certain sense the imagination is free, yet nevertheless it is conditioned. Its dependence in this phase of its activity is upon the guidance of the reason, and that in no sense is a limitation of its real freedom. That is a poor freedom indeed which scorns the lead of the reason, for the fancy which waits upon wisdom has by no means lost its spontaneity or the spirit of originality. The imagination in its æsthetic ventures may enter a region where the prosaic circumstances of life and the actual conditions of existence are consciously left behind; but throughout this sphere it is the imagination at play rather than at work. Even here it might be shown that the play of the fancy must indirectly at least obey those rules of the game which reality prescribes and the reason formulates. The unreal world of adventure, romance or poetry must nevertheless present a show of verisimilitude.

My contention is simply that the work of life, however prosaic

it may seem to be, calls for an imaginative mind — a mind of vision and yet not visionary, fertile in device and yet withal essentially reasonable, grounded in common sense and yet not a slave to the obvious, eminently capable of meeting the possibilities of the future because appreciative of the significance of present condition and circumstance. Reason without the imagination is impotent. It may be able to deal with the commonplace and the routine, but it is feebly inadequate to cope with hidden possibilities. It sees the actual, but overlooks those elements of a potential nature in which the secret of success may be discovered. It moves in the round of habit, but cuts out before it no path of progress or way of reform. Its conservatism is a concession to inertia rather than adherence to principle. Custom is the natural anæsthetic both of the mind and of the will. And if a man's imagination is deadened by disuse, he can never think vigorously or see keenly. He will yield to the circumstances which confront him, and will not be able to overcome the inevitable obstacles or compel them to serve his purposes. He is blind to opportunity and has never heard the challenge of circumstance. He has no desire to invade the regions of the possible. The unimaginative mind is the dull mind, plodding and persevering, it may be, but with no vital touch. It is so dominated by the usual and the ordinary that it is inhospitable to those larger ideas which might provoke its hidden powers.

The mind not only deals with facts and things, but it has to do with persons as well. To live with men, to work with them, to control and direct them, requires a special gift which is very intimately dependent upon the imagination. It is the art of picturing to oneself the point of view of the other man. It is an appreciation which is born of sympathy; and sympathy is only a special phase of the imagination. To know the possibilities of men is a higher art than to know the possibilities of things. To understand what men think, and especially what they feel, to appreciate their needs and desires, their weaknesses and limitations as well as their strength, requires a power of divination to a consummate degree. To provoke the possibilities of others, there must be some range of fancy within oneself.

The imagination, however, is not only the instrument of the reason, providing its premises, massing its argument, discovering its proof and revealing the various possibilities of its application.

It is more than this. It is the mind's support in those long stretches of patient expectation, when the predictions of reason have not yet been verified in fact. The intellect has its need of faith as well as the religious nature. The power to see the thing that must be and to believe in its ultimate fulfilment, to hope till hope creates

"From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,"

this is the high office of the imagination.

If, therefore, the imagination plays this important rôle throughout the whole range of our thinking, the question of its cultivation becomes a matter for serious consideration. It is a problem which concerns not merely the pleasures of appreciation and delights of the mind, but also the very efficiency and success of one's work itself. For this reason, then, there is a far greater need to exercise the powers of the imagination as a preparation for the practical pursuits of life than for the artistic. The artistic temperament is endowed by nature with the imaginative strain and its development will care for itself. But with a mind which is absorbed in affairs, it is far more imperative that the imagination should be quickened and its activity fashioned into habit.

It is rather a futile task to attempt the training of one's power of imagination in any direct manner; it is quite possible, on the other hand, to produce and foster an imaginative habit of mind by cultivating certain other habits which in turn will prove tributary to the end desired. Imagination is a spirit which must be wooed indirectly. There is, for instance, the possibility of quickening our powers of observation, not so much as regards the extent and accuracy of the external sense of sight, but rather in respect to the inner sense of interpretation and discernment. For it is the peculiar function of the mind's eye to correct the first impressions mediated by the senses, to amplify them, and, above all, to apprehend their deeper significance. The vision of thought always transcends the vision of sense. It was no flight of the fancy, but one of the more serious offices of imaginative reason which was capable of seeing behind the daily rising and setting of the sun, the complete Copernican programme of our solar system. This art of seeing beneath the surface and uncovering buried meanings is one in which we can acquire a skill if we will only take the pains persistently to exercise it.

There is still another habit which tends to stimulate our im-

aginative faculty, namely, the endeavor in the exercise of our memory to reconstruct the original elements of an experience rather than merely restate them. The ability to recall facts literally in the same order and relations as one originally observed them illustrates the lowest order of memory. The man who is a bore usually has a good memory, but he has no imagination. The art of conversation consists in a certain skill of omission as well as that of emphasis. What not to say and what to lay stress upon, the imagination with its selective instinct alone can determine.

There is all the difference in the world between learning a lesson which we can repeat upon occasion and mastering a truth so that it becomes the ready servant of our thought. To assimilate knowledge rather than receive it whole requires a functioning of our imagination, for we must in our thoughts so transform the original elements of an experience that we can free them from local and temporal color and from the setting of particular circumstance, rendering them available for our purposes in other situations of a wholly different character. What we learn in one setting we usually wish to use in another, for experience rarely repeats itself in precisely the same manner or in the same order of events. It is, therefore, necessary in the acquisition of knowledge that we should endeavor to grasp the salient features of every situation, determining their true significance by a sifting process which will separate the essential from the non-essential.

This art of giving a universal significance to a particular incident is due to subtle alchemy of the mind by means of which the elements of knowledge are transmuted into forms admitting of significant application throughout the whole range of thinking and of action. To acquire this art one should endeavor to cultivate the habit of mastering a principle rather than learning a rule. A principle differs from a rule in this respect that it can deal adequately with the special case. The exception never proves the rule; it may, however, disclose some fundamental principle which is capable of explaining the exceptional case. That time-honored saying that the exception proves the rule is merely a mistranslation of the Latin proverb, *exceptio regulam probat,* which should read: the exception *tests* the rule. No rule is sufficiently fortified to withstand such a test unless there is a recognized principle behind it. A rule is a mere order of procedure, and one who has learned the rule is utterly at a loss whenever a strange

situation suddenly confronts him to which the rule is not obviously applicable. It is necessary for him to penetrate the disguise of the exceptional case and to discover the fundamental principle behind it; and this is itself an act of the imagination.

Also much may be gained in increasing our powers of imagination by acquiring the habit of presenting to ourselves the problem which every significant experience in life suggests, namely, that of economy in adjusting means to ends. How may larger and more valuable ends be secured by a wiser choice of means? How may present conditions be improved? How may the traditional mistakes be avoided? How may we escape from the sway of the commonplace? These are some of the queries which tend to keep the mind alert and open to the possibility of a new order of things. The habit of contriving devices of improvement, or resourceful suggestion and progressive endeavor, is a constant spur to the imagination, whose power is increased with every new demand made upon it. Whatever the end of one's activity may be it must appear first of all in the form of an idea in the mind, an idea which sees the thing that ought to be and commands it. Reason may plan, but imagination holds the torch to light the way, and if a life is to have intelligent direction and successful issue it dare not scorn the lead of fancy born of reason.

The imagination, therefore, in the especial utility function which we have considered of increasing the sum total of life's efficiency is at the same time not wholly devoid of a certain æsthetical significance. For any labor which thought expands and directs according to a dominant idea is, in a sense, a work of art. There is always some one method which is superior in the completeness of its results to any other; there is always a way which is the most direct and most efficacious; there is always a process which gives the most valuable product; there is, in short, about everything, however prosaic and commonplace, an excellence which is ideal, and in whatever sense it is ideal it possesses an artistic value and significance. The craftsman who by the creative power of an idea discovers a hidden possibility in his craft and realizes it in actual form or deed is in that single respect at least an artist. It is the imagination which suggests possibilities of excellence, a better for every good, and beyond that a best whose shadow falls across attainment as a challenge and an inspiration.

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN.

SHALL THE NATION TAKE THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW?

BY FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT.

It was John Quincy Adams who said: "Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!" But Tacitus said it also—and said it first—some seventeen hundred years before. It is the first part of the injunction that each emphasized, and, since Adams's day, it has grown from the common to commonplace for other Presidential aspirants, incumbents and saviors of their country to bestir our patriotism with similar admonitions. Probably never, though, until Mr. Roosevelt's occupation of the office, did we have a President who was so zealous an advocate, so earnest a pleader for *posterity*.

"You are mighty poor Americans," avows Mr. Roosevelt, "if your care for the well-being of this country is limited to hoping that that well-being will last out your own generation." And he sounds warning that commercial disaster to the whole country is inevitable unless our forests can be made ready to meet the vast demands accompanying our future growth; that consideration of the fact that we are actually near such a crisis—within one generation of it, under present conditions—is now confronting the nation.

The early leaning exhibited by the Father of his Country toward tree-chopping has been splendidly imitated by his posterity. The millions of flashing blades of axe and saw that superseded the "little hatchet" have been wielded bravely and overtime since his day. Instead of flaking a few chips from a cherry tree, we now manage to topple enough trees annually to make forty billion board feet of lumber. For our yearly fire-wood, we stack up 100,000,000 cords. Being great home-builders, our little item

for shingles and lathes is $30,000,000. Our national barrel bill, represented by the same amount, is something shocking, considering that Kentucky is shown to be largely responsible for it. Another thirty-million expenditure goes into mine-timber, posts, poles and other products. Every time the second-hand of your watch steps around its little circle, our marvellous activities have consumed over 1,900 posts and poles; it surpasses a billion in a year. In the matter of telegraph and telephone poles alone, the number of trees that yield their bodies in yearly sacrifice for this lofty purpose is three and one-half million; enough, if set forty feet apart, to string a wire from North to South Pole and back again, or once around the world.

And this is only a beginning; for it is when we come to the railroads that we are stunned by magnitudes. They demand the product each year of nearly one million forest acres; in other words, the annual denuding of a forest area just equal to the space occupied by our twenty largest cities. Much of this lumber goes into rolling-stock, bridges, fence-posts and various building materials, but over half is required for the single item of cross-ties. We speak heartlessly of "Weary Willies counting cross-ties," without realizing the tragic magnitude involved in such a census; for the counting would total 620 millions of cross-ties in the vast mesh of our American railways; 118 million brand-new ones being required annually.

Did you ever get your mental fingers around the fact that the value of all manufactured products of the United States exceeds that of Great Britain and Ireland, Germany and France combined? It is really not easy to get a good grip on what this means, but when you do have it safely in hand—can feel the bigness, the weight of it—take note of the little detail that the one single item of lumber ranks fourth among all the industries going to sum up this colossal national pre-eminence. Foods, textiles, iron and lumber; these four, with their kindred products, are the only ones of all our manufactures that require more than nine figures to express the value of the output. This is convincing enough as to the magnitude of wood as a factor; it is tremendous, astonishing, satisfying. It is the kind of "thriller" the American business man delights in when he tilts with the British merchant abroad and diverts himself by taking twists in the Leonine tail.

But all of this magnificent enterprise with wood points to the cutting of a deal of timber; means the sacrifice of trees, world without end. When we say that last year, in the United States, we cut twenty-three billion cubic feet of wood, it simply means that we cut enough with which to make a solid, mountainous block or cube of wood very considerably over one-half mile high.

Oh! we have been going the pace—literally cutting a wide swath—with our timber inheritance! A little matter of 746 billion board feet since 1880; enough to make a ballroom floor one inch thick over 25,000 square miles of area. All the dancers in the world could gather thereon, for it would cover the States of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Delaware. This means that in twenty-seven years we have used up an amount just equal to one-half of what was reported left standing at the last census (1900).

We have cut this timber because we needed it; and our activities and prosperity have absorbed it; and it would be all right if the increment of new timber kept pace with our cutting. But note the Government's official warning: "The present annual consumption of wood is from three to four times as great as the annual increment [growth] of our forest." If in 1900 we had about 1,400 billion feet left standing, what do you suppose we have to-day? In the twenty years previous to the last census, our population increased fifty-two per cent., but our cut of lumber increased ninety-four per cent. It seems certain that unless something is done, and done quickly, the wood-supply of this country will scarcely last out even another generation. "Twenty to thirty years" is the estimate given by ex-Chief Forester Pinchot, and this fiat gleams like red light athwart our way.

Thirty years! A treeless, woodless land in thirty years! Why, if we could believe or realize it, it would be appalling. Yet, if we were to begin reforesting our denuded country to-day, it would be one hundred and thirty years before the crop of trees would reach the average age of those which we cut for timber in the year 1909. These one hundred and thirty years-old trees which we are felling to-day were saplings when Germany, having squandered her forest domain, was in very much the condition we are now. At that time, when the smoke of the guns of the

"Minute Men" at Lexington still hovered on the edge of a Massachusetts forest, the Germans were bravely planting trees upon the sites their ancestors had cleared. And now, the trees that they planted are forests, carefully conserved; and that Massachusetts forest through which the Minute Men marched has long since passed away. In other words, in the whirligig of time we are where the Germans were one hundred and thirty years ago.

But in the matter of the forests, aside from the mere question of future timber provision, it is apparent that in most of the East and Middle West the process of denudation has about reached the extreme limit of prudence. The alarmed attention of thoughtful Easterners is being directed more and more every year to the unbalanced alterations of floods and droughts consequent upon the reckless spoliation of the timbered water-sheds and the consequent denuding of plateaus and slopes of their sponge-like, water-holding leaves, shrubs and grasses. The public has become educated to the fact that these things act as reservoirs, restraining and conserving the annual water-flow to springs and the tributary head-streams of rivers. We are beginning to understand pretty generally that, under the ideal condition, this flow is restrained and kept steady, permitting evaporation to proceed uniformly, with the result that rains minister seasonably to crops.

Not only this, but the humble service of the leaves and grasses helps to save something more precious, more essential to man than all the minerals yet unmined; this is the very bosom of Mother Earth itself—the soil. The fact of the abandonment of 1,000 worn-out farms in the State of New York made occasion two or three years ago for a foregathering at Syracuse to consider remedial measures. But westward, to the Missi[illegible] farmers are uniformly confronted by the same calam[illegible]asting of soil tissue. We have reached a point now where American farmers are expending fifty-five millions a year on fertilizers, while our rivers are casting into the arms of the sea millions of tons of that precious transmuting powder that Nature, in her laboratory, has been ages in compounding. One river alone—the great Mississippi—expels into the Gulf every year enough silt to make a solid plateau 260 feet high with a base of one mile square; or expressed mathematically in other terms, a quantity of finely divided soil sufficient to plaster to the depth of one foot over 16[illegible] million acres of abandoned farms.

Are we going to be as penitent and wise as Germany, now that we have had our fling, or shall we continue to revel in our timber greed, "let posterity go hang"—as one lumber baron expresses it—and leave after us a legacy of naked hills scourged by torrential rains, valleys swept by Johnstown Floods, river-beds choked with silt, with all the accompaniments of drought, deprivation for man and beast, famine and pestilence?

Conditions we find to-day in many older countries are prophetic of our fate. Long ago the French were sobered by some of these problems and passed restrictive laws governing tree-cutting upon both public and private domains. They have recently appropriated $18,000,000 for more tree-planting, an amount equal to the damage wrought in four years by the floods of our own Ohio. China's civilization at the end of her 2,000 years is an object-lesson of hapless conditions peculiar to a tree-less land. The Orient that we read of as once flowing with milk and honey is another deforested world that has had its day. Spain, once the granary of the world, is an agricultural wreck due to conditions which her statesmen ascribe to the destruction of her forests.

But in all the history of the world, no country has been so wantonly destructive of its forested area as our own. Fifty years ago, the Northeastern States furnished over half of the total lumber product of this country; to-day they furnish less than one-sixth. As for the Lake States, their product has been rapidly decreasing since 1890; that of the Southern States is now at its maximum with thirty-five per cent.; and now Forest-Inspector Kellogg points out that "the time of the ascendency of the Pacific States is rapidly approaching." He adds significantly that "there will be no more shifting after the Pacific States take first place, since there is no new region of virgin timber to turn to."

Therefore, the West—the far West—is soon to be the last rallying-ground of the nation's timber reserve. Beyond the Rockies lie the grandest forests in the world. The one Pacific State of Oregon, alone, easily contains more timber than all of New England, with Ohio, New Jersey and little Delaware thrown in. And it is here in the far West that Uncle Sam owns that great domain called the Public Lands—a vast ramifying area withheld from the newer communities when they passed from territories into States.

Rare indeed is the wealth of mineral deposits that Nature has hidden under the surface of our public lands. Some of the stores of recoverable coal seem almost inexhaustible. The coal lands of Routt County in Colorado which were withdrawn from entry by order of ex-President Roosevelt, are alone estimated to contain a volume of coal equal to all that the nation has burned up within the period of its existence. The ex-President's avowed purpose in temporarily withdrawing these coal lands from entry was not to rob the citizen of his heritage, but to prevent this wealth from passing into the hands of large private owners, as is the case in the East, and as, unhappily, has been the case with the timber wealth of almost the entire country; his purpose, expressed in his own words, is: "To get our people to look ahead, to exercise foresight, and to substitute a planned and orderly development of our resources in the place of a haphazard striving for immediate profit." Moreover, the ex-President reminded us that unorganized or mineral resources, once consumed, can never be replaced, such stores not being accumulative within the span of any nation's life. On the other hand, a timber stand, if properly administered, is like a well-regulated farm, and can be made to yield a product for a thousand years. At the end of this period, it should contain as many trees as the day the woodman's blade was first applied.

Among the "natural resources" belonging to the nation not the least in value is the grazing forage upon the open public domain—what we call the "range." Through Nature's mysterious processes, millions of tons of grass which otherwise would go to waste are every year converted into good beef, hides, mutton and wool for the feeding and clothing of the nation. Unlike trees, this forage is a surface product having only a brief and passing value; it is the gift of a year; a benison for to-day rather than for to-morrow.

Conservationists have had it urged upon them that the great Western ranges are being destroyed by over-grazing and that there should be some system of Federal control and a tax assessed for the grazing privilege. However, these warnings and recommendations seem to come almost entirely from large stockmen and forestry officials, for Western communities have uniformly protested against and repudiated the representations. In fact, to-day, the cattleman of large operations is, in the very letter

and meaning of the words, being forced "to seek fresh fields and pastures new." He urges that the remaining 300 million acres reserved for settlement be turned over to lessees for grazing purposes, under a system of Federal control through the Forestry Service. Under this plan, large operators in cattle and sheep would be able to fence up blocks of as much as 10,000 acres for periods of ten years. It would be a stockmen's empire, actually larger in extent than Great Britain and Ireland, the German Empire and France.

With our countrymen of the Rocky Mountain States, the homesteader has first consideration; like the ex-President, they are "for the settler—first, last and always for the settler." And it is the homesteader on the public lands who is steadily and surely contracting the borders of the mighty empire over which the picturesque "cowboy" and "cattle baron" so long have reigned supreme. It is not to be wondered at that the latter views with dismay the encroachments of the man with the hoe and the plough and deprecates the appropriation to agriculture of what had come to be regarded as a private reserve—a boundless, grassy sea, created especially for vast fleets and "outfits" of tawny cattle which for so long have swept the untrammelled range.

But any system which will permit the public lands to be fenced up will probably retard settlement and place an inhibition upon the development of the West. In the words of the "Denver Republican":

> "Public lands should be held for people who will make homes and build up these commonwealths into great, prosperous, self-supporting members of the Union. To devote the range to lease-holders to be occupied by cattle and sheep would defeat this use; for, whatever might be said about the theoretical right to locate homesteads, every one knows that practically settlers would be excluded."

Lord Macaulay predicted that "the first great test of republican institutions will come to the United States coincidently with exhaustion of the area of available free homes." Whatever prescience lies in this statement only Time can reveal, but the nice precision in the word "available" is significant. Since the United States went into the land business, more than two billion acres on this continent have been acquired for sale and disposal. All that we have left is a small remnant reserved for free homes for the settler. We have 168 million acres in national forests

and, exclusive of Alaska, an unappropriated domain of 386,873,787 acres. This is the last of the nation's public lands. The public lands have ever been a shining target for some adventurous game. Many are the schemes, deviously and adroitly disguised as enterprises for the public weal, which the Congress has had to resolutely confront and thwart in recent years. We have grown wise from sad experience in the past. The West need have no apprehension of the East in the matter of the conservation of our natural resources, nor need the East cherish apprehension that the West is not anxious and capable in conserving conditions for its citizens of to-day as well as posterity.

Western people are the only ones directly in touch with our national forests. They, more than all others in the land, are interested in preserving these forests for the purposes originally contemplated by the public and the Congress—namely, conservation of timber growth and the protection of watersheds. It is my observation in the West that this original purpose is universally popular among all classes; therefore it would seem that the real responsibility for success of the institution of National Forests rests mainly in wise *administration.*

Shall the nation take thought for the morrow?

There is more in the question than appears upon its face. Probably the *crux* of it lies in this: We must take thought for the morrow, but we must not shut the door of opportunity in the face of our countrymen and contemporaries of to-day; we must be careful not to place impediments in the way of the development of our younger States.

On the other hand, there can be no East against West, nor West against East, in a land that is facing a national disaster in the calamitous sweeping away of its forests. It is a time for mutual understandings, concessions and co-operation; the end being, that in that far-off to-morrow, our children's children may still rejoice to find that

> "In the desert a fountain is springing;
> In the wide waste there still is a tree."

FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT.

HAECKEL, A COLOSSUS OF SCIENCE.

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

THE last Olympian figure of the science of evolution in the nineteenth century is that of the venerable, resolute and optimistic Ernst Haeckel. Like a Titan who has laid aside his arms and implements and composed himself to rest after a laborious and stormy life, he sits throned upon a mountain of masterly accomplishment and looks with a smile upon the new days in which the harvests of his thought are growing. This silver-haired, blue-eyed Luther of Science, gifted with the spirit of perennial youth, is the last of a small but mighty band. Darwin, Huxley and Spencer were the other great and contemporaneous lights of this system of suns. But as the most modern and the most active of them all, he may be said to embody in himself and his labors the latest expression of the theory of evolution.

The history of Haeckel's enormous achievements and his inspiring life forms one of the most stirring epics of human activities; the real significance of his herculean tasks and investigations still lies beyond conjecture in the summary of thought and culture. Few men, indeed, have so completely rounded out their purposes and plans, few have brought to so honorable and lofty a close the endeavors, ambitions and aspirations of their lives. About this vital and puissant personality of Haeckel, so warmly touched with all that is sweet, affable and human, so in contrast with the cold formalism of science, the dust-clouds of embittered contention have scarcely yet been laid. Fierce and persistent antagonism has been his, not so much because of the destructive tendency of his teachings as of that which was constructive. His teaching is not only the foe of the ancient and moribund creeds, but also their competitor. It has been bitterly resented that this master biologist, with his poetic imagination and salient impulse

towards philosophy, should have dared to venture beyond the boundaries of his particular branch of science to build up a creed or system of ethics for the modern man out of the facts of his investigations and the deductions of his vast research. It was not granted him to apply the truths he discovered to human life nor to shape a religion from them. Yet it is this very audacity that has given to him the glamour and the prestige he now enjoys, for he has been able to fire the imaginations of mankind in a measure hitherto attained by few men of science. Fearless, militant and exuberant crusader for truth, he has built himself a monument in the heads and hearts of humanity and has realized immortality while still living.

Born at Potsdam in 1834, he grew into a joyous child with large blue eyes and blond ringlets, and something of this ingenuous beauty and radiance of happiness has clung to the scientist through all his years. His first bent was towards botany, and for his encouragement in this he has remained eternally grateful to his mother, as witness this dedication of his "Indian Travel Letters" to her in her eighty-fourth year:

"It wast thou who from my earliest childhood didst nurture and perfect in me a feeling for the unending beauties of Nature. When I was a growing youth thou didst teach me in good time the value of the hours and the joy of work. Thou hast guided my various and changing destinies with all the inexhaustible care and devotion which find their expression only in that single word—Mother-love."

While the youthful Haeckel went botanizing beautifully through the fields, his awakened soul agitating itself with tremendous questions, the colossal intellect of Darwin was striving with its deep problems at his quiet Kentish home. Goethe had exercised a powerful influence upon the phantasy of Haeckel, and by degrees the crystalline conception of the cosmos held by the majestic poet began to dominate his thought. He began to seek God in the Nature about him. Humboldt's "Aspects of Nature," Schleiden's "Plants and Their Life" and Darwin's "Travels of a Scientist around the World" were three other works that formed and influenced him. Then, under the guidance of the famous Alexander Braun, the young and ambitious student made amazing progress in botany. But now entered the factor of parental authority with the command: "First choose a profession that will bring you bread before you take up with profitless hobbies!"

The profession of medicine was determined upon — medicine, through whose channels Haeckel was to be led from botany unto zoology. After three semesters at Würzburg he withdrew to Berlin and came under the potent influence of the great Johannes Müller, the magic of whose presence and personality was said to be irresistible. Under Müller he made a study of comparative anatomy. A splendid friendship sprang up between the master and his pupil, and in the fierce intensity of his studies Haeckel began to lose sight of the professional career in medicine to which his father hoped to see him devote himself. But at the request of the elder Haeckel he went back to the University of Würzburg for three further semesters. Here he became the pupil and later the assistant of the famous Rudolf Virchow, between whom and Haeckel there was to result in after years an unrelenting scientific antagonism.

"In three semesters," says Haeckel, "Virchow taught me the art of the most delicate analytical observation. But that which inspired me most during these days at Würzburg was Virchow's wide, prophetic insight and his deep philosophic and scientific ideas."

At last, to appease his father, young Haeckel settled down to the practice of medicine. It is with delicious irony that he tells of the three patients that sought his services, one with a sprained finger, another with a broken rib, the third with a slight fever. So that his time might be all his own for his passionate studying, Dr. Haeckel set his office hours between five and six in the morning! At last the stern father relented and permitted his son to sally forth to the Mediterranean to pursue his investigations. Full of the joy of life, and burning with a scientific ardor comparable only to that of a great creative artist, he roved through Italy, firmly set upon that road he was henceforth to follow to his vast ultimate renown.

While he was toiling beside the Strait of Messina, discovering new species of *Radiolaria*, that epochal work of Darwin's, "The Origin of Species," was quietly launched in London. Its effect upon Haeckel was overpowering. New beauties, truths and revelations burst upon him; the last shreds of doubt and the last fetters of superstition fell from him and life and the universe expanded before his vision as in an apotheosis. But the restless spirit of the young German could not confine itself to the narrow, purely

scientific limits imposed upon the theory of evolution by the conservative, unimaginative Darwin, still fearful of the thunders of aggressive orthodox theology. Haeckel's vision darted beyond that of the great Englishman and beheld in the portentous discovery—to use the words of one of his biographers, Dr. Otto Gramzow—"the germ of a new conception of the universe." And in the expansion and generalization of this idea lay all the subsequent strength and weakness of his philosophy. His impatience with capitulations to orthodoxy at once betrays itself:

"If Darwin still assumes a special act of creation for the primal species, I hold this to be inconsequential, and as it appears to me, not meant seriously. But entirely apart from this and other shortcomings, Darwin's theory has even now rendered the immortal service of having brought meaning and intelligence into the whole scheme of the relation of species."

In 1861, behold Haeckel as "privat-dozent" at Jena—the stronghold of the metaphysics of Hegel and the idealism of Schiller! In the following year, he was established in the chair of zoology at the university and married to his cousin, Anna Sethe. Then, in 1863, amid laughter, jeers and ridicule, he raised the banner of evolution in the face of all the assembled scientists of Germany at a congress in Stettin and closed his defiant utterance thus:

"These attacks will never stem Progress. For Progress is one of Nature's laws, which no human force, neither the arms of tyrants nor the curses of theology, can ever permanently crush."

Hostile camps formed themselves to wage war against the new idea, and at their head stood the imposing and dignified figure of Virchow. Haeckel calmly withdrew to his peaceful Jena to forge new weapons, and here, in 1864, Fate dealt him a terrible blow in the loss of his beloved wife. Driven almost to despair and threatened with a devastating melancholia, he sought to master his sorrow by plunging headlong into the stupendous labors that gave to the world his monumental work on "General Morphology." Three or four hours' sleep was all he allowed himself, and when the work was completed he lay exhausted. Then followed a brief visit to Darwin at Down, in Kent. Haeckel's words upon this meeting are interesting:

"As the coach stopped before the cheerful, ivy-covered country house, shaded by fine elms, I saw the great investigator coming towards me.

He stepped from out the shadow of the vine-mantled porch — a tall, venerable figure, with the bowed shoulders of an Atlas, carrying a world of thought, a Jovean brow like that of Goethe, lofty and broadly vaulted, furrowed deep by the plough of intellectual toil, soft, kindly eyes overshadowed by a heavy pent-house roof of beetling brows, and a sensitive mouth framed by an opulent, silver-white beard. The hearty, captivating expression of the whole face, the sweet, soft voice, the slow, thoughtful utterance, the natural and naif succession of ideas in his conversation, took my whole heart by storm, just as his great masterpiece had before seized upon my whole intellect. It seemed to me that I stood in the living presence of some exalted cosmic sage, some Socrates or Aristotle."

Darwin confessed his adherence to the views of Haeckel, yet the conservatism of the older man acted at times as a restraint upon his zealous disciple. Then came Haeckel's journey to the Canary Islands, originally for recuperation, yet resulting in many fertile labors. Indefatigable, constant work, book after book given to the world, thousands of scholars following the growing light of his fame and crowding his classes, his whole effort bent upon diffusing the knowledge he gathered with such pains and precision —these things now filled Ernst Haeckel's life year after year.

In 1877 came the famous clash with Virchow, brought about by Hackel's advocating the teaching of evolution in the common schools in his lecture at Münich, "The Present Study of Evolution in its Relation to General Knowledge." Virchow in a strangely reactionary spirit and malevolent manner attacked his former pupil in a discourse entitled, "Concerning the Freedom of Science in Modern Government." He denounced Darwinism as socialistic and called for strenuous opposition to it. Haeckel, in a brilliant and masterly brochure, "Free Science and Free Instruction," gave a triumphant answer to his former teacher. Even the gentle Darwin was moved to write his friend:

"Virchow's conduct is shameful, and I hope he will some day feel the shame."

Haeckel's attitude of challenge towards all that would impede him in his fearless search for truth marshalled many enemies against him. One distinguished theologian sought to cut short his professorial career by direct appeal to the old Archduke Karl Alexander, a veteran of the great days of Weimar, who had been face to face with Goethe.

"Do you think that this man really believes the things he teaches?" the Archduke asked the minister.

"Yes, that is just the trouble—I'm sure he does."

"Well, then, he is merely doing the very same thing as yourself," remarked the Archduke, dryly, and the audience was closed.

Tempting offers, with royal salaries attached, were made to Professor Haeckel to occupy the chairs of zoology and biology at the great English and American universities, but in vain, for nothing would induce him to leave his ancient and beloved Jena, that fortress of intellectual strength and liberty. Over forty eminent scientific works now stood to his credit, as well as innumerable medals, diplomas and titles, for every year brought fresh honors.

Nevertheless, it was only with the publication of his great "Riddle of the Universe" in 1899, followed by "The Wonders of Life" in 1904, that the arrows of his thought and aspiration found their marks in the minds of mankind at large. The colossal success of the controversial "Riddle" was something unparalleled in the history of works of science. It popularized and made plain the natural philosophy and religion of Haeckel's Monism to minds that had hitherto remained untouched by a single ray of the serene light of modern investigation. This work has been translated into over a score of languages, and almost equal in number its readers, from the humblest to the most cultured, those of the Bible. Whirlwinds of passionate attack and defence followed upon the rapid editions of the book, which, imperfect sketch that the master proclaimed it, was nevertheless seized upon, not as propounding, but as dogmatically answering those tremendous enigmas before which man has stood silent and aghast since the dawn of time. To many it seemed heresy that a scientist should dare utter a philosophy of religious ethics or hypotheses that were but daring conjectures. With these two works, Haeckel sought to write *Finis* under the enormous labors of his lifetime, sought to cap the apex of his achievements with this brilliant and final burst of his genius, a climax that presented with all the remarkable vision and absorbing romance of truth, the results of his ceaseless probing into the mysterious sources of existence. The magnificent accomplishment of the aged thinker was like the heroic charge of some youthful Titan upon the brazen heavens where the gods of old were throned. Its effect upon the public was one of mingled terror, amazement, furious resentment and wide-spread acclaim.

The great riddles which Haeckel propounds are four: Man,

Soul, World and God. It will prove luminous to seize briefly upon the essence of Haeckel's Monism, and his comprehensive conception of Substance and its all-pervading laws. It is on this point that the philosopher of Jena has been attacked as a gross materialist, a worm that preferred the dust, a being of the earth earthy, since the very term itself is fraught with a false and debasing significance. From Haeckel we must revert to Spinoza for the first lucid and unified modern conception of substance, for in his view, substance is the one recognizable expression of the cosmos. Substance manifests itself in the universe in the attributes of Thought and Extension. In the field of Thought we realize psychic phenomena; in the field of Extension, corporeality as individual manifestations or activities of substance. There is but one Substance, and Matter and Energy are its inseparable attributes. Two distinct scientific axioms support this inalienable truth. The first is the chemical law of the Conservation of Matter, discovered by Lavoisier in 1789: Matter can undergo no annihilation, but merely a manifold alteration. The second axiom is the co-related law of the Conservation of Energy, discovered by Robert Mayer in 1842, The Sum of all Active Energy in Space is Absolutely Constant. As matter is indestructible, so too is energy. When a force expends itself, it is merely converted into another force. Mechanics, heat, light, electricity, thought itself, as verified by the modern processes of mental healing and the many vague irregularities of "new thought," are all but forms or modifications of this original primal force.

Chemistry has made plausible the analogous hypothesis of an original or primal matter to which it has given the name of protyl. Therefore, if these laws apply to both the organic and the inorganic world all Being is merely a constant exchange of Force accompanied by a constant exchange of Matter. And since Force and Matter are but attributes of one and the same thing, the Law of Substance remains distinct as the one basic canon of the universe. It governs the unity of the world and against its everlasting immutability the fanciful structures of metaphysics crumble into a heap. Upon these simple, fundamental and incontrovertible truths of the Law of Substance the philosophy of Monism has been built up. It is incompatible with all ancient dualistic conceptions of Deity and the World, Spirit and Nature,

Force and Matter. It has placed the helm of human progress, thought and spiritual development in the hands of the greater natural philosophy as the power which is alone able to satisfy the demands of modern reason.

The Monism of to-day is, however, still an imperfect and incomplete system. There is still many a gap, and many an hiatus, and these the daring and speculative mind of Haeckel has ventured to bridge in anticipation. He guesses, undauntedly, at the solutions of the stupendous riddles, and stands inflexibly upon his basic fact of the divine all-inclusive nature of Substance—its immutability, its motion, its sentience and its innate will. As science pushed her bright ramparts farther and farther into the darkest fields of the unknown the enthusiastic Haeckel was ill content to remain passively sheltered behind the slowly growing mounds of facts, but leaped boldly into the breach and flung his trained imagination forward beyond the lines. Induction and deduction are his weapons, howsoever the shield of logic sometimes fails to cover him in the fields of what is still inscrutable. Yet even here his method must be held to be the only possible one through which the sphere of knowledge may be enlarged. For to him the "soul" is not a substance, but a phenomenon of Nature, and therefore psychology becomes inevitably a part of natural science, and its only possible and reasonable method of study naturally falls into the divisions of observation, experiment, evolution and philosophical speculation.

For Haeckel there can be no reconciliation between faith and knowledge, as in the grotesque and pathetic attempts of Sir Oliver Lodge;—for to him there is but one real source of truth and that is Nature. His method is entirely realistic and Aristotelian. The ethical and moral significance of the world-religion of Monism he bases upon the three inspiring ideals of the True, the Good and the Beautiful, deeming these sufficient for the most exalted life of man. In this he speaks again as Spinoza and Goethe spoke. He has even declared the establishment of a cultural Monistic Church to be one of the tasks of the twentieth century—"a church upon whose high altar the figure of Urania may be throned, symbolizing in the movements of the heavenly bodies, the almighty operation of the eternal Law of Substance."

Serene, crowned with kingly honors and filled with a radiant optimism and a deep faith in humanity, this aged Homeric

thinker now lives in retirement at his handsome villa in idyllic Jena. To look into the mellow, clear blue eye, to listen to the buoyant and youthful enthusiasm of his speech or hear the wonderful crystalline laughter ringing from a heart of almost child-like innocence, are the more impressive as they stand in relation to the Titanic mind, energy and achievement represented by the famous evolutionist. His silver locks bared to the autumn sun, we walked together through the pretty streets of the picturesque Thüringian town, he chatting gayly and swinging his great pilgrim's hat of soft beaver—a peculiar headgear resembling the slouch hats of Bismarck. Some unknown admirer of the scientist sends him one of these costly hats every four months. Close to the Zoological Institute nestles a little garden above a brook which flows past Haeckel's study windows. Here we sat down before a massive stone table—the same at which Schiller wrote his "Wallenstein," and Goethe drank his Rhenish wine in the fair old days. Later, as we strode through the charming public park called "Das Paradies," or edged along the waterways of Jena's "Little Venice," Haeckel, speaking happily as one speaks of his family or familiars, touched upon the diversified plant and animal life in air, earth and water. A sweep of his hand, a few words, and the beauty of the surrounding hills lay expressed in poetic phrases or their ancient secrets revealed in geologic terms.

In his study lie the monuments of his toil, arousing in the beholder an inevitable astonishment even at their physical magnitude. His more than fifty volumes were all written and copied by his own hand, the thousands of exact and delicate drawings in his works were all executed by himself, the endless specimens in his museum were gathered, mounted and labelled without the help of a single person other than his faithful old body-servant, Pohle. The artist soul in Haeckel often leaps to the fore both in pictorial and literary expression. His huge portfolios bulge with over a thousand landscape sketches in water-color, executed with a fine, free technique and splendid color sense—glimpses of Ceylon and India, Roman ruins, ice fields and bergs, Norwegian fjords, seascapes of Corsica, Java or Teneriffe, deserts of Africa and mountains of Malaysia—all these he laid before me with a joy beautiful to behold. He has brought new *motifs* and materials to the art-world in the shape of wonderful shells, ethereal forms and iridescent colorings of strange, graceful ani-

mals flower-like and translucent as spirits. Many artists, designers and architects have begun to make use of this fresh material as presented to them in his recent work, "Art-forms of Nature."

"Science shall give new life to all the arts," he said to me; "poetry itself shall find a new and noble inspiration here and grow greater since it will feed on greater truths."

On February 16th of last year, the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, Haeckel resigned his professorship at Jena. Great festivities were held in his honor, but contrary to his desire. The students gave a torchlight procession, the Kaiser, whom he had at times criticised, had conferred upon him the title of Excellency, State Councillor, and tributes, eulogies and gifts rained upon him from everywhere. He dedicated a splendid new building, the Museum of Evolution, as a gift to the University. It was built at his own expense and is the only institution of its kind in the world. The frescoes of its many rooms consist of vivid adaptations of wonderful deep-sea forms of life. Haeckel's entire time is now devoted to the installation of the countless exhibits, so that this monument may stand as the sum and symbol of the Evolution of to-day, as he himself may be said to be the greatest expression and exponent of the life philosophy he has built upon it.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

WAR AND PEACE: THE MILITARY POINT OF VIEW.

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. MONROE, COAST ARTILLERY CORPS, U. S. A.

In Rousseau's words, "War is the foulest fiend ever vomited forth from the mouth of hell"; and the same outcry against war has been heard in every age of the world's history. Poets, philosophers, historians, the sacred books of the East,—all unite in condemning war. In each successive age till now, war has incurred the fiercest denunciations of the holiest, wisest and best of men; and of all men, none are more in sympathy with the public sentiment against war than military men. Eminent soldiers have testified to their abhorrence of war. Napoleon declared it the trade of barbarians. Wellington wrote to Lord Shaftesbury: "War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another." Washington said, "My first wish is to see this plague of mankind, war, banished from the earth." General Sherman wrote that he was "tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded, who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is Hell."

Primitive man was a savage, endowed with cruel and ferocious instincts, but likewise with moral sensibility and gentler virtues, destined to work the miracle of civilization. Age upon age elapsed, century after century passed into antiquity, before there began to move within the human breast the mysterious influences of enlightenment and culture. The first groping of mankind towards enlightenment seems to have manifested itself in a crude and vague religious sense, with a glimmering recognition of a supreme being and the admission of authority predominating over the will. Yielding to fear, no doubt, the pagan mind sur-

rendered a portion of its primitive self-sufficiency; and stubbornly and rebelliously man was forced by the gods of pagan mythology to admit his impuissance and weakness in the presence of authority. This sanction of authority, with its origin in fetichism and superstition, is the cornerstone of the vast and magnificent structure which we call civilization.

All down the ages men have been coming more and more under the restraining influences of authority. The pages of history reek with the bloodshed of contests for supremacy. For be it known, mankind has never willingly submitted to authority. The downfall of the feudal system, the defiance of papal authority, and the denial of the divine right of kings are but successive steps in the grand march of civilization towards universal autonomy, towards the recognition of authority, when every man shall be free, recognizing clearly the freedom of other men, and the world, at last, shall be at peace. Civilization has not reached that point yet, far from it. National life to-day is a struggle, as it has always been, a contest for supremacy and maintenance of sovereignty.

It has been truly said that so long as selfishness and greed and the willingness and the brutality to do injustice continue in this world, we must have the policeman; and the international policeman whose presence makes the use of his club unnecessary is the army and the navy. But the idealist, in his impatience, turns upon the army and navy in derision and anger, like the bull when he spies the red flag at the crossing, charging madly upon the innocent symbol of danger, but deaf to the rush and the roar and the shriek of the engine. In a frenzied diatribe, entitled "The Delusion of Militarism," which appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly," March, 1909, the Rev. Charles Edward Jefferson, D.D., considers his "turbulent and war-rumor-tormented" twentieth century, and reaches the conclusion that "the world is bewildered and plagued, harassed and tormented by an awful delusion," that "the nations are in the clutches of the militarists and no way of escape has yet been discovered." A veritable Rip Van Winkle, while he rubs his eyes and is able to discern only phantoms of his own sick imagination, the world is still advancing in its struggle towards universal autonomy.

Peace will come with the universal admission of authority; and that is the ideal of civilization, but how far mankind is from

the achievement of the ideal is easily seen. Civilization, culture, polish, refinement,—all these terms have reference to a change in man, not indeed natural but exceedingly artificial and moral in its nature. Let it not be forgotten, men do not yield willingly to authority. It has been truly said that laws are capable of enforcement only so far as they are in agreement with the opinions of the community in which they are to be enforced. In other words, the force of law is the public opinion which prescribes it. The grace of civilization is like a yoke; the moral virtues are all sacrificial. Human will is stubborn and submits with difficulty to any recognition of authority; and how persistent a trait of human nature it is, we very well know. The ideal of civilization is so far from achievement that we may say: civilization is only a crust; culture, a veneer; polish and refinement, skin-deep. Human passions are constantly breaking out to consume and devastate, like the veritable fires of hell. What crimes are not committed by men in this enlightened day of the twentieth century? How quickly men lapse into barbarism when the spirit of the mob is upon them! And mob violence is not confined to brutal and unintelligent men; nor is the spirit of the anarchist restricted to the followers of red flags. Nevertheless, thin as the crust may be, civilization has transformed mankind and we pride ourselves on being less ferocious and cruel than the savages. The mind is ever bent on high ideals, and somewhere in the breast of the lowliest smoulders the spark of a moral nature, ready to burst into flames of purification and sacrifice when the proper influences are present. The struggle between good and evil is identically the struggle between the natural and the moral instincts that has been raging in the breasts of men ever since the dawn of civilization.

Peace will not come through the hot temper of the thoughtless and of the inconsiderate, of those who vainly cry from the housetops, "Peace! Peace!" yet lack in their hearts that spirit of justice upon which alone peace can be founded. The entire world yearns for peace, and except in rare instances war is not made nowadays for the mere love of war. We have passed, in the development of modern civilization, from the old days when war was a trade, when men fought for the pleasure of it. We have not achieved the ideal yet, we probably never shall; but a comparison of the present with the past reveals the wonderful

progress of civilization, and we are encouraged to see that in all the qualities of mind and heart that make for peace, the world is improving; and no one can fail to see that the tendency of human development is ever towards peace and good-fellowship among nations. But so long as private interests are ruled by selfishness and greed, and so long as public opinion tolerates contemptuous treatment of authority, and permits bad faith and worse manners in relations of an international character, wars of necessity must come. Since men have never ceased to quarrel with and misunderstand one another, private war is brought on among individuals; and since the test of a structure lies in the strength of its weakest members, it follows that national pride and sensitiveness are even more keenly alive to insult than can be so in the case of individuals.

International law,—the code of international etiquette,—something unheard of until comparatively recent times, is based solely on the sanction of authority recognized by civilized nations; and so far as war is concerned, international law cannot control it. Something stronger than law is needed; public sentiment must deal with it. It has been truly said that when public opinion has risen to such height all over the world, that the peoples of every country treat the peoples of every other country with the human kindness that binds home communities together, we shall see an end of war—and not till then. We inherit the warlike propensity; our fighting ancestors have bred pugnacity into our bone and sinew, and thousands of years of peace could not breed it out of us. Popular enthusiasm is but too easily aroused at the prospect of war. Let the daily papers rouse public opinion to a certain fighting pitch, and nothing can withstand it.

The charge is unblushingly made by the peace enthusiasts that the professional soldier encourages war, that the fountains from which flow the dark and swollen streams of war-rumor are located within the military and naval encampments. The great military leaders of the world realize the vital importance of strong military establishments as a safeguard of the national welfare. Our military leaders are expected to study the difficult problems of warfare, and the nation reposes special confidence in these chosen servants as the watchmen on duty, alert for any danger within or without the walls. Such was the nature of the recent warning of Lieutenant-General MacArthur, U. S. A., that unless we make

extensive preparations we shall be taken at a great disadvantage by an enemy one of these days, and possibly humiliated by a series of defeats before we can get in fighting trim; such was the warning given by regular officers before the War of 1812, before the Civil War and before the Spanish-American War; and such was the warning uttered by Lord Roberts, which so profoundly stirred the English nation, in revealing to them how easily England could be overrun by a German army. The greatest statesman the world has ever known, the pacific Gladstone, was the advocate of a powerful fleet, yet for nearly a century England has not had a single war in which she has asserted her naval supremacy. England's formula of naval strength has for some time been: The British navy in fighting strength must equal the next two strongest navies plus ten per cent. Now, according to the logic of those afflicted with militarophobia, England's overwhelming supremacy on the sea should be attended by endless wars with her neighbors; but history has shown the absurdity of such a conclusion. The development of England's navy has kept pace with the growth of her commerce and trade; and the present demand for Dreadnoughts comes not alone from military men, but is made by the business interests of the nation. It is the first duty of the officers of our army and navy to study the national needs of defence from the military view-point and make clear to our people how best to guard our country from invasion and properly defend it both at home and abroad. Indeed, armies and navies but represent the sentiment, temper and spirit of the people themselves; and as Colonel Church says:

"The causes that bring armies and navies into being lie so far beneath the surface, are the effects of so many currents and cross-currents of human feeling, that all the efforts of all the men of the army and navy working unremittingly together could no more affect it than the foam-churning prows of warships could deflect the onward sweep of the Gulf Stream."

It was a matter of gossip at the beginning of the Spanish-American War that the people who were charging the government with unpreparedness, who were insisting upon our navy being sent to protect them, were those living in Boston and vicinity. Certainly there was no part of our country which was in a greater state of anxiety than the New England coast, and especially in the vicinity of Boston. This incident well shows the condition of

the public mind at a time of actual danger. But, they say, in time of peace there is no enemy, there is no war. What is the use of all this preparation anyway? When war comes, the peace dreamers are the very ones who accuse the government and charge it with a lack of preparation for war.

Mr. Foss, Chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, in a forceful speech in Congress the other day, said:

"When cause for war arises, then the spirit of every American rises up immediately filled with resentment. He wants to strike. It is the natural thing, and so I say we will not have universal peace until every man is able to subdue himself. I remember at the beginning of the Spanish-American War how some of the members on this floor at that time were anxious to rush into war. I say, let us pray for it in every closet, let us preach universal peace from every housetop, let us do everything in our power to advance the cause of civilization and of Christianity among the nations of the world; but I believe that we should at the same time always make adequate defence in case we should be attacked by foreign foe. Let us maintain a navy which will defend our coasts, which will defend the Panama Canal, which will defend the rights of American citizens wherever they are, which will also back up our foreign policies, and which will defend the Philippine Islands, where we are leading great numbers of people up the steeps of civilization into the clearer and higher atmosphere of manhood and of womanhood. In fact, we need a navy to-day, not the greatest navy on the face of the globe, but a navy strong enough so that in every hour of international emergency we will be able to insist upon our just demands with any nation on the face of the globe."

Wars are of frequent occurrence to-day; and warlike Germany stands conspicuously alone as the only great nation that has not been at war during the last twelve years. The Czar of Russia, he of the peace conference; England; France; Spain; the United States; Japan,—all have been involved in war. Speaking of Japan, Gen. Francis V. Greene, in a recent address, pointed out that in the event of war with the United States, Japan would attempt to seize the Philippines. General Greene does not believe that the Japanese could transport across the Pacific an army of sufficient size to make any impression in an attack on the Pacific coast of the United States; but an eminent military authority of the English army is of the opinion that the Japanese could not only cross the Pacific, but penetrate to the Mississippi Valley before the United States could raise and equip an army of sufficient size to arrest their progress. Of the result of such

a war, General Greene thinks there could be but little doubt. He says:

"It would mean the absolute destruction of Japan. Its people have courage, skill, discipline and religious patriotism, but their resources as compared with those of the United States are so slight that success would be impossible; and in such a conflict of races the very successes which the Japanese would obtain in the beginning would lead the nation which carried the Civil War to a triumphant conclusion to carry on the contest with Japan until it reached a point where Japan would never again be in a position to disturb its tranquillity. . . . It is hard to realize what is nevertheless the fact, that the main topic of conversation among all the subordinate officers in the Philippines and among the great mass of the Japanese is the question of the probability of war between Japan and the United States or one of the nations of Europe. The higher officials pooh-pooh the idea and discountenance the discussion. The responsible statesmen of Japan, well-informed as to their own resources in comparison with those of their possible antagonists, are keenly and sincerely desirous of peace for the present at all events. But the instincts of mankind, the desire for fierce struggle for the mastery are, I believe, much the same as they have been these thousands of years; and in the Orient there is now a novel, unprecedented, difficult and uncertain situation. All the great nations of the Western World are gathered there and striving for an advantage over each other in a trade and commerce which may soon grow to enormous proportions. In the same situation there is also the nation which is at once the most populous, the most ancient and the most inert in the world; and there also is the nation which is the most ambitious, the most aggressive and the most warlike. That the solution of it all may be brought about peacefully is, of course, possible, nay, even probable. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that a gigantic war is also a possible outcome of the situation there."

A certain part of the press of the United States is crying aloud at the "Cost of Armed Peace," and in the discussion the United States is held up to the reproach of mankind because it spends a few millions each year in the development of a proper military establishment. If these gentlemen would put upon one side of the ledger the cost of armed peace and charge up on the other side the cost which this country has suffered in every war because of lack of preparation, they would find that it will amount to many times more than we have spent for military preparation. We Americans are too apt to indulge in self-glorification and to consider ourselves and our country as the greatest things on the earth. A little less of false patriotism and a better understanding of our limitations would have saved us many times in the past

much humiliation and much loss of life and property. It has been truly said that our great war expenses have been caused simply because we did not have sense enough to arm ourselves properly in time of peace.

In his admirable essay on "The Moral Equivalent of War," after discussing General Homer Lea's recent book, "The Valor of Ignorance," in which that officer attempts to show that Japan has entered upon a vast policy of conquest—the game in which the first moves were her wars with China and Russia and her treaty with England, and of which the final objective is the capture of the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska and the whole of our coast west of the Sierra passes, Professor William James admits the plausibility of General Lea's dismal forecast and concludes that,

> "There is no reason to think that women can no longer be the mothers of Napoleonic or Alexandrian characters; and if these come in Japan and find their opportunity, just such surprises as 'The Valor of Ignorance' paints may lurk in ambush for us. Ignorant as we still are of the innermost recesses of Japanese mentality, we may be foolhardy to disregard such possibilities."

The military profession must not be confounded with the mercenary trade which, unfortunately, it was in ancient times, when pride, gold, women, slaves, excitement were the chief motives that led men to make war. It is no longer true that the professional soldier is primarily required for purposes of aggression; nor is the military career merely an affair of hire and salary. It is strictly true that what makes it a holy duty to defend one's home and country also makes it a holy duty not to invade the country and home of others. Military men doubtless have a keener appreciation of the truth of this axiom than those who are loudest in their denunciation of war and preparation for war. There is a type of military character which every one feels that the race should never cease to breed, for every one is wide awake to its superiority. Let us not be misunderstood, the apologist for war *per se* is hopelessly obsolescent. Military men deny neither the bestiality nor the horror nor the expense of war; and as a means of producing peace between nations, war is recognized as the most futile of all remedies. Military men are at heart peace-loving men, and they are as a class strong peace-advocates. They are thoroughly disciplined, lofty ideals are constantly before them,

and their moral training is such that duty, justice, honesty, truthfulness, unselfishness and patriotism are chief among the qualities that distinguish the profession of arms to-day. The military instincts and ideals are as strong as ever, modern man inherits all the innate pugnacity and all the love of glory of his ancestors; but men no longer play the game of war for the mere love of glory. Only when forced upon us, only when injustice leaves us no alternative, is a war now thought admissible.

Those who refuse to admit that war may be a transitory phenomenon in social evolution have studied the history of civilization to little purpose. The fatalistic view of the recurrence of war is absurd. Common sense and reason ought to find a way to reach agreement in every conflict of honest interests; and there are hopeful signs in the Hague Conference, the laying of the foundations of a periodic Congress of Nations, and of a permanent High Court of Arbitration, which lead us to believe that the glorious day is at hand. But, mark the distinction; honest interests rarely occasion war. Mr. Root has pointed out that by far the greatest cause of war is that suspicion of injustice, threatened and intended, which comes from exasperated feeling. Now, feeling, the feeling which makes one nation willing to go to war with another, makes real causes of difference of no consequence. If the people of two countries want to fight, they will find an excuse—a pretext—find what seems to them sufficient cause in anything. Questions which can be disposed of without the slightest difficulty between countries really friendly, are insoluble between countries really unfriendly. And the feeling between the peoples of different countries is the product of the acts and the words of the peoples of the countries themselves, not of their governments. Insult, contemptuous treatment, bad manners, arrogant and provincial assertion of superiority are the chief causes of war to-day.*

Nevertheless, we are right in affirming that the martial virtues, although originally gained by bitter experience in war, are permanent and valuable possessions of mankind. In order that a nation may endure and maintain its sovereignty, its foundations must be cemented with the martial virtues. It has been truly said that intrepidity, contempt of softness, surrender of private interest, obedience to command, must still remain the rock upon

* Peace Society Address, New York, 1909.

which States are built—unless, indeed, we wish for dangerous reactions against commonwealths fit only for contempt, and liable to invite attack whenever a centre of crystallization for military-minded enterprise gets formed anywhere in their neighborhood. The military ideals of hardihood and discipline should be wrought into the very bone and sinew of the nation.

The man who enlists in the military service, says Mr. H. G. Wells, steps from the street of clamorous insincere advertisement, push, adulteration, underselling and intermittent employment, on to a higher social plane, into an atmosphere of service and co-operation and of infinitely more honorable emulations. Here, at least, a man is supposed to win promotion by self-forgetfulness and not by self-seeking.* And Mr. Wells adds that he thinks that the conceptions of order and discipline, the tradition of service and devotion, of physical fitness, unstinted exertion, and universal responsibility, which universal military duty is now teaching nations, will remain a permanent acquisition, when the last ammunition has been used in the fireworks that celebrate the final peace.

Public sentiment is the power that moulds our institutions and creates our laws; it may lie dormant and hidden for a time in the innermost consciousness of men, but once aroused nothing can withstand it. It is not by clamorous insistency that men accomplish most, but it is the resistless influence, the quiet working of the moral sensibility, which has distinguished peace-loving men and women in all ages, that has removed us from savagery and brutality and set us on the road to peace and brotherhood. The peace enthusiast shudders at the very idea of war and is sometimes so lacking in common sense as to ridicule the notion that armed forces have really accomplished the results he so vainly thought were the products of his own eloquence. The peace enthusiast is impractical; he fails to realize that lofty ideals are not the property of all men. Life is complex; high ideals are the golden threads that form the warp of it; but coarse, crude and ofttimes base materials make up the woof of it.

The idealist would have us believe that the world has gone mad in its demand for Dreadnoughts; but the idealist has just forgotten for the nonce that he is a very small party, and like any other individual he can only sound one trumpet in the grand

* "First and Last Things."

symphony of life. The very men who fight the battles of the idealists and make their dreams possible realities incur the wrath and displeasure of these righteous ones. They flatter themselves that the contests for supremacy have been inconsequential, that right and justice would have triumphed without armed champions, and that no credit whatever is due those who laid down their lives for righteousness' sake. Pushed to its logical conclusion, this prejudice against the use of force in the maintenance of peace would do away with the policeman; but how long do you suppose the gentlefolk of our great cities would continue to live in the enjoyment of their happy homes, were there no uniformed guardians of the peace? And how long do you think peace would reign on earth to-day were there no armies and navies to make aggression and injustice unprofitable and unattractive?

Those who would promote the progress of peace on earth and advance the cause of friendship and good-will among men, those who would give to mankind a broader intellectual horizon and a clearer moral vision, those who would cultivate the graces of life and sweet charity and the love of mankind for one another and spread abroad the Christian influences of enlightenment and civilization are face to face with the problem of self-discipline. It is for each of us in his own sphere to exercise the powers that God has placed in our hands. Let every man do his duty as he sees it, with charity for all and malice towards none, both politically and socially, and by an upright and honorable life give an impulse to that tendency of mankind towards the ideas of civilization and humanity that in the long process of years gradually approaches the supreme idea of Christianity.

WILLIAM H. MONROE.

SOME LESSER THRENODIES.

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

Our English literature has four great threnodies so significant, so full, so massive in their rounded survey of death through the sense of personal loss that we have come to look upon them as the finest and most perfect examples of the form that our language, or, indeed, any language, affords. They are Milton's "Lycidas," Shelley's "Adonais," Arnold's "Thyrsis" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam." They are all nobly individual, nobly representative of each poet's outlook upon life, and yet each is in its way broadly human and universal. Consequently, they are known of all men and all men delight in them. In a measure, it is the length of these threnodies that has established their permanent significance. They are great because they take up a great subject greatly, but they are great further because they develop it at, what is so near, to an exhaustive length.

There is another body of threnodies that are to be called lesser threnodies mainly because they do not carry the theme on to any such fulness of treatment. Some of them certainly strike a more intense lyric note within their range than do these other more magnificent organ chants of human loss and grief. Some of them are in their own way quite as memorable, quite as fine and high in their expression of the eternal passion over our human liability to dissolution. They are, some of them, less artificial, and they touch the nerve of a common and ever-present feeling more sharply.

It is the office of a threnody to find the universal in the personal, to pass from an individual sense of loss in death to the meaning and the mystery of death for all men. Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," for instance, is too closely concerned with the immediate occasion and the man for

us to feel this character in it. Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed" is also a lament for one man, Lincoln, and, as in "Oh, Captain, My Captain," he does not take us out to any larger feeling for the universal fact of man's subjection to death. This something beyond presentation of the man and the occasion for grieving over his loss the greater threnodies do for us. That friend of Milton's whom he celebrates in the "Lycidas" may have been no more than a name, so far as our interest in the poem is dependent upon what he was or what befell him. This is also true in a measure of the "In Memoriam." The "Adonais," to be sure, has the death of Keats for its theme, and the "Thyrsis" laments the passing of Clough. Both Shelley and Arnold, however, turn from Keats and Clough to larger themes than those of personal loss.

Literature is full of lamentings, but in this absorption and loss of the personal in the universal, the identification of the one with the other, there may in part be found the note of greatness. The full and rich elaboration of an "In Memoriam," that almost ceases to be a threnody, because it is so nearly a philosophy set to music, is not demanded of them, but we may ask for this quality of universality in them if we are to call them great. It is to be found in so short a poem as Landor's "Rose Aylmer."

> "Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
> Ah, what the form divine.
> What every virtue, every grace.
> Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
> Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
> May weep, but never see,
> A night of memories and of sighs
> I consecrate to thee."

The first four lines of this are as fine a lyric cry over the transiency of human good and beauty as man has ever penned. Death is a pitiful thing in the degree in which the life that death claims is fine and perfect, in the degree in which it is something that ought, for our human feeling, to be eternal. In these four lines Landor crowds together for us those things that most make the poignancy of that sense of loss in death, womanhood in the line of a great race, beauty in the highest form we can conceive of, the virtues and the graces that should forever be unassailable. The greater threnodies commemorate each the death of a man

highly gifted and gifted in ways that bring man, as in the poet, so near to the divine that we can but feel that he should be imperishable. They are creative powers that make him so in each case, powers of human efficiency that the world cannot well lose. In this poem of Landor's we have, not such a creative force and fire suddenly snuffed out in the very hour in which it was most prodigal of light and warmth for the world, but a created perfection of good and beauty shattered forever, body and spirit, as all such good and beauty must be forever while time runs on to eternity. Which is the more moving a spectacle, which strikes us the more with the subduing sense of our mortality, it would not be easy for any one to say. The fact that the greater threnodies draw their inspiration from the death of a man rather than from that of a woman is not clearly significant in this matter, although it may be held significant in some other matters, as we shall see later. Perhaps a lengthy treatment of the theme flows more easily from the thought of the cessation of a creative energy that might have gone on and on than from that of a finished perfection such as we feel in womanhood at its best. The elaboration of possibilities unfulfilled, whether by implication or otherwise, is probably more natural and easy than such elaboration of a fineness of human worth brought to its flower and then in the completion of its beauty dashed suddenly out of life. This last calls for a cry too intense and passionate for a mood of lingering meditation. Such a cry we have again in Byron's "Oh! Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom."

"Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb:
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom;

"And oft by yond blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead!

"Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet."

This is both less universal and less perfect than Landor's. It passes beyond the personal in the feeling of the first line and in the sense in the rest of the stanza that beauty should somehow be enduring. It is not happy, however, in the last line of the stanza, which gives the impression of poetic artifice. This is further the effect of the second stanza, especially in the personification of sorrow, which is never felt as an abstraction, a something outside of the actual occasion for sorrow, when it is felt as a real grief at all. There is again an implication of a higher mood than that of personal loss in the last stanza, a mood approaching that sense of the unavailing in all things human that we find in "Rose Aylmer." It falls short of that, however, in fulness of presentation and intensity of passion. It is double the length of Landor's poem, and yet it says less in that more extended treatment. Nevertheless, its deeper note is that of recognition of the transiency of all things fair, the pity of it that woman's loveliness should be "snatched away in beauty's bloom."

The conjunction of Byron and Wordsworth may, perhaps, seem a not wholly happy one, but in the latter's "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways" there is observable a directness and simplicity that by contrast with Byron, suggest Landor.

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

"A violet by the mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

"She lived unknown and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me."

This is a kind of goodness and beauty unlike that which Landor laments, the goodness and beauty of humility in the place of pride and distinction, of virtues and graces that hide themselves rather than of those that shine; but it is touched with the same feeling for a human perfection kept from the fulfilment of itself that we find in Landor. Here it is the more pathetic in the

fact that it has not had even its brief hour of earthly effulgence in the sight of men. It is, therefore, a beauty and goodness that has been doubly spent in vain. Landor and Wordsworth end each in a cry of personal pain, but neither poem is personal only. These cries serve but to accentuate the poet's fuller passion in the universal facts. They are wrung from the heart, not simply because of the death of Rose Aylmer or of Lucy, but because neither the "sceptred race" avails nor the "violet by the mossy stone Half hidden from the eye."

This threnody of Wordsworth's seems simple almost to the point of severity. It will appear more so if we place beside it the rich beauty of the song of Guiderius and Arviragus from "Cymbeline."

"Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

"Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The Sceptre, Learning, Physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

"Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

"No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!"

This is clearly another feeling about death than that of either of the preceding. It finds its occasion in recognition of the fact that "Golden lads and girls all must, Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust," but there is a serenity in the prospect, as the poet sees

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it, altogether unlike that of the vision of Landor or Byron. The sceptre, learning, physic, love, must also come to dust, and it is the equality of all things in the grave that the poet makes us feel, rather than that bringing together of the irreconcilable in the destruction of something high and fine that should never be destroyed.

It cannot quite be said, I think, that this serenity is but the sign of greatness in Shakespeare, the mark of that loftiness of spirit that lifts him above the accidents of time and eternity alike. This is, perhaps, not so much the poet as his age. There was no such fulness of being in the Elizabethans as there is in us, large with life as that great time was. For them the quiet, the freedom from censure and from the tyrant's stroke that was to be consummated in death, was not so inadequate as it is for us. We certainly look beyond this life to the next with a less satisfied assurance than did the men of Shakespeare's day. What was to them a matter of course, placidly accepted, has, for us become a problem. Death is therefore for us not quite what it was for Shakespeare, and this must in part account for the attitude of Shakespeare as seeing in death a going forward of the tragedy of life with its thwartings and its denials to a surcease of them all in the equal repose of the grave. Life in our day is less a thwarting, less a denial, and consequently it less looks forward to find compensation for its ills in death. This is not saying that we are not touched by the sweetness and the meditative richness of this threnody. It is a noble expression of a mood that the modern mind doubtless shares at times with the Elizabethan. Otherwise Tennyson's volume of Shakespeare would hardly have been lying open before him at this page when he died, but it is a mood not so peculiarly our own as that of "Rose Aylmer." It is not so much a mood of loftier feeling as one of less sophistication. It is the mood of a life less gloriously lighted by the sun than our own, a mood, therefore, in which there is not so deep a sense of the darkness when the sun has gone down and left only a rack of clouds across the sky.

There is "A Dirge" of Richard Henry Stoddard's that, in its minor way, comes close to that essentially modern feeling for death as something taking away the fair and the lovely beyond the possibility of human understanding that Shakespeare did not have in the same sense.

"A few frail summers had touched thee,
As they touch the fruit:
Not so bright as thy hair the sunshine,
Not so sweet as thy voice the lute.
Hushed the voice, shorn the hair, all is over:
An urn of white ashes remains;
Nothing else save the tears in your eyes,
And our bitterest, bitterest pains.

"We garland thee now with white roses,
Both incense and gums on the shrine,
Play old tunes with the saddest of closes,
Dear tunes that once were thine!
But in vain, all in vain;
Thou art gone—we remain!"

This falls short of the intensity of "Rose Aylmer," but it has all the delicacy of Landor, all that sense of the irremediable loss in death that he makes us feel. Stoddard does not present that loss as so great a loss. It is in him not so many things passed away irrecoverably. It is fineness, maidenly gentleness and beauty, showing the promise of the flower in the tender hues of the opening bud, and in Landor it is all this and more. Nevertheless, it is in the same spirit, and quite as much as the earlier threnody it passes out of the personal into that larger world of human feeling that all men have in the presence of our mortality made visible in that quiet of the lips that shall never speak again.

In Oscar Wilde's "Requiescat" there is a mood like this of Stoddard's, the first discernible difference being that of a slightly greater emphasis upon the physical aspects of beauty as a symbol of the spiritual beauty breathing in it.

"Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow.
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

"All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

"Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

"Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast.
I vex my heart alone;
She is at rest.

"Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet.
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it."

There is in this a lingering sense of that repose in death that takes away much of its poignancy in the song from "Cymbeline." In Shakespeare, however, that sense is one as of something actual, as of a higher hope upon which the heart may establish itself, while in Wilde it is no more than an illusion which the poet permits himself for the sake of the color that it gives to his mood. It touches it with a lingering regret that intensifies the pain instead of lessening it. He would have us tread lightly in the feeling of our nearness to that stricken loveliness where lies "All her bright golden hair tarnished with rust."

One poem by an American poet yet living is entitled to be included in this group of lesser threnodies, a poem with a touch of nature in it as fine as that "among the untrodden ways" of Wordsworth and a purity as lily-like as that of Wilde's maiden who "hardly knew She was a woman, so Sweetly she grew," Bliss Carman's "Golden Rowan."

"She lived where the mountains go down to the sea,
And river and tide confer,
Golden Rowan, in Menalowan,
Was the name they gave to her.

"She had the soul no circumstance
Can hurry or defer.
Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,
How time stood still for her!

"Her playmates for their lovers grew,
But that shy wanderer,
Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,
Knew love was not for her.

"Hers was the love of wilding things;
To hear a squirrel chir
In the golden rowan, of Menalowan,
Was joy enough for her.

"She sleeps on the hill with the lonely sun,
Where in the days that were,
The golden rowan, of Menalowan,
So often shadowed her.

"The scarlet fruit will come to fill,
The scarlet spring to stir
The golden rowan, of Menalowan,
And wake no dream for her.

"Only the wind is over her grave,
For mourner and comforter,
And 'The Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,'
Is all we know of her."

There is a singing sweetness in this that is almost excessive. It is a part of that fuller emphasis upon qualities of loveliness in the woman that distinguishes the poem from others in which the stress is more upon the destruction and loss of those qualities than upon the qualities themselves. It is a maidenhood moving sweetly in the shadow and the mystery of death that is entrancing, a maidenhood so responsive to the joy of the wilding things about her that she passes like a dream to that sleep on the hill "Where in the days that were, The golden rowan, of Menalowan, So often shadowed her." She is a more intimate spirit of mountain and wood and sea than Wordsworth's Lucy, and it is a more appealing thing that the "Golden Rowan, of Menalowan, Knew love was not for her" than it is that Lucy was "A Maid whom there were none to praise And very few to love." The glow of a richer life and a fuller range of feeling is over it. These feelings are subtler, and the life itself is more tender and more finely endowed. It is tremulous with instincts that are wakened by the breath of being in countless created things, and yet

"The scarlet fruit will come to fill,
The scarlet spring to stir
The golden rowan, of Menalowan,
And wake no dream for her."

Finally, as an addition to the number of these poems from a poet whose temper and attitude toward life is unlike that of any of the poets so far heard, there is Arnold's "Requiescat." It has a glimpse of something larger both in death and in life than is to be found in any one of the others alone, and yet its passion

is hardly so intense and high as Landor's, its forward-looking trust not at all as sure as Shakespeare's, its perfection of womanhood not so delicate and fine and quivering as Carman's.

"Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew;
In quiet she reposes;
Ah! would that I did too!

"Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

"Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

"Her cabined, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death."

Perhaps one might justly feel that this is a threnody only in a very qualified sense. The lamenting seems almost to have the character of a pæan. It acclaims the repose that is to be found in the "vasty hall of death" that follows the tragedy of life. It is the limitations of life that make escape from it at once a pitiful thing in the fact of those limitations themselves and a kindly thing in the repose from a turmoil to which so fine and high a thing as her "cabined, ample spirit" should not have been exposed. Because of this the lamenting that gives it character is for the thwarting of life in itself, for that breaking of the wings of aspiration against the cage of circumstance that only finds its completion in death, for that wearying of self in the giving of joy to a world that has too little joy of its own to give in return. So much it has in common with "Golden Rowan" that it presents the woman more than the end that comes to womanhood. In Carman, it is a womanhood that secludes itself from the world and expands almost shyly in the wild places. In Arnold, it is a womanhood that cannot so seclude itself from those "mazes of heat and sound" in which life is forever turning and never at rest. For both of them, however, the world is inadequate, and

in both poets it is that inadequacy that slips into death and is made one with it as a single ground for the mood of the threnody in the transiency and insufficiency of life.

It is to be observed that all these threnodies lament the passing of a woman, as all the four greater threnodies were seen to lament the death of a man. It might be easy to draw the conclusion that these lesser threnodies are so by virtue of their having a lesser theme, but that, obvious as it may seem, would be unjustifiable.

There are two things that give life its character as life, doing and being. These two things are loosely the different functions of man and woman. Which of them is the higher function it would be idle to say, except in particular cases. In general it can be said only that doing is more complex than being, both as perceived at any given moment and as perceived progressively. It often happens that the complex thing is the higher thing, but it is not necessarily so. Certainly being, rather than doing, as the characteristic of womanhood, is a thing calling for the more lyrical treatment. It is more intense as a poetic motive, since it pauses upon one thing, and so it gives occasion for that subjectivity that particularly distinguishes the lyric from other moods and manners. The mood of meditation more thoughtfully elaborated is not to be expected in a threnody whose theme is womanhood, the threnody of being, as it is in one which laments the passing of man, the threnody of doing.

Without saying that the greater length of the four first threnodies should be held as ultimately making them greater and that these poems whose theme is the mortality of woman's fineness, purity and beauty are as great as they in the sum total of achievement, it is still, it seems to me, quite indisputable that either "Rose Aylmer" or "Golden Rowan" or Arnold's "Requiescat" is a more perfect work of art than, for instance, "Lycidas." We cannot study either of them in the effort to discover the poet's feeling about the life of his time, but we can realize more deeply the passion of lamenting in each, because it is not diffused or given the movement of constructive thought. There is so close a likeness in all these eight poems as compared with the other four that the unification of theme seems at once significant of the universality of feeling for the bloom of womanhood that in its very delicacy and fragrance and beauty contains the seeds

of decay. The main feeling in all of them is the same, and they exhibit only such variations of it as are in accord with variations of personality. This is not true in any like degree of the other group. They cannot be said to have any one main feeling in the same sense, and it seems not unreasonable to say that this is to be accounted for on the ground that the feeling in them is not so universal, that it is the product of a more highly sophisticated intelligence than of a common and elemental attitude toward life and the world. If the lesser threnodies are so by virtue of their springing from something more common and elemental in our human nature than the others, it is not unreasonable to say that they have a superiority of their own, a lyric spontaneity higher and more moving, an immediacy of appeal more unobstructed, and a comprehensive sweep more passionately inclusive than that of the longer and more fully wrought poems that we are accustomed to think of particularly as our great monuments of verse in the elegiac form.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

AMERICAN VERSUS ENGLISH COURTS.

BY WILLIAM N. GEMMILL, JUDGE OF THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF CHICAGO.

IT seems to be accepted by most of our present-day writers on law reforms that the English courts are much superior to our own. In contrasting the two court systems, no effort has been spared to magnify the virtues of their system and to exaggerate the faults of ours. I desire as briefly as possible to call attention to some erroneous statements frequently made on this subject.

In the REVIEW of January, 1910, Professor James W. Garner says:

> "The English Master of Judicial Statistics, in a letter to Hon. Joseph H. Choate, describing the promptness and despatch with which trials are conducted in England, stated that *twenty-three judges handled all the litigation of England and Wales* with a population of 32,500,000, and that they actually tried and determined *an average of five thousand cases a year*, or more than twice as many as are tried by forty-three judges in New York and Kings counties. As I write (July 1, 1909) there lies before me a copy of a news despatch which states that the English Court of Appeals has decided practically all the appeals that were on the docket at the present term. . . . This seems wonderful indeed to us who are accustomed to a system under which our appellate courts are usually from one to three years behind."

It seems strange that the wholly erroneous statement that *twenty-three judges handle all the litigation in England and Wales* has gone so long without challenge. The twenty-three English judges referred to are the judges of the English High Court of Justice, seven being members of the Chancery Division and sixteen of the King's Bench Division. But a comparatively small part of the time of these judges is given to the *nisi prius* courts. Much of their time is engaged in hearing appeals. In 1907, 1,339 appeals were taken from the judgments entered by Regis-

trars and Referees to the King's Bench Division of this court. The new Criminal Court of Appeal is composed of the Lord Chief Justice and eight of these twenty-three judges of the High Court of Justice. From May 15th, 1908, to December 10th, 1909, this court disposed of 339 criminal appeals. The judicial force of England is made up substantially as follows:

House of Lords	5	Judges
Court of Appeal	6	"
High Court of Justice	23	"
Probate and Divorce	4	"
County Courts	65	"
Metropolitan, Mayors' and City Courts	57	"
Recorders'	61	"
Total	221	Judges

The Recorders are judges who try most of the important criminal cases in England. In addition to the above, there are 693 official referees, masters and registrars to whom causes are referred for trial and who have the same power, in cases so referred, as have the judges, to hear evidence and enter final judgments. There are also many stipendary magistrates, mayors, aldermen, clergymen and common sergeants who hold court from time to time.

Neither is it true that these twenty-three judges try and determine *on an average of five thousand cases a year.* The average number of cases begun each year in the High Court of Justice for the last twenty years is 79,427. The average number of cases tried each year by all of these twenty-three judges combined for the last twenty years is 3,162. The average number actually tried by each of these judges each year during this period is one hundred and fifty and one-half. The average number of cases tried during the year 1907 by each judge of the King's Bench Division, including both civil and criminal cases, was 291, and the average number tried during that year by the seven judges of the Chancery Division was 75.2. The other cases begun in the High Court of Justice were either disposed of on motion or by the official masters and referees. But a small part, however, of the total litigation of England is disposed of in the High Court of Justice presided over by these twenty-three judges. In 1906, 1,452,804 suits were begun in all the courts of England and Wales. Of this number 1,338,269 were begun in the County Courts, and the twenty-three judges referred to had nothing to

do with any of them. Of these 38,617 were tried by the county judges without a jury, 929 were tried with a jury, 404,448 were tried by the registrars and referees; defaults were taken in 448,037 cases and 413,037 were dismissed.

It will be observed from these figures that the official registrars and referees tried and disposed of ten times as many cases in the county courts as did the judges of these courts.

Professor Garner further says:

"A comparison of the percentage of reversals in America with that in England affords striking evidence of the different attitude taken by the English Appellate Courts toward questions of error in the trial of criminal cases. . . . It is a rule of the English procedure that a judgment or verdict of a trial court shall never be disturbed or a new trial granted for error if the evidence admitted is sufficient to justify the judgment or verdict. . . . One result of this rule has been to greatly diminish the number of appeals in England, *not more than one case in ten being taken up for review as against every three or four in America.*"

The records do not sustain the foregoing statement. The judicial statistics of England and Wales for 1907 show that there were 97 appeals disposed of by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in that year. Of this number 27 were affirmed, 14 reversed, 11 dismissed and 1 varied. In the House of Lords the same year 73 petitions for appeal were disposed of, 48 were affirmed, 25 reversed. In the Court of Appeal the same year 524 cases were disposed of; 81 were withdrawn before hearing, 281 were affirmed, 22 varied, 128 reversed, 32 otherwise disposed of. During the same year there were 1,339 appeals to the King's Bench from official referees, registrars and recorders. Of these 702 were affirmed, 199 reversed and 178 varied. There were 339 applications for appeal to the new Court of Criminal Appeal from its first session (May 15th, 1908) to December 10th, 1909. Of this number 102 appeals were denied, 237 were allowed. Of the 237 allowed 140 were afterwards dismissed, the sentences quashed in 46, reduced in 50 and increased in one case. This court has no power to remand a case for new trial. It may either dismiss the appeal, quash the sentence, reduce or increase the penalty.

Professor Garner speaks of the law's delay and cites the condition of the court calendars in New York and Chicago in 1903 and 1907. At the beginning of the year 1907, there were pending

in the County Courts of England and Wales 93,168 cases and at the end of the same year 104,262 cases. There is substantially no delay at this time in the courts of Illinois in the trial and disposition of causes outside of the Appellate Court for the First District. At the October term, 1908, the Supreme Court of Illinois had written opinions in every pending case in that court, and in October, 1909, there were not over twelve pending cases in which opinions had not been written. An appeal now filed in the Supreme Court of this State will, in the ordinary course of events, be decided within a period of two months. From October, 1906, to October, 1909, the Supreme Court of Illinois decided 1,512 cases. Of this number 1,104 were affirmed, 498 reversed or reversed and remanded. From 1901 to 1908 the New York Court of Appeals disposed of 30 appeals from convictions of murder in the first degree. Of these 26 were affirmed, 2 dismissed and 2 reversed.

From December, 1906, to December, 1909, the Municipal Court of Chicago disposed of 126,213 civil cases and 197,347 criminal cases. From these judgments there were but 1,256 appeals or writs of error prosecuted, 1,188 being in civil and 68 in criminal cases. Of the 614 civil appeals decided up to date 229 were dismissed, 232 affirmed and 152 reversed. Of the criminal appeals thus far decided 56 per cent. have been affirmed. During the same period 5,596 felony cases were tried in the Criminal Court of Cook County. From the judgments in these cases there have been 116 appeals or writs of error prosecuted. Instead, therefore, of there being *one appeal for every three or four cases tried* there has been but *one criminal appeal for every three thousand cases* tried in the Municipal Court of Chicago and one appeal for every fifty cases tried in the Criminal Court of Cook County. Of the total 202,942 criminal cases tried in the Municipal Court of Chicago and Criminal Court of Cook County in the last three years 80 per cent. were tried within twenty-four hours after the arrests were made and 95 per cent. within ten days from the date of arrest, and no one was compelled to wait over four months for a trial if he desired one.

Professor Garner adds:

"Our judicial annals show that a large proportion of the criminals of this country who have been punished in recent years have had the benefit of at least two trials and convictions."

Instead of a *large proportion* of criminals of this country receiving the benefit of at least two trials, the records show that less than one-tenth of one per cent. of the criminal cases tried in Cook County are appealed, and in not over 44 per cent. of these are new trials granted.

Professor Garner further says:

"It has come to be a common belief that the rich criminal with unlimited means at his command for employing able and ingenious counsel and for meeting the heavy costs of litigation in the higher courts, can by means of appeal and new trials escape the punishment which he deserves."

This belief does not possess the mind of any one who knows anything about the facts. Indeed, the rule is entirely otherwise. Rich bankers, almost without exception, when once indicted have been convicted and their convictions sustained by the Courts of Appeal. The same is true of nearly all public officials who have betrayed their trusts and of those who with great power, wealth and influence have been arraigned in court charged with some offence against the law. Seldom has such a one escaped punishment. On the other hand, thousands of poor who have committed offences equally grave are permitted to go from our courts without punishment for no other reason than that they are poor and others are dependent upon them for support.

Professor Garner closes his article with the following statement:

"The old severity of the penal code has long since passed away. Yet the ancient procedure with all its loopholes of escape and all the safeguards of presumption in favor of the criminal is to a large extent still retained. . . . . In the interest of justice as well as social order and security, it ought to be modified as it has been in England where it originated."

It is true that the old severity of the penal code has long since passed away in America, but it is not true that it has passed away in England. Last year 2,033 persons were judicially flogged in England and Wales; some of them were juveniles. Most of the victims flogged had been guilty of drunkenness, vagrancy, begging upon the public street or sleeping in the open air. A characteristic case of this kind is that of William Anthony, who was tried by the Chairman of the Dorchester Quarter Sessions on July 1st, 1908, charged with begging and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and two floggings three months apart of ten strokes

each with a birch rod. Under the present English criminal statute, vagrants found guilty may receive corporal punishment unlimited as to amount or instrument, and this punishment may be inflicted in public. Brutal murderers are sometimes permitted to escape punishment on pure technicalities.

On March 5th, 1908, A. E. Dyson brutally beat and murdered his daughter. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. The Court of Appeals quashed the conviction because the trial judge misdirected the jury upon a technical point. There was no doubt of the prisoner's guilt, but he escaped all punishment.

The punishments inflicted by the criminal courts of England for trivial offences are exceedingly harsh. Alice Sprake was convicted on October 21st, 1909, in the Cardiff Quarter Sessions of stealing twelve cents' worth of coal from the Taff Vale Railway Company and was sentenced by the Recorder to four months' imprisonment at hard labor. She did not steal the coal, but sent her little boy to obtain it. The Lord Chief Justice of England, in affirming this sentence in 1909, said: "Although appellant was formerly of good character and this was her first offence, it cannot, in our opinion, be said that four months' imprisonment at hard labor was too severe a sentence."

An English writer for the August, 1909, "Westminster Review," after reviewing the first year of the new Court of Criminal Appeals, said: "It is hard to suppress an uneasy feeling that in the past, and only recently, not a few prisoners must have endured the worst of punishments because they had not the opportunities which now exist for reviewing the proceedings of the court which convicted them."

In addition to the severity of the punishments inflicted, any one against whom a civil judgment has been obtained in a Justice of the Peace Court in England may be sent to jail for a period of one year unless the judgment is paid. From 1899 to 1905 the number of persons imprisoned for civil debt in England and Wales increased from 12,706 to 20,290. This was exclusive of the 92,000 sent to jail during 1907 for failure to pay a fine.

The Hon. E. H. Pickersgill, Chairman of a Committee appointed by Parliament to propose amendments to the English law concerning imprisonment for debt, in writing for the "Fortnightly Review" in January, 1910, said: "Ten thousand are im-

prisoned annually, not because they will not, but because they cannot pay. There are 150,000 warrants of commitment issued annually. Credit is given right and left without inquiry because of the power of imprisonment."

The conclusion of Professor Garner, and many others who have written upon this subject, is that by reason of our ancient criminal procedure and the many avenues of escape, crime has rapidly increased in America and is much more prevalent here than in Europe. This conclusion is entirely erroneous. Not only is there less crime in the United States than in Europe, but the more serious crimes in the United States are rapidly decreasing.

The following table of figures gives some idea of the prevalence of crime in the several countries:

1904	Population	Total arrests	Total convictions	Total sent to prison in year
United States.....	81,517,659	1,212,574	——	149,691
England and Wales.	34,945,600	794,981	641,211	188,329
German Empire....	60,886,000	599,262	505,158	256,316
France	37,961,701	538,557	386,484	182,412

We have no statistics showing the number of convictions in the criminal courts of the United States. I have given the number of arrests in the United States as reported by the police for the year 1904 and the number of persons sent to prison for that year in the United States as shown by the Government Prison Census published by the Department of Commerce and Labor. It is most unfortunate that we have not kept pace with European countries in the matter of criminal statistics. From these figures it will be observed that the prison population of the several countries of Europe is much larger than ours and the number of arrests is much greater. The English Government reports for 1907 show that there were 11,409 persons arrested for burglary in England during that year and only 14,305 in this country. Our population is two and one-half times theirs. Larcenies in England increased from 42,292 in 1899 to 50,155 in 1905. The United States Prison Census for 1907 shows a marked decrease in crime in this country during the last ten years, twenty States showing a decrease and twelve States a slight increase. In Illinois in 1890 there were 102.9 prisoners for every one hundred thousand population; in 1904 there were only 60.8 prisoners for every one hundred thousand.

In the Illinois State Reformatory at Pontiac, where the law

requires that all persons in the State between the ages of ten and twenty-one, convicted of felonies, be confined, there were on July 1st, 1899, 1,397 prisoners. On January 1st, 1910, this number had been reduced to 745 prisoners. A like decrease for the next ten years will cause the closing of the institution or the conversion of the same into a school for young men.

From 1868 to 1898 an average of 7,279 prisoners were admitted to the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet every ten years, but from 1898 to 1908 only 4,704 were admitted. From December, 1907, to December, 1908, 8,429 persons were arrested in Chicago charged with felonies. From December, 1908, to December, 1909, this number was reduced to 6,524, a decrease of twenty-one per cent.

The judges of the English courts are much older than our judges and their terms of service on the bench much shorter, notwithstanding the fact that the English judges of the House of Lords, Court of Appeals and High Court of Justice are appointed for life. These appointments are not made until the men are past middle age. The average term of service on the bench of all of the present judges of these courts up to January 1st, 1910, is only six and one-half years, while their average age on the same date was sixty-four years. It follows as a matter of course that these judges are less efficient than are our judges, who are mostly in middle life and whose term of service is much longer.

In conclusion, I wish to say that in proposing law reforms, we ought first to make a conscientious effort to acquaint ourselves with the facts and not follow blindly any system until we know where it will lead us.

WILLIAM N. GEMMILL.

THE GREEK STRAIN IN OUR OLDEST GOSPELS.

BY GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT.

If Judaism was the mother of Christianity, Hellenism was an early and influential teacher; or, changing the figure, if we say that the roots of Christianity went down deep into the Hebrew Scriptures, we may say that Hellenism was the air which the young plant inhaled through a thousand pores. But how young was this plant when it began to be modified in fibre and form by its Greek environment? Did Jesus Himself, who lived in what has been called, speaking broadly, a "Hellenized world," owe anything to Greek thought? Did the world of Greek thought affect the first three Gospels, those writings which enshrine the Christian revelation?

To the former of these questions one may reply confidently in the negative. Jesus owed nothing to Greek thought. His message came out of His own spiritual experience. It was, doubtless, conditioned by the Old Testament, but that was not its source. His own religious life—something greater, completer, more divine than the Old Testament—was the living spring of His word.

But when we turn from the teaching of Jesus to its synoptic setting the case is different. Of this setting we cannot say that it owes nothing to Greek thought. And when we consider how the synoptic Gospels arose, we naturally expect to discover in them a Greek element. When we reflect that Luke was a Greek-speaking Gentile if not himself of Greek blood, that the author of our first Gospel was probably a Greek-speaking Gentile, and that in the period when the synoptic Gospels assumed their present form the Christian community was predominantly Greek in its language and civilization, we recognize the inevitableness of a Greek strain in their rendering of the Gospel story.

To follow this Hellenic strain through the entire narrative would be impossible within the limits of a brief article. We shall accordingly consider a single point, but one of great interest and importance, especially at the present time, namely, the story of the supernatural birth of Jesus.

This story of the birth of Jesus from a virgin lies on the surface of the New Testament somewhat as the great granite boulders lie on the New England hillsides. They are supposed to have been brought thither in the Ice Age; certainly their original home was elsewhere. So with the story in question. It is not an integral and vital part of the Christian religion as this is set forth in the New Testament. It does not play a part in the historical work of Jesus any more than the reputed miraculous birth of Alexander did in his conquest of the world.

For consider these facts. John Mark, citizen of Jerusalem, intimately associated with the Christian movement from the first, who in his Gospel lays great emphasis on the supernatural element in the career of Jesus, and who wrote for Gentile readers to whom any information about the birth of Him whom they had taken as their Saviour must have been welcome, especially any information so astounding in character as the story of a supernatural conception, says nothing of the origin of Jesus. Moreover, his narrative seems, in an indirect manner, to exclude the miraculous conception. For it tells how Mary went forth from Nazareth, with some of her family, in order to take Jesus by force and bring Him back to His home (Mark 3: 21, 31). This was in the early springtime of the Galilean ministry, when the preaching of Jesus and the cures wrought by Him were exciting wide-spread interest. Now we could believe that the brothers of Jesus, being ignorant of what had transpired at His birth, would not have shrunk from a violent interference with His work, had that work seemed to them likely to lead to political complications or otherwise to endanger or embarrass His family; but that Mary herself, after the marvellous experiences, which by Luke and Matthew she is said to have had, could have gone to such lengths, seems incredible. We may say, then, that according to this oldest Gospel Mary herself is an indirect witness against the story of a supernatural birth of Jesus.

Again, Peter and Paul bear us out in the statement that the story of the supernatural birth of Jesus is not an integral and

vital part of the Christian religion. If that story was vouched for by any one in the first Christian generation who was qualified to speak, then Peter, one of the "pillars" of the Mother Church at Jerusalem, would have been likely to know of it. But neither in his Letter nor in the words which are attributed to him in Acts is there any trace of an acquaintance with the story recorded in Matthew and Luke. Paul, too, is silent in regard to it. Yet he was acquainted with the Jerusalem church. Near the beginning of his Christian career he had spent two weeks with Peter, and among his co-laborers were Barnabas and Silas, distinguished members of the Mother Church, who doubtless knew all that was known there regarding the life of Jesus. And Paul was not only in a position to know the facts regarding the birth of Jesus, but he was also of a speculative mind that would probably have led him to make some use of the story of a supernatural birth of Jesus had such a story existed and been in good standing in his time.

Finally, we have a right to say that the story of a supernatural birth of Jesus is not an integral and vital part of the Christian religion because Jesus Himself was silent in regard to His birth. It is reasonable to believe that He knew all that was to be known on the subject. It is also reasonable to believe that He would have told His disciples if there had been anything regarding His parentage and birth that was of peculiar importance for their understanding of Him. If He was aware that His birth had been absolutely unique, if, to use the language of the Creed, He was aware that He had been "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," then His silence is unintelligible. For here He was concerned not with something incidental to His person, but with a vital and far-reaching reality. The silence of Jesus on this matter is of more weight, or ought to be, than any amount of speech from others. In the presence of this single fact, were there no confirmatory grounds, the Christian disciple is amply justified in saying that the story of the supernatural birth of Jesus is not an integral part of the religion of the New Testament.

We are now ready to ask whence this story came. It is scarcely necessary to-day to show that it is wholly un-Jewish. It is well known that the Old Testament never contemplates a future deliverer who is other than a true, normal man. The thought of a Messiah who should be physically descended from God is alto-

gether foreign to it. The appeal Isaiah 7: 14, made first in Matthew and which has been re-echoed to the present hour, is not an appeal to the original text, but to an incorrect Greek translation. The "young woman" of the Hebrew original became a "virgin" in the Greek rendering, and this seemed to furnish excellent Scripture authority for the view represented in our first and third Gospels. But this was a delusion. The great prophet was made responsible for a teaching which neither he nor any Old Testament writer ever entertained.

This teaching is likewise foreign to Jewish writings of the period between the Old Testament and the coming of Christ. The *Similitudes* of Enoch speak of a heavenly Messiah, but there is no trace of the idea that this heavenly Being was to come into organic relation to mankind.

We shall not dwell, then, on the point that the affinities of the story of the supernatural birth of Jesus are not Jewish. It is true that the story, especially as given by Luke, has a Jewish color. It speaks of Gabriel, of the throne of David, the house of Jacob and other details that are Jewish; but this color may have been given by a Gentile believer as well as by a Jew. Moreover, it *is* merely *color;* it does not touch the essence of the story.

We proceed at once to indicate why this story of the birth of Jesus ought to be regarded as of Greek origin. It is not meant that the Greeks were the only people who conceived of distinguished men as sprung from human mothers and divine fathers, but only that, as regards the origin of our story, we need not look beyond the Greek environment. This environment was saturated with the thought that great personalities were the offspring of gods. Such were the mighty figures of prehistoric times, Hercules and Æsculapius, Hermes and Dionysus. Such also were the distinguished characters of history in ever-increasing numbers. From the fifth century before Christ onward into our era the belief in physical descent from a god and an earthly mother pervaded all classes of society. Speusippus, nephew and successor of Plato as head of the Academy, believed that the great philosopher was born of a virgin, and this came to be an accepted view. Philo of Alexandria was so deeply influenced by the Greek philosophy that he ascribed the paternity of Isaac directly to God. Justin Martyr, who was born not long after the composition of our synoptic Gospels and in whom we can see how an educated

Greek looked at the doctrine of the supernatural birth of Jesus, said in his Apology, addressed to Antoninus Pius: "When we say that the Word, who is the first birth of God, was produced without sexual union, and that He, Jesus Christ our teacher, was crucified and died and rose again and ascended into heaven, we propound nothing different from what you believe regarding those whom you esteem sons of Jupiter." And again he says: "If we affirm that He was born of a virgin, accept this in common with what you accept of Perseus."

It will not be transcending the Greek environment of the early church if we draw an illustration from Roman history, for in this point of descent from the gods as in a thousand others the Romans borrowed from the Greeks. Suetonius in his history of Augustus does not hesitate to ascribe to Apollo the paternity of the great Emperor, and Vergil, a century earlier, in the Sixth Book of his Æneid, speaks of Augustus as *divi genus.*

These illustrations are sufficient to show that the doctrine of the physical descent of great men from gods had long been an article in the creed of the Greek world. Whether we think with Justin that the Greeks and Romans were led to this belief by "wicked devils," or regard it, somewhat more charitably, as a sincere religious attempt to account for the mystery of extraordinary personalities, the fact itself remains.

Now when one reflects that the Christian Church after the destruction of Jerusalem was very largely, perhaps we might say *essentially,* a church made up of Greek-speaking people, when also one reflects that this conception of physical descent from gods in the case of great men was as characteristic of the Greeks as the thought of evolution is of the present generation, and when, finally, one considers that the earliest Gospel left the origin and childhood of Jesus a blank and so an open field for speculation, it cannot appear strange that Gentile converts claimed a miraculous birth for that teacher and wonder-worker whose wisdom and might far transcended those of all other great men. From the Greek point of view this result was almost inevitable.

To sum up now in a word, we may say that the story of the supernatural birth of Jesus, which is a loose and alien element in the New Testament, is essentially Greek. Its Jewish color pertains only to the literary form.

They who originated the story, or stories, of the birth of Jesus

—for the discrepant narratives of Matthew and Luke may go back to independent sources—doubtless believed that they were speaking what was essentially true. The miraculous conception was for them a natural, if not necessary, inference from the stupendous results of the teaching of Jesus. A man whose name had penetrated the entire Empire of Rome in less than a century and had called into existence almost countless societies of disciples must have sprung directly from God. Hence it is not likely that it occurred to them to search for contemporary evidence of the truth of their narrative. Moreover, they did not live in an age that was given to investigating the historical grounds of its beliefs. This particular article of belief was simply a part of the Greek heritage, and in the thought of Greek Christians it needed no other support than that which any one could find in abundance in the victories which were daily being achieved in the name of Jesus.

And the originators of the story not only believed it to be essentially true to fact, they also, beyond question, felt that this story rendered to Jesus a just meed of praise. Wide circles must have shared this feeling, for not otherwise could we explain how the story came to be incorporated in the narratives of Matthew and Luke.

But in this whole matter of the miraculous conception of Jesus the modern view differs from that of the early Greek Christians. We do not seek to account for great personalities, even for the greatest known among men, in the way they did. To us God appears as a God of order, who invariably honors His own laws and institutions. Doubtless the personality of Jesus still has its profound mystery, but this is not illuminated for us by the Greek solution. That only begets new mysteries. Finally, it cannot be said of the age that is beginning to reject the Greek story of the miraculous conception of Jesus that it is less concerned to honor Him than were those unknown believers who first gave currency to that story. No age has ever given to Jesus more intelligent and sincere honor than is being rendered by the present. But our world is widely different from that of the first century, and some things which seemed natural then are for us irrational and impossible.

GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT.

SOUTHERN LEADERSHIP SINCE THE CIVIL WAR.

BY GARLAND GREEVER.

THE attention of the country has of late been arrested by the action of sundry Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in demanding with no little vehemence that the statue of Lee be excluded from the hall of the nation's celebrities at Washington. Similar but less stringent protests emanated from the same quarter a few months ago when the State of Mississippi presented to the battleship named in her honor a silver service which was stamped with the likeness of Jefferson Davis. The two incidents, while containing nothing, to be sure, that need cause alarm, are not without significance. Among thinking classes in the North they are likely to produce only two results: a mild inquiry whether the Government would be justified technically in accepting the gifts, and a languid regret that old wounds are not healed. In the South, however, we can hardly expect that they will be so lightly dismissed; for they indicate a tendency, which would seem to be rather strongly marked, to ignore the advice of such men as ex-President Roosevelt and President Taft—a tendency to consider the achievements and the spirit of the South as in no sense forming a part of our national heritage.

As a Southerner myself, and the son of a captain in the cavalry of the Southland, I am naturally a trifle reluctant to admit that the term "Confederacy" is synonymous with "villainy" or "treason." I am also a bit skeptical as to the inherent and absolute wrongness of the conservative and the superlative rightness of the progressive when contentions arise through which "the old order changeth," for I have a fleeting suspicion that if the former may become an "old fogy" the latter may become a

"fire-eater"; and I am ditto as regards the Cavalier and the Puritan. The truth is I am not an extremist on either side; for it has been my good fortune to have my ideas moulded to a large extent by my father—a man who, as he was not afraid of the testing of issues by the sword, was likewise manly enough to accept without bitterness the result of the struggle. It has been instilled into my mind that the victors in the war between the States were generous, and that, whatever virulence or contempt remained, it was not shared by any large number of those who had themselves smelled powder. This opinion I have had somewhat rudely shattered at times. I have heard Federal soldiers say that they had no wish to "shake hands and make up"; and I know of one Federal soldier, whose complaint of a business need for funds had been answered by my father with a courteous proffer of a loan, who afterwards declared in private to a friend that he "didn't want any of the damned old rebel's money." While such instances tend to rouse the ire, I have always taken them as exceptions that prove the rule that in the North at least, where there are few traces of the dreadful aftermath of the conflict, there is little resentful feeling. Yet, according to newspaper accounts, General Frederick D. Grant was either present without actively participating or near at hand without commenting unfavorably afterwards when a resolution was passed urging in wrathful terms the rejection of Lee's statue—a charge that without further evidence I refuse to believe against the son of the magnanimous conqueror. In recent weeks, however, I have seen in a letter published without editorial condemnation in a reputable magazine an angry reference to Lee (and through him to every Southern soldier) as a traitor; and still more recently I have read that a Grand Army Post has paired Lee off, not with Lord Falkland or the Shakesperean Brutus, but with Benedict Arnold. But it is not, after all, in the envenomed utterance, but rather in the public complacency that permits it, that I see a menace to justice and the South. An aggressive unreason will defeat itself, whereas there may dwell a dangerous perversion in that national habit of thought which is slowly and unconsciously acquired. I have, therefore, no wish, now or ever, to speak harshly of any of the people of the North; I reserve my reproaches for the hotheads of my section. I would simply inquire whether, germinant and growing north of Mason and Dixon's Line, there is not

a disposition more hurtful than the mere hostility of a few. I would ask if this is not the time to determine whether further adjustments can proceed only on the basis of a relinquishment by the South of all her traditions—a time to elicit from sober-minded citizens in the North that "sweetness and light" which their hasty and, more pertinently, their indifferent neighbors are inclined to violate.*

It would be wearisome and useless to thresh over the questions as to whether the South had a right to secede and whether her attitude toward human servitude was grossly wrong. With regard to the former question, I believe that fair-minded men in the North are willing to concede that, judging by the letter of the Constitution and the intentions of its framers, the South had the better of the argument; while fair-minded men in the South admit that the logic of Calhoun, though it was unanswerable, was nevertheless refuted by the national idea of Webster. With regard to the second question, I believe that impartial minds in the North will confess that the South was by no means solely responsible for the inception of the traffic in slaves, and that Southern efforts toward manumission were checked and chilled through the jealousies aroused by the clamorous abolition movement; while the saner element in the South will refuse to deny the moral and economic benefits that have accrued to their section from the emancipation. Seen thus, the Civil War and the sufferings it entailed are irresistibly tragic—a gory illustration of the way in which discord and mutual distrust mar that "manifest destiny" which we are prone to picture as gently guiding the world. The two sections could not amicably continue a union which both had established through sacrifice, nor could they perform together a deed of mercy which either would have done alone. Against this sombre background we must judge the subsequent conduct of the South. Whether her course in ante-bellum days was a perfect one is not of the slightest consequence. Two points we should bear in mind: that her course was entirely

* Since writing the above I have seen two encouraging tokens. The Northern press has condemned the sweeping anti-Southern utterances of Senator Heyburn of Idaho, and has generously lauded the broad-spirited valedictory of Senator Gordon of Mississippi. The one incident would indicate that the Northern partisan, like the "professional Southerner," has no place in the civilization of the future; the other would indicate that the thing now needed is an exposition of Southern sentiment at its best.

sincere, and that it was not the anomaly of history in that it was wholly mistaken. We should realize the human element; we should remember that the present is not to be judged independently of the influence of the past; we should understand that when the strife was over Southerners were face to face with the gloomy problem of adapting themselves to a condition in which they had not believed and which fate, not apostasy, had impelled them to resist.

To a problem so stupendous as this, who in the South has brought the most charitable spirit, the largest outlook, and the noblest solution? With what leadership of lower conceptions has his spirit been forced to combat? In the ultimate light of history, how should his labor be judged?

I should unhesitatingly say that the man who most fully exemplifies the loftiest leadership of the South since the war is the man the censure of whom calls forth this article, the man who when others despairingly cried, "O Lord, revive thy work *in the midst* of the years" saw his way clearly as by inspiration. Robert E. Lee was not only the consummate flower of the Old South; he is also the beacon and prophet of the New.

Out of the agony of our civil conflict rose two men who in moral stature and insight into affairs were almost superhuman—Lincoln and Lee. Between them was a remarkable contrast. Between them was a remarkable likeness. Both were natives of the South; but in the world-old struggle bequeathed from England one became the champion of the Puritan, the other the embodiment of the Cavalier. Lincoln was the child of shiftless parents; Lee was the best-born man in America. Lincoln was homely, and often at first sight gave offence; Lee was handsome, and never failed to command admiration. Lincoln forged through harassing adversities, that he might mount and uplift; Lee refused emoluments and honors, that he might stoop and serve. Lincoln hailed the outcome of the contest, "With malice toward none, with charity for all"; Lee greeted it with the manly statement, "I believe it is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony." Lincoln, in the hour when his spirit triumphed, was defeated in body; Lee, at the time when his body was defeated, triumphed in spirit. If we subscribe to the plea of Lamar, "My countrymen! *know* one another and

you will *love* one another," we should earnestly study the soul of Lincoln and the soul of Lee.

It is a deplorable fact and a sad commentary on mortal dereliction that neither of these men has been adequately appreciated even in the section whose cause he upheld. In the name of both mischief has been wrought that is far from the spirit of either. Of the two I think Lee is the more misunderstood. Nay, I believe that if the American people would repair their greatest neglect of the legacy derivable from a single character in their history they would have to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the real nature of Lee. That nature is amply set forth in the "Life and Letters" edited by his son, a book not to be surpassed as a quiet teacher of patriotism. And the period most worthy of emphasis—the one which is generally overlooked—is that in Lee's life which followed the collapse of the Confederacy.

There is no wish on my part to imply an apology for the years preceding. Lee's record in the military service of the United States was altogether honorable. So efficient was it that, as every one knows, at the beginning of the war he could have had the command of the Northern armies. To set aside the personal glory he could thus have won was no hardship to a man of his character, but as the hours dragged on and the struggle drew nigh he felt "the burden of the mystery," "the heavy and the weary weight" of a momentous national crisis. He knew as few did how much was involved. To secession he had been opposed; but to take up arms against his brethren in the South was also an evil from which he shrank. Graphically has the historian pictured the tumult of his spirit when he was driven to a choice. Pacing up and down the veranda of his home at Arlington, he looked across the Potomac where floated upon the Capitol at Washington the flag of his country; then, turning his face toward Virginia's fields, he heard the voice of a mother. His decision was made through the whispered word "duty"—"the sublimest word," he has called it, "in our language." Of his courage and genius through the years of arduous battle I need not speak. It should never be forgotten that if his knightly soul bore the shadow of resentment, it was only towards those whose reckless rancor had brought on the conflict. He once declared, "I have fought against the people of the North, but I have never cherished towards them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen

the day when I did not pray for them." But high-minded and vicarious as he had been throughout, he did not reveal the fulness of the unsullied grandeur of his character until he turned his steps homeward from Appomattox.

What was the course upon which he embarked—the course which our American people are inclined to ignore in making their estimate of him? That his procedure was right will be the more obvious if we consider just here two other types of leadership that have flourished in the South since the war.

The first type is represented by Thomas Dixon, Jr., the author of "The Leopard's Spots." It is rabidly reactionary; it sweepingly condemns whatever is not of the South, Southern. Its food is an outworn animosity; its appeal is to instincts of revenge; its aim is to reverse the processes of time, to foment discord, and to engender bitterness. Let me say that it is inexpressibly harmful to the South. It furnishes an earth-clog that fetters the most liberal undertakings; it makes whole communities as the man

> "Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind";

it makes the demagogue strong in the approval of mobs that are won by the sophistries that sound like truth rather than by truth itself. Yet, filled with blind hatred as it is, it is a logical outcome of the disasters that the South underwent. How extreme these were few Northerners can realize. I myself have before my eyes every Sabbath morning a symbol of them; for in the church where I worship are memorial tablets inscribed with the names of the pastors who successively ministered to the flock, but the space for the years '64 and '65 is as bare and blank as death. A Northerner who had moved to this section once said to me: "When I came here, I heard casually that on the approach of raiders in war time people buried their treasures in earth. I said to myself, 'Fools! what made them do that?' Then the thought came to me: 'Great God! In this way alone, the pitiable way of primeval animals—in this way alone whole communities could save the poor means to keep soul and body together.'" Yet the war itself was not the worst; the war itself was as nothing! Thoughtlessly speak of the Reconstruction period? To us it was the Re-*de*struction period. Our stable citizenship was disfranchised; late bondsmen, illiterate and gloating with sudden privileges, were vested with unbridled authority; that vandal, the

carpetbagger from the North, and that harpy, the scalawag from the South, united to one heinous end, heaped upon our prostrate and impoverished people indignities and calamities such as few races have ever been forced to endure. The masses in the North, to be sure, could not have been aware of these rapacities, else they had never been permitted to continue. But could the majority of Southerners have been expected to discriminate? Can all be expected, since the scars are still on them, to discriminate yet? The vitriolic spirit of Dixon was the inevitable consequence of the anguish imposed by the war and the unspeakable inhumanity that followed.

The second type, too, has its foundations deep in human nature. It is free from all violent distemper; it is linked with a genial charity and an august forgiveness; but it is haunted by regrets for a cause that it thinks of as lost, and it ceaselessly mourns "That there hath passed away a glory from the earth." Its most outspoken advocate was the late Father Ryan, whose poem of "The Conquered Banner" concludes with the line, "For its people's hopes are dead!" But its chastened and beautiful spirit is subtly and pervasively present in thousands of other personalities that are equally gentle; nor do I think it is absent from Thomas Nelson Page himself. This tendency to idealize a departed condition has commendable aspects, and yet I believe it is dangerous. The objection I bring to it is that its perspective is wrong. It implies the paralysis of hopes destroyed, the inertness of blighted prospects. It cries that at the end of the war the curtain dropped. It tells us that Eden has been left behind. It bids us wander forlornly among the graves of things gone, weeping about the tombstones of memory, benighted and groping amid the shadows of "the days that are no more." It does not sufficiently discern that, though outward forms have perished, the inspiration of a spirit continues; it does not hold forth the assurance that communities, like men,

> "May rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things";

nor does it thrill with conviction that, so long as the resources of the section are as one ear of corn where two ought to grow, so long as the needs of the world are unsatisfied, so long as the perfection of the race lies before, the traditions of the South may abide and the vitality of the South know countless resurrections.

If the doctrine of Dixon is that of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, if the attitude of Ryan is pure but pathetically hopeless, no reproach or aspersion can be brought from honest hearts against the spirit of Lee. The golden privilege that awaits the public-spirited man of the South is that of convincing the masses that Lee is the abundant answer to the other two. I have sat in a Southern audience that was violently inflamed by Dixon's play of "The Clansman" and have wondered how that audience would feel if before it could be read some of Lee's letters—how it would feel if confronted with his words: "I have thought from the time of the cessation of hostilities that silence and patience on the part of the South was the true course, and I think so still." I have heard from a hundred standpoints and in a hundred disguises the impossible longings of Ryan expressed and have said in my heart that they were as the borrowed splendors of the moon when compared with Lee's reply to a kinsman who had asked what was left to be done: "You can work for Virginia—to build her up again, to make her great again."

Lee was not deterred by adverse conditions. It is true, perhaps, that no man was ever harassed by more trying and relentless difficulties. Perhaps it is also true that the responsibility would have broken his life had he not found relief in his rides on his war steed, Traveller, in those flashes of tender playfulness that mellowed the dignity of his character, in kindly intercourse with his neighbors, and in the hallowed quiet of the domestic circle. I have shown already how drained and depleted was the conquered South. I ask that you remember, in addition, that at the close of the war Lee was for the first time in his life without an official position, that his estate had been confiscated, that he was a prisoner on parole, and that he was suspected, scanned, and unmercifully assailed from the North. With undaunted fortitude and forbearance he met the issues that the times presented. He counseled patience and submission. He urged economy, insisting that the lavishness of ante-bellum times could no longer be maintained. He encouraged industry. He gave his old soldiers a rallying cry that any brave people should admire: "Tell them they must all set to work, and if they cannot do what they prefer, do what they can." Nor did he stop with mere words. He set the example by accepting the presidency of Washington College. The institution at that time was hampered in finances, it had an

enrollment of but forty, and it was twenty-three miles from a railroad. Yet with it he remained till his death, administering its affairs with prudence, energy, and courage. It is the wisdom of human life to work under limitations, so these be unavoidable and not self-imposed; and never did affliction encounter a worthier opponent than it found in Lee.

Let me state more clearly than I have hitherto done Lee's basic claim on the gratitude of the nation. It rests in the fact that his spirit was essentially creative, that he was no more anxious to reconcile than he was to upbuild. Perchance the assertion sounds strange to those who have heard, time out of mind, that the South, unbendingly arrayed against the innovating forces of the North, stood first of all for conservatism. Let us revise the idea that admits no exception and make current the knowledge that the best men on both sides were gifted with qualities not confined to their section. Even a superficial study of Lee's deportment after the surrender will disclose how flimsy is the argument sometimes leveled at his greatness that his temperament was destructive or, at best, negative. By precept on the right occasions and by practice always, he showed, amid obstacles that might well have appalled, an ardent desire and intention to weld together the sundered purposes of Americanism and to shape and erect something lasting in that "long warfare for the emancipation of mankind." With his restraint and his reverence for the old he combined an animation for the new that had descended as his right from the South of the Revolution—the South of Washington, of Jefferson, and of Marshall. Because he wished above personal advantage to toil constructively for the good of his country, he was not to be tempted from his humble work at Washington College by the most enticing offers of lucrative employment. In answer to one such offer, he gave the slogan of a new era: "I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

In view of these facts, was not Robert E. Lee a man whom Southerners should emulate and Northerners commend? Is not his example, like the example of Lincoln, too benign for malice to revile it unreproved? Is not his spirit a majestic possession which our people as a whole should forever cherish?

GARLAND GREEVER.

THE MONTH IN ENGLAND.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

LONDON, *July, 1910.*

IN my last communication I dealt with the prospects of a Conference being called between the leaders of the two chief English parties with a view to the settlement of the Constitutional issue by consent. Hardly had the article left England when the Conference, a mere possibility, though an ardently desired one, when I wrote, became a reality. The Prime Minister addressed a letter to Mr. Balfour inviting the Opposition to meet the Government at a round table and discuss the whole problem in free, unfettered, secret debate. The invitation was accepted, and for the past few weeks Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Birrell and Lord Crewe, representing the Government, and Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cawdor, representing the Opposition, have been in constant deliberation. Nothing is known to the general public—nothing, I may as well frankly add, is known to myself—as to the course or temper of their debates. Many attempts have been made in the House of Commons to "draw" Mr. Asquith on the subject, but they have all deservedly failed. Except the protagonists themselves and a very small circle of their colleagues, all of whom are pledged to secrecy, everybody is completely in the dark. The eight gentlemen I have named form what is hardly less than a Constitutional Convention. They are charged with the task of framing a new organic act of Government for the British State. But they are in no sense plenipotentiaries. Their agreement, if they reach one, will have to be ratified by their respective followers, will have to be debated and subscribed to by both Houses of Parliament. It is true, of course, that any solution or compact arrived at between the two front Benches is extremely unlikely to be rejected

by either House. Nevertheless, the position, from the standpoint of the average party man, remains embarrassing and even irksome. Here is the most momentous transaction that British statesmen have engaged in for at least a hundred years. It is a transaction which is bound to leave a permanent mark on the workings of British institutions. And it is being carried out behind closed doors, without a single announcement of any kind being made as to its progress or possible outcome. Small wonder that the average party man looks upon the whole proceeding with suspicion. A Conference between the Government and the Opposition on any question is so opposed to the ordinary rules of Parliamentary warfare that the men in the rank and file always regard it with misgivings. But a Conference on such a question as this, a question of unequalled magnitude, passionately fought over and fraught with vital consequences to every political issue that is now before the British public—and to many, also, that are only waiting for an opportunity to come crowding to the front—raises suspicion and misgivings to a point little short of revolt.

But the country as a whole pays little heed to the complainings of the average party man. It has welcomed the Conference with whole-hearted thankfulness. From the very beginning of this controversy all moderate men have insisted that it could only be settled permanently by some such Conference as is now in session; that assuming a change in the British Constitution to be necessary—and on that point the agreement is well-nigh universal—it could not, if it was to endure, be a change made simply to meet the convenience of a single party, but must inevitably be of a character to command the assent of all parties; that the attempt to evolve a new Constitution out of the welter of Parliamentary strife and the disorder of a series of General Elections was bound sooner or later to end, after months and possibly years of bitter and barren conflict, in a ludicrous failure; and that the only sane course, the only course worthy of the political genius of the British people, was to grapple with the problem in the patient seclusion of a Conference. These views have been steadily gaining ground during the past six months. Ultimately, though it might have been years hence, they would, I think, assuredly have prevailed. But so long as the struggle was proceeding along the lines of unbridled partisanship, they stood little chance of

obtaining an effective hearing. In that sense King Edward's death was providential. It sobered the extremists on both sides; it brought home to the nation, as nothing else could have done, the folly and indignity of the course that was being pursued; it tuned the national heart and mind to a higher and more rational note. Men felt that the grave of King Edward the Peacemaker could not be dishonored by an orgy of factional strife; and they felt not less strongly and not less instinctively that the new King should not be hustled, that ample time should be allowed him for looking all round the situation, and that to permit the early months of his reign to be marred by a Constitutional convulsion would be to insult the Monarch and jeopardize the best interests of the Monarchy. The man in the street simply took it for granted that the altered situation would enforce a truce to party contentions and pave the way to an enduring compromise.

None the less, Mr. Asquith risked a good deal in inviting the Conference. He is the leader, one must remember, not of a compact homogeneous party, but of a Coalition. The Liberals in the House of Commons outnumber the Conservatives by no more than two; the remainder of their majority is composed of the Labor men and the Irish Nationalists. If Mr. Redmond and his followers were to break away from the Government and to vote with the Conservatives they would bring about its immediate downfall. This is a fact which can never be absent from the minds of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues in the Ministry; it influences their actions at all times; it governs them at some. But this only sets in a clearer light the risks which the Prime Minister ran and the courage he showed in running them when he invited the Conference. For he must have been very well aware that a large number of his followers would view his overtures with the deepest mistrust. At the time of the King's death, it may be remembered, the Government had passed through the House of Commons a series of Resolutions dealing with the House of Lords. These Resolutions (1) deprived the House of Lords of all power over finance, (2) abolished its right of rejecting any measure that had passed the House of Commons three times in not less than two years, and (3) repealed the Septennial Act and limited the duration of Parliament to five years. If these Resolutions were rejected or were refused con-

sideration by the House of Lords Mr. Asquith had undertaken to invoke the Royal prerogative—that is, to advise the Crown to create a sufficient number of new Peers to override the resistance of the Upper House. If the Sovereign declined to accept the Ministerial advice and to act upon it forthwith, Mr. Asquith had intended to resign office. If, on the other hand, the Sovereign had pledged himself to carry out the wishes of his Ministers in the event of their being ratified by the people after another General Election, then Mr. Asquith had announced that he would dissolve Parliament at once and appeal to the country.

Such was the programme to which the Liberal party stood committed at the moment of King Edward's death. It was a programme fiercely resented by the Conservatives and supported with equal ardor by at least three sections of the Coalition. The Moderate Liberals at no time felt any great affection for it. Sir Edward Grey, indeed, went so far as to prophesy that if the Liberals attempted to solve the problem before them by whittling down the legislative powers of the House of Lords while leaving its composition unaltered and unreformed—which is precisely the course the Liberals have chosen—the result could only be "death, disaster and damnation." But among the Radicals, the Labor men and the Irish Nationalists there was and is nothing but the keenest enthusiasm for the Ministerial policy. The Radicals regard it as equivalent to the removal of the last barrier that stands between Liberalism and a full freedom of legislative opportunity; the Labor men regard it as an equally long step towards the final abolition of the Upper Chamber; and the Irish Nationalists frankly admit that they look upon it as tantamount to the granting of Home Rule. When, therefore, these three sections heard that the policy which they hold to be vital to their aims was to be committed to the chances of a round-table Conference, they felt almost a sense of betrayal. For nothing can be more certain than that the Government's Veto Resolutions will never be assented to by the Conservatives in anything like their original form, and that if the Conference results in an agreement it must necessarily be at the expense of the Ministerial programme. The Radicals, the Labor men and the Irish Nationalists know perfectly well that this is so; and the knowledge has driven them to the verge of mutiny. They have not the same confidence in their representatives in the Conference that the Conservatives

place in Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cawdor. They are haunted by the fear that they may somehow be "sold."

Personally, I am convinced that their apprehensions are groundless. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Crewe and Mr. Birrell are not the men to assent to any compromise that does not obtain for Liberalism everything that is imperatively necessary. The trouble with their followers is that they do not yet realize that what is "imperatively necessary" for the self-respect and effectiveness of the Liberal party can be obtained even though the Veto Resolutions have to be in great part thrown overboard. What Liberalism wants and what it ought to have is an equal chance with the Conservatives of writing its measures on the Statute-book. At present it has not an equal chance. The House of Lords is permanently under the domination of the Conservative party, who are thus able to retrieve in the Upper Chamber the defeats sustained at the polls and in the House of Commons. The Conservatives, therefore, whether in office or in opposition, thus enjoy a power of influencing legislation which is denied to their opponents. One result of the controversy that has raged during the past eight months is that the country is now pretty well convinced that Liberalism should no longer be placed at this conspicuous disadvantage. Means must be found, it is now generally recognized, of placing both parties on an equality of legislative opportunity. That is a principle which, in my judgment, finds to-day an all but unanimous acceptance. So long as proper effect is given to it, Liberals will have obtained all they really need and all they can fairly ask. But obviously there are many other ways of giving effect to it besides the way marked out by the Government's Veto Resolutions. Those Resolutions, indeed, by depriving the House of Lords of the power of rejecting measures that had passed the House of Commons three times in not less than two years, brought the country to the very edge of Single-Chamber Government. Neither the Conservatives nor the English people as a whole will ever, in my dispassionate conviction, accept any such solution of the problem as a permanent settlement. It was, perhaps, the worst solution that could possibly have been devised. The country, I think it may be said, is substantially at one in desiring a strong Second Chamber with effective powers not only of amendment and delay, but of rejection.

This I take to be the second principle which will have to be observed in any compromise that is to endure. The third principle is that the supremacy of the House of Commons in all matters of finance must be put beyond the possibility of challenge. Pretty nearly everybody agrees that the Lords must never again be allowed the chance of rejecting a Budget. Even the Conservatives seem now resigned to gagging them on this vital matter, providing that strict precautions are taken against "tacking"—that is, against the inclusion of non-financial matter in a financial Bill—and providing also that the Speaker of the House of Commons is not loaded with the difficult and dangerous responsibility of deciding, in any given case, whether the offence of "tacking" has or has not been actually committed.

These three principles (1) of all parties enjoying an equal chance of carrying their legislative programmes into effect, (2) of the supremacy of the House of Commons in finance, and (3) of the maintenance of a strong Second Chamber with the power of rejecting ordinary measures preserved intact, are principles that afford, I cannot help thinking, a solid basis for an enduring settlement, such as the nation would gratefully accept. But to translate them into realities the Liberals must clearly abandon their Veto Resolutions, except the one gagging the Lords in matters of finance, and approach the central problem from a totally fresh standpoint, recognizing that if once they are in possession of the same advantages that the Conservatives enjoy their real grievance will have been remedied. But how are these advantages to be secured to them? Well, there are many ways. A system of Joint Committees on which the Government of the day would command a fixed majority and to which bills would be referred in the event of an otherwise insoluble disagreement between the two Houses, is one method that is being much discussed. The transformation of the House of Lords into an elective or mainly elective Chamber, in which each party would have, so far as a paper scheme could secure it, an equal chance of obtaining a majority, is another plan by which the end in view could be reached. I cannot now discuss either of these schemes in detail. What I wish to bring out is that the Radicals, Labor men and Irish Nationalists who mistrust the Conference because it threatens to make an end of most of the Government's Veto Resolutions need really have no fears at all. The Veto Resolu-

tions, it is true, are not likely to emerge from the Conference in anything like their original form. But even so, as I have tried to show, the end at which they aimed may be attained in other and better ways. No agreement by consent, in short, is conceivable that does not place the Liberals and their allies in a far more favorable position for writing their measures on the Statute-book than they occupy at present. The country as a whole is sanguine that an agreement by consent will be reached. The members of the Conference are such seasoned and experienced statesmen, the hour is so propitious, and the alternative to a compromise is so repellent to every instinct of patriotism and good feeling, that there really seems a chance that the old reputation of the English people for political moderation and practicality may once more be vindicated.

So long as the Conference is in being, so long as no man can say for certain whether the issue will be war or peace, all ordinary politics seem necessarily insipid. The provision for the new Civil List and the Regency Bill will probably have been satisfactorily disposed of before this letter appears in print. The Government have had the courage and good sense to bring in a Bill for amending the King's Declaration by omitting the passages that were offensive to Roman Catholics and by restricting the Sovereign to a simple affirmation of Protestantism. The first reading of the Bill was carried by 383 to 42, and though the opponents of the measure will doubtless endeavor to stir up the country against it—its final stages cannot be completed until the House reassembles in November for an autumn session—I do not anticipate that they will succeed in postponing any longer this tardy concession to toleration and decency. Mr. Lloyd George's Budget proved to be last year's Budget over again. It imposed no new taxes whatever and it remitted none; and it showed a small surplus. Considering that it was framed to meet an increased expenditure of $50,000,000, this must be held a very striking vindication, first, of the productivity of last year's Budget and, secondly, of the fiscal system which brings into the Treasury every penny that is imposed on the taxpayer. Mr. Lloyd George announced that after January 1st the pauper disqualification in connection with old-age pensions would cease, and he further announced that the Government were contemplating a great national scheme of insurance against unemployment and invalidity on a

contributory basis — a scheme that would embrace over fifteen millions of working men and women. The Budget is, in short, a prosperity Budget—and Great Britain just now is not merely prosperous, but was never more so. Everything points to a "boom" that will surpass in magnitude and duration any that these islands have yet known. Apart from all this, the Budget was remarkable for retaining the increased whiskey duty which a year's experience has shown to be at once worthless as a source of financial revenue and invaluable as an aid to temperance. The Irish Nationalists brought the strongest pressure upon Mr. Lloyd George to lower the duty, but he very creditably refused; and it now remains to be seen whether Mr. Redmond and his followers will take the extreme course of voting against the reimposition of the duty, whether, if they do so, they will be supported by the Unionists—in which case the Government would be thrown out—or whether before the decisive vote is taken in November or December Mr. Asquith will be able to appease them by such an announcement as to the progress and prospects of the Conference as will leave them no option but to keep on supporting the Government. There is only one other matter of political moment in Great Britain just now, and that is the question of woman suffrage. A Bill has been introduced extending the Parliamentary vote to those women who at present enjoy the municipal vote, and two days will have been devoted to debating it before this letter reaches you. There is little chance of the Bill passing, and the effect of its failure upon the temper of the suffragist movement will certainly be anything but pacifying. We are rather given to a gloomy outlook in England at this moment. One distinguished publicist was hinting at the possibility of a civil war as the outcome of the Constitutional struggle. A more probable forecast is that a Cabinet Minister murdered or shot at and a suffragette done to death by a mob will mark the next phase of the woman movement.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

POETRY.

If any one were inclined to question that although the poet is born, the artist is made, this valuable reprint of George Meredith's early "Poems"* might be taken as testimony in the matter. Here we find the first draught of "Love in a Valley," as well as the poem which was the evident forerunner of "The South-wester" and "Hard Weather." The seed of all the Meredithian doctrines are here in embryo, but are not yet, as it were, fully in flower. An excellent exercise in criticism is a minute comparison of the early "Love in a Valley" and its completed form. In the magic stanza which Stevenson loved,

> "When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,"

there is but one minute change. It must have sung itself into the young poet's brain as pure and perfect inspiration. The single change is in the last line:

> "I should lose but one for so many boys and girls."

In the later draught the word "so" is omitted, giving ease and swing to the metre and a finer distinction to the sense.

The third line of stanza one, "Her knees folded up and her tresses on her bosom," is changed afterwards to the much freer, "Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly." The entire second stanza is greatly improved in the later draught. The earlier poem has but eleven stanzas as against twenty-six in the later one. The pictures of the Young Love stepping down the hills with her fair companions, and of all the girls out gathering primroses, are entirely omitted in the earlier version and also the loveliest flower passages, such as:

* "Poems Written in Early Youth." By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

"Yellow with bird-foot trefoil are the grass glades;
Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-gray leaf;
Yellow with stone crop; the moss mounds are yellow;
Blue-necked the wheat sways, yellowing to the sheaf.
Green-yellow bursts from the copse the laughing yaffle,
Sharp as a sickle is the edge of shade and shine;
Earth in her heart laughs looking at the heavens,
Thinking of the harvest; I look and think of mine."

The poem as it stands even in the first version has a young magic in it, but it is not the supreme poem that a great artist made it later.

It is interesting to note in the very earliest poems a certain Wordsworthian commonplaceness of expression, such as:

"It is to make the various skies
And all the various fruits they vaunt
And all the dowers of earth we prize
Subservient to our household want."

Yet struggling through even here is the Meredithian mastery of phrase:

"The vessel took the laughing tides."

"The centre of the striving earth
Round which the human fate is curled."

The set of quatrains on the English poets is disappointing, and only one, we note, is retained in the poet's later work, and this much altered. The "Rape of Aurora" is a preparatory study of "The Hymn to Color." "The Wild Rose" and "The Snowdrop" show the poet's early love of flowers and habit of close, exact observation. Some of the songs, notably "Love within the Lover's Breast" and "The Death of Winter," are charming, and he must indeed have been an austere critic of himself who cut them out of his later work.

It is said that a poet dies young in every man's breast. And doubtless it is true. Poetry must play a little always with magic and glamour and romance, and age turns instinctively to fact. The "Last Poems"* of George Meredith contain beautiful and eloquent passages, as the first description in "Como" and certain lines in "The Wild Rose," and, above all, the beautiful "Youth in Age" with its arresting line,

"And a life in wrinkles again is stirred,"

* "Last Poems." By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

but the commemorative poems lack somehow the pulse and vitality of the rest of his work, and even the poem on "Ireland" falls short of this great poet's high average.

The same qualities of fine perception, keen satire, conscientious craftsmanship, that many years ago set William Watson in the front rank of English poets are still to be discerned in his latest collection of poems.* The volume must be particularly interesting to Americans, since it contains not only the poet's just arraignment of a frivolous woman using her powerful position for ignoble purposes, which kept the newspapers busy with sensational gossip for months, but the poems "Criticism," "Hate" and "Thoughts on Revisiting a Centre of Commerce" might easily seem to allude to the same period. The "Sonnet to Richard Watson Gilder," which gave the sweet and lesser poet so true a jóy, is another link in the book with our inhospitable shores. The "Sonnets to Miranda" are chiselled and perfect if always a little cold, lacking the rich color and warmth of the Rossettian sonnet. The volume is a thin one and contains no one poem worthy to set beside the poet's earlier "Wordsworth's Grave." It has, however, such lovely lyrics as "The Stones of Stanton Drew," "In Dreams," "The Churchyard in the Wold," "The Stream and the Farm," some fine sonnets and keen satires. William Watson wears the mantle dropped from the shoulders of the poet of "Empedocles on Ætna." A lucid explanation of Mr. Watson's method and his aims is contained in the little poem "Criticism."

> "There were three critics: Slip and Slop
> And Slapdash were their names;
> And all three said: 'Your mission, sir?
> Your message? and your aims?'
>
> "'Kind gentlemen, to tell the truth,
> Nor color fact with fable,
> My chief concern is just to write
> As well as I am able.
>
> "'Mere honest work my mission is,
> My message and my aim.'
> 'A man of words,' said Slip and Slop,
> And Slapdash said the same."

* "New Poems." By William Watson. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

With Miss Guiney's volume* we have but one quarrel, and that is with the title. Why should we forecast so early an unwelcome parting? Miss Guiney is to America what Henley is to England. Her tendency has been too purely *belletristic* for her work to gain popularity, but at times she has struck the deep human note which gives a product eternal life. It may be said with a certain pride that such a poem as Henley's

"Out of the night that covers me"

could not be allowed to die; and the same is true of Miss Guiney's "The Kings" with its splendid culmination in the last lines,

"But fighting, fighting, fighting
Die, driven against the wall."

The poems "*Summun Bonum*," "*O Deo Optimo Maximo*," "*Beata Mortui*," stand among the great religious poems of the English language, not colored and laden with perfume as Francis Thompson's, but having a shadow of the same white light that blows about Vaughan's "Night" and "Eternity." Miss Guiney's poetry will live, and more and more we shall find the best of her thoughts and work in the more important anthologies. Twenty-four years ago Mr. Stedman spoke of Miss Guiney's lyrics as "artless ditties"; whatever she may have published to earn that title for them then, she now undoubtedly holds the palm as the most finished craftsman among living American poets.

Mr. Lodge, whose valuable work was cut short by untimely death, had already given us two volumes of much distinction; a series of sonnets entitled "The Great Adventure" and a poetic drama entitled "Herakles." The present volume† contains two occasional poems, a number of sonnets, two poems for which he borrowed Browning's titles "Life in a Love" and "Love in a Life"; a long poem, "Strength and Solitude," and an essay in difficult rhythm called "Faith." Mr. Lodge had in him the stuff of a poet, but he had not so far quite found himself. Here and there in his imagery is the breath of the East, more often a whiff of Browning or blown leaf from Tennyson, and in the

* "Happy Ending." By Louise Imogen Guiney. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1909.

† "The Soul's Inheritance." By George Cabot Lodge. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1909.

sonnets more than a suggestion of Rossetti. Had he lived, the winds of reminiscence would have passed and he would have won some form of individual utterance. It is evident in all these volumes that he felt more than he had learned to utter. So far his volumes testify more to the student and the thinker than the singer. But it is high and noble thought he utters, even if at times it seems too abstract for poetry, which, indeed, is upheld on the right hand by aspiration after abstract truth, but on the left by the concrete image and the earthen symbol.

It has been noted before in these pages that Mr. Lodge's sonnets are carefully built on Rossettian lines, and particularly has he won the power of building up to one last culminating and gorgeous line. For example,

"The void, vast vision of the Sphinx of Death"

and

"Life's immemorial validities,"

which is particularly a Rossettian line.

Those who, like Mr. Lodge, know their "House of Life" will remember how the cunning master wove into the sonnet line the many syllabled word, gaining thereby a particularly rich and intricate melody.

The dedication to that rare and hidden genius, George Russell, already lends an interest to the unknown name on this charming and demure-looking brown volume.* Nor is one disappointed. Twenty-six little poems make up the volume, but if the quantity is short the quality is exceeding precious. The first poem has in it perhaps more of drama than the others, but not the particular and delicious flavor—what is it?—of the young Irish singer. "Nature," with its simplicity, its natural diction, its insight and its patience has touches—not of reminiscence—but touches that remind us of the strength in sweetness of Blake. "What Thomas an' Buile said in a Pub" and "Seumas Beg" have traces of grim and delightful humor. Once or twice the poet, who is undoubtedly a man, speaks through the lips of a woman uttering her heart as truly at times as Browning did; or as did Henry Bryan Binns, to quote a lesser poet. The closing lines of "The Optimist" give a fair notion of the poet's tendency:

* "Insurrections." By James Stephans. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1909.

"Lo, we are mocked with fancies and we stretch
Meek unavailing arms to anywhere,
But help is none. The North wind cannot fetch
An answer to our cries, nor in the air
Fanned by the South wind's van is any aid.
What then is left but this, that we be brave
And steadfast in our places, not afraid,
However fell our lot, and we will lave
Us deep in human waters till our minds
Grow broad and kindly and we haply steal
A paradise from Nature. Nothing binds
Man closer unto man than that he feel
The trouble of his comrade. So we grope
Through courage, truth and kindness back to hope."

There are continually new testimonies to the spread of the mystic sense; the feeling of the identification of the individual with the larger and ultimate forces of the universe. It is this sense that is set down in the short, unrhymed lyrics of Mrs. Sprague's "My Two Gardens."* One comes across such lines as:

"I seemed to lose all individual consciousness
And my whole garden became myself."

"It has seemed to me that somewhere out of silence
Something would speak to me."

"And as we leave ourselves free
The Soul within unfolds."

The last poem perhaps as well as any gives us what the author is striving to say:

"The Source of all, the great world Power
Enthroned in silence, waits—
Waits until the heart of man freed from all passion
Shall turn to deeds of love."

There is the same difficulty, more exaggerated, in these poems that we noted in Mr. Lodge's; it is the mistaken tendency to discard the earthly symbol. There is something too thin and too rarefied about poetry that is all in the upper regions of abstraction. But the little volume has none the less its own grace and noble charm.

Very sweet and spontaneous is the singing in this prettily named volume,† all compact of tenderness, flowers, tears, smiles

* "My Two Gardens." By A. S. Rochester, New York: The Manas Press, 1909.

† "Flower o' the Grass." By Ada Foster Murray. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

and memories, the stuff out of which from time immemorial poetry and life have been made. It is singing rather than poetry, for except the sonnets there is hardly a poem that might not be set to a melody. A great susceptibility to nature, perhaps primarily to autumnal beauty, a certain placidity of outlook, a shining, child-like wonder at the beauty of the world and of love in the world, are among this graceful writer's endowments. She has command of pretty and innocent imagery and a playful fancy.

If one were in a fault-finding mood one might complain that the rhythms are a little too facile, too much

> "The sweet, old songs unspoiled by art"

which the author commends in another. It might add to the richness and variety of her verse were she to make search for more intricate and complex movements of the line and more unhackneyed phrases. The word mystic, too, a rather debased word in these days, occurs too often used in the sense of magic. But when all is said this is sweet and kindly singing.

Among the better poems in the volume are "Above Salerno," "The Imprisoned Voice" and "The Flaming Hours," the last one short and lovely enough to quote:

> "When woodland ways
> Are all ablaze,
> The Autumn spreads her cloth of gold
> On tangled hedge and briery wold.
> Her spears are golden on the height,
> Her torches burn with ruddy light;
> On ironweed and thistle crown
> She flings the purple of renown
> When woodland ways are all ablaze."

TRAVEL.

QUITE novel is the undertaking of this book.* To say Professor and Mrs. Allinson have combined a book on travel with a book on Greek poetry is quite to miss the point and to fail of the truth while saying the undisputed. They have thrown the light of poetry on landscape; they have interpreted the psychology of a race by the environment. One travels in Italy with Dante

* "Greek Lands and Letters." By Francis Greenleaf Allinson and Anne C. E. Allinson. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1909.

in one's pocket, in Spain with Don Quixote, but few books have so far resulted from this method. Yet it is the only way to travel, as it is the only way to read. No better stimulus and interpreter could be recommended to any one intending to go on pilgrimage in Greece—for such the volume was primarily designed. But those who have been already in Greece with or without their Teubner texts will linger contentedly over this night at Delphi, this morning at Eleusis, this journey up into Arcadia. And a native Greek, if he knows our language as well as his own, will be apt to pronounce that the descriptive parts are as fine as the critical and almost—never, indeed, quite—adequate to the beauty of Greece to-day. The translations are easy and often happy, and the mingling of paraphrase and comment very deft. Where, for instance, at Sparta "Helen comes in like Artemis of the golden arrows, and her willing servants bring her a carved chair covered with a rug of soft wool, and sitting there, her white hands busied with the deep blue wool wound about her golden distaff, and with the dressed yarn heaped in her silver basket that runs on little wheels and is rimmed with gold, she talks to them of what happened once in Troy, and of Odysseus of the hardy heart and, quite easily, of how she had wanted to come home again to her own country and her child and her lord, 'who was lacking in nought, nor wisdom, nor beauty of manhood.'" And again a phrase seems born of the place: "On this field the only trophy was the one erected by the defeated to the dead." That was Chæronæa, of course.

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A PLEA FOR CONSERVATION OF COMMON SENSE.

THE greatest Senator of his time or of any time in the history of this Republic rose slowly and somewhat heavily to his feet and addressed the presiding officer. Not a chair upon the floor was vacant. The gallery was filled. The speaker was in the prime of his intellectual vigor and at the zenith of his fame. The subject was one which now, though paramount in importance, would be considered dull. It was the Value of Credit. Economists had apostrophized it, philosophers had analyzed it, agitators had derided it. But now a statesman of the widest vision, incited by ardent desire to augment the stability of American institutions, was to expatiate upon it and to exemplify it from a wealth of knowledge and imagery. He yet recalled the time when, in "an exulting speech," he had spoken of his country as "consisting of nine millions of people." He could hardly persuade himself that within the short time which had elapsed since that epoch our population had doubled. He knew no imagination fertile enough to depict the progress of wealth and population in the half-century to come. There was, then, the greater need of laying firm the foundations of material advancement, to the end that succeeding generations should not suffer from the short-sightedness or laxity of their progenitors.

What, then, was credit? To his mind, the link connecting

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Labor and Capital, "not as the refuge of the prodigal and the reckless; not as gratifying present wants with the certainty of future absolute ruin; but as the genius of honorable trust and confidence; as the blessing voluntarily offered to good character and to good conduct; as the beneficent agent which assists honesty and enterprise in obtaining comfort and independence."

Taken away, what would remain? Not to the few, but to the many? What for labor and industry but mere manual toil and daily drudgery? If capital be withdrawn from active employment, does not the rate of wages diminish? When credit shall be abolished and labor be divorced from capital, will not capital be hoarded and labor starve?

"The general doctrine of political economy," continued the speaker slowly and without emphasis,

"is, that wealth consists in whatever is useful or convenient to man, and that labor is the producing cause of all this wealth. This is very true. But, then, what is labor? In the sense of political writers, and in common language, it means human industry; in a philosophical view, it may receive a much more comprehensive meaning. It is not, in that view, human toil only, the mere action of thews and muscles; but it is any active agency which, working upon the materials with which the world is supplied, brings forth products useful or convenient to man. The materials of wealth are in the earth, in the seas and in their natural and unaided productions. Labor obtains these materials, works upon them and fashions them to human use. Now it has been the object of scientific art, or of the application of science to art, to increase this active agency, to augment its power, by creating millions of laborers in the form of machines all but automatic, all to be diligently employed and kept at work by the force of natural powers. To this end these natural powers, principally those of steam and falling water, are subsidized and taken into human employment. Spinning-machines, power looms and all the mechanical devices, acting, among other operatives, in the factories and workshops, are but so many laborers. They are usually denominated labor-*saving* machines, but it would be more just to call them labor-*doing* machines. They are made to be active agents; to have motion, and to produce effect; and though without intelligence, they are guided by laws of science which are exact and perfect, and they produce results, therefore, in general, more accurate than the human hand is capable of producing. When we look upon one of these, we behold a mute fellow laborer, of immense power, of mathematical exactness, and of ever-during and unwearied effort. And while he is thus a most skilful and productive laborer, he is a non-consumer, at least beyond the wants of his mechanical being. . . . It is these automatic allies and co-operators, and these powers of Nature, thus employed and placed under human direction, which have come, with such prodigious effect,

to man's aid, in the great business of procuring the means of living, of comfort and of wealth, and which have so swollen the products of her skilful industry."

The speaker paused. He had enunciated his hypothesis with notable lucidity. Results were yet to be reckoned with. He asked his hearers to look at the statistics and see the effect of labor, united with and acting upon capital. He asked them to look yet again and behold credit, mutual trust, prompt and punctual dealings, and commercial confidence intermingled as indispensable elements in the general system. "Look yet once more," he added with greater emphasis, "and you will perceive that general competence, great equality in human condition, a degree of popular knowledge and intelligence nowhere surpassed, if anywhere equalled, the prevalence of good moral sentiment and extraordinary prosperity are the result of the whole." Such he declared to be the state of things actually existing in the country.

Then the statesman became the orator. His voice rose in indignant rebuke, quivered in impassioned utterance.

"And yet," he thundered, scornfully, "there are persons who constantly clamor. They complain of oppression, speculation, and the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations, and all the means by which small capitals become united, in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on a mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke up the fountains of industry, and dry all its streams.

"In a country of unbounded liberty, they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality, they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more equally divided than anywhere else, they rend the air with the shouting of agrarian doctrines. In a country where the wages of labor are high beyond all parallel, they would teach the laborer that he is but an oppressed slave. Sir, what can such men want? What do they mean? They can want nothing, sir, but to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor. They can mean nothing but disturbance and disorder, the diffusion of corrupt principles, and the destruction of the moral sentiments and moral habits of society. A licentiousness of feeling and of action is sometimes produced by prosperity itself. Men cannot always resist the temptation to which they are exposed by the

very abundance of the bounties of Providence, and the very happiness of their own condition."

So spoke Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States seventy-eight years ago. True words they doubtless were then; true words they surely would be, if uttered, now. Unquestionably a spirit of unrest dominates the land. But, if it be true that fundamentally the condition of the country is sound, must we necessarily succumb to despondency, abandon effort looking to retrieval and cringe like cravens before clouds that only threaten? Rather ought not we to analyze conditions, search for causes, find the root of the distress, which even now exists only in men's minds, and then, after the American fashion, apply such remedies as seem most likely to produce beneficent results?

What, then, is the matter with the United States? The government still lives and is well administered. The Constitution continues to be upheld by our chief tribunal as the bulwark of human liberties. Freedom of worship of God and freedom of schools for succeeding generations are inviolate still. Poverty is rare. Physical suffering that could possibly be alleviated by action of the State is not observable. Never before in the history of the world has so great a nation or our nation been so signally blessed with respect to all things that subserve the happiness, the contentment and the opportunity of its citizens. And yet it is true that for the time the business of a mighty commercial country is, in a comparative sense, at a standstill, development of natural resources has practically ceased, essential confidence among groups or classes is seriously impaired, and the very air is laden with apprehension of startling and grievous happenings.

Why? What are the bases of these strange forebodings? About what conceptions, real or imaginary, gather the clouds of distrust and anxiety? The tangible fears may be summarized briefly as follows:

(1) Apprehension of war.
(2) Oppression of the poor by the rich.
(3) The tariff and the trusts.
(4) Common extravagance.
(5) The disestablishment of credit.
(6) Effects of popular agitation.
(7) The undermining of our political institutions.

A notable array surely! One, too, if founded upon reality, sufficient to give rise to solicitude. But is there anything that is

new or strange to our country or to any country from the beginning of history? Take the causes of disquietude as enumerated.

(1) Apprehension of War.

Herein we find nothing unprecedented. We have had not only anticipations of wars, but wars themselves, from the day when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The Republic was born of strife and was christened in the ashes of conflict. Itself was welded together as a Nation by the most interneciary struggle the world has ever beheld. But recently a once great foreign Power made itself the laughing-stock of the world by testing its decayed prowess against this Titan among nations. What ensued in each and every case? Only a tightening of the bonds of unity; only a quickening and strengthening of patriotic impulse. The wheels of progress were never clogged, hardly impeded. Why, then, borrow trouble now? Is the Nation less able to withstand the impact of a blow to-day than at any time since it sprang into being? And what are the tokens of danger? Universally, war with Great Britain is regarded as impossible, with France as a negligible consideration, with Germany, a sane and practical commonwealth, as an idle fancy, with Russia as a contingency too remote even for use in fiction.

Remains Japan. At regular intervals fervid imaginations conjure up the spectre of the East. But thoughtful minds inquire: What could our neighbor hope to gain from a success which, at best, could be but temporary? Prestige? Glory? These she has, if not in abundance, at least in adequacy. Additional territory or material possessions which she could not hope to retain? Then the Japanese are fools. Have they indicated as much? Rather have not they demonstrated by every word and deed a capacity of judgment, even of forbearance, such as would reflect credit upon the most sober of Anglo-Saxons? Wanton assaults are not often adventured by the less strong upon the obviously unconquerable unless they be insane. And Japan is not a madhouse. Nor are Japan's statesmen unaware of the fact that the chief hope of every European nation is to find an opportunity to become an ally of the United States. They know full well, though some of our own amateur alarmists may not, that Britain, of all Powers, would never open such a door to dreaded Germany by lending aid to a declared foe of America. War itself,

when forced upon us, we have always been able to engage in and emerge from without discredit. Apprehension of war at a time like this, when civilization is moving steadily towards establishment of peace throughout the world, is no more than an anachronistic bugaboo. So long as the Union continues to be a union in fact as well as in name and maintains its traditional policy of non-interference in the affairs of others it will be immune to plagues from without. Our real perils are only those which spring from within.

(2) Oppression of the poor by the rich.
(3) The tariff and the trusts.

The two, in the public mind, are intertwined and should be. There is no direct oppression of the poor by the rich. For the first time in the progress of civilization this can be said with truth. History from the beginning of governments to the beginning of the Republic is a seamy record of tyranny of the strong, the rich, the powerful. To this day, in nearly all lands except our own, real dominance is exercised openly by a class. In Russia autocracy still rules; in Germany monarchy "bequeathed by God" still has the final word; in Italy, the nobility; in England, the aristocracy; in Spain, but yesterday, the Church; even in France, clearly a class, the socialists, hold the balance of power. Here we find no such ascendancy. The individual is still his own master at the polls and in his home. Serfdom is no more. Personal service is not synonymous with political servitude. Ours is still the land of the free; and whatever differences exist respecting the powers of governance relate chiefly, on the one hand, to restriction of suffrage and, on the other, to the elimination of sex qualification. Neither project involves revolution. Each seeks consideration upon the ground of policy, despite the insistence, in the second instance, of inherent right. Could the Fathers have been assured of so happy a condition among ninety millions of people, can we doubt that they would have felt far more confident than they did feel that the foundations they were laying with such care and foresight as were within their power to exercise would prove indeed everlasting? Assuredly there is no visible breach in the wall of government of and by the people.

But we are told that a privileged class has grown up under the rose, that mere wealth wields undue influence in legislation, that

the few fatten upon the many, that monopoly safeguarded by law holds individualism in check, that excessive tariffs no longer tend to develop industries, but are become no more or less than evasive taxes, that obnoxious and detrimental Trusts thrive upon advantages thereby obtained. Undoubtedly, to a great extent, these assertions are true. But, in the light of history, was it not inevitable that a period of amazing development should be dappled by such accompaniments? All great forward movements have been attended by corresponding ills. But because a child has the measles the parent does not kill the child. He seeks to eradicate the disease by the use of remedies suggested by others more experienced than himself, in whose fidelity and judgment he reposes faith. But in him, the parent, lies the authority and responsibility of discriminating between the physician and the quack.

So it is with the American people to-day. As we have seen, they still have the power. Theirs also is the responsibility. Are signs visible that they are evading it? Rather the reverse. Neither of the great political parties is unified in proposing remedies. One apparently is rent in twain. But in that fact lies no cause of alarm. The true significance is to the highest degree encouraging. That great problems cannot be resolved in a day, a month or a year, is a patent truth that demands recognition. But vastly more important is the certainty that, in this country, they cannot be resolved at all except through the application of the best intelligence of all the people.

Hence the hopefulness in the obvious awakening of minds throughout the land. Already we perceive a growing demand for more competent representation in Congress, for higher standards of fitness in all public officials, for closer attention to public duties, for greater efficiency in every direction. This can only mean that acts of those in temporary authority will be more sharply scrutinized and that the people themselves, in order to pass discerning criticism, will attain better understanding. Surely, when we consider further that independence and fairness of judgment are the offspring, if not, indeed, essential concomitants, of intelligence, we can find in this arousal no cause of misgiving; rather, springs of hope and faith in all that pertains to progress and civilization.

(4) Common extravagance.

Profligacy caused the downfall of the Roman Empire. Pru-

dence builded England. And we of America are of Angle, not of Latin, stock. By inheritance, then, we are provident as well as thrifty. Our ancestors surely were. To their minds waste was a crime. Frugality was a cardinal principle of their living, but not from choice; from necessity. Had they possessed the means of providing comforts for their families such as now exist, is there reason to doubt that those resources would have been utilized, and to advantage? Moreover, is it not a fact that the luxuries of one epoch become positive requirements of another? Money expended in safeguarding health and strengthening the body is not wasted. Good roads constitute investment, not dissipation. The telephone is not a worthless toy. The motor-car is more than a mere vehicle of pleasure. Both are savers of time and doers of labor. Each, too, serves a highly desirable purpose in facilitating that intercourse among individuals which tends to strengthen a community by gratifying gregarious instincts.

Public extravagance? Yes. Governments in recent years have displayed woful disregard of pecuniary responsibility. But is this tendency, however lamentable, more than a phase of rapid growth? And if it be true that the people are becoming so fully awakened to conditions that, in some sections, they regard even the tariff, which is only a tax, as a moral issue, is there not evidence that the phase is passing? The present National Administration is bending its best energies to effect economies. The chief battle-cry of the opposition is Retrenchment. What can this mean if not recognition of the ebbing of the tide of prodigality? Are not such symptoms favorable and full of pleasing expectancy?

(5) The Disestablishment of Credit.

Here we find the most obvious cause of prevailing depression. The link that connects Labor with Capital is not broken, but we may not deny that it is less cohesive than it should be or than conditions warrant. Financially, the country is stronger than ever before in its history. Recovery from a panic so severe as that of three years ago was never before so prompt and comparatively complete. The masses are practically free from debt. Money is held by the banks in abundance and rates are low. And our currency is sound as gold because gold is its basis.

Why, then, does Capital pause upon the threshold of investment? The answer we believe to be plain. It awaits adjustment of the relations of government to business. Such, at any rate,

is the plea, and pressure is constantly brought to bear upon executives and courts to make haste—haste which, in our judgment, would result in less speed. Great complications growing out of mightily changed conditions call for the most serious consideration. To settle a grave question offhand is only to invite disaster. Better not settle it at all until a reasonable certainty can be felt that it can be settled right. Stability is ever Capital's primary requirement. But the adjustment which it now demands cannot be effected in a month or a year and never can or should be complete. Elasticity is the prime requisite of changes essential to development.

But Capital is notoriously timid. In the present instance, too, it is absurdly foolish. No decision of any court can permanently impair any so-called vested interest. Confiscation is undreamed of, as compared with only a few years ago. The disintegration of properties does not involve their destruction. Moreover, the sharp revolt against all combinations—those that achieve great good, no less than those that work injury—is clearly yielding to study and reason. No sane person now maintains that business —especially manufacturing—can or should be done as it was done half a century ago. In a broad sense, the day of the individual competitor is past, but the opportunity of the individual remains even wider within the corporation. The sole problem consists of determining how government can maintain an even balance between aggregations of interests, on the one hand, and the whole people, on the other, protecting the latter against extortion and saving the former from mad assaults.

The solution is not easy to find for the simple reason that the situation is without precedent. But is not progress being made along sane and cautious lines? But a few years ago the country seemed to be upon the verge of a veritable obsession for government ownership. One political party officially advocated the purchase of coal-mines by the nation. Another demanded that cities acquire all public utilities. Not so now! Acquaintance with the experience of other countries and reflection upon conditions within our own have convinced a great majority of citizens that, while government should and must regulate, it should not and must not own and manage; that while the corporation must not be permitted to dominate and use the State, the State itself must not impair efficiency by possessing the cor-

poration. This we believe to be the crux of American sentiment to-day. It only remains to effect such regulation by law, by fixed and definite rule, instead of by officials holding the power of favor and discrimination.

Surely no menace to property or to human rights lies in the striving for such a solution. Both will be safeguarded by its certain finding.

(6) Effects of Popular Agitation.

There was unwarrantable clamor in Webster's time. There was before. There has been since. There will be always. But is there more than common to-day? Contrast the situation with that of recent years. How long is it since the country was infested with tramps, since an army of malcontents marched under the red banner from Ohio to Washington, since baneful strikes prevailed in industrial centres, since railways were tied up, property was being destroyed and homes rendered desolate, since ghastly religious intolerance portended the clash of arms, since even the spectre of polygamy threatened the peace of the Nation?

To appreciate our blessings of the present, we must recall the perils of the past. And is it not a fact that those which seemed at the time most ominous have disappeared like mists from the face of the sea? Already profit-sharing, through stock ownership, bids fair to identify the interests of labor and capital and solve the problem that has vexed all industrial countries for ages. Demagogues in public office no longer derive political advantage from permitting riot to supplant order. Incendiary talk has subsided without impairing freedom of speech. Polygamy is a relic of the past. Slowly but surely all Christianizing influences are coming to unite in common endeavor.

Agitation we still have, but it is agitation of another sort. Turbulent Kansas is no longer a hotbed of ignorant and blatant populism, but has become the seat of intelligent insurgency. Throughout the entire West unreasoning clamor has been superseded by enlightened resolution. And the splendid Southland has already risen, like Phœnix, from the ashes of despair, to the heights of peace and prosperity. Never in the history of the Republic has there been a time when so few vapors clouded the skies. May we not, then, with reason, anticipate fair weather?

(7) The undermining of our political institutions.

But a few years ago a craze for segregation and centralization

of political authority took possession of many minds. The attack was poignant, but not perennial. No longer is heard a single complaint of encroachment by one branch of the Government upon the prerogatives of another. The machinery of state, so delicately and so sagaciously adjusted under the Constitution, runs without friction, wholly at all times within the control of the people if they but exercise their franchise. And is it not a circumstance most fortuitous, a veritable blessing from Heaven, that at this time when our court of last resort, the final arbiter of all vital disputes, is being virtually reconstituted, we have in the appointive seat a great and sober judge, jealous of the honor of his profession, keen in discriminating between intellectual, judicial and individual capacities and consecrated to the fundamental truth that this is and must continue to be a Government of laws and not of men?

Shortly before he died Professor Sumner, the famous educator and great philosopher of Yale, predicted the downfall of the Republic before the year 1950. Such a prophecy from such a source cannot pass unheeded. But it is not new. Macaulay and Carlyle had similar visions. Theirs, moreover, beheld at a time when the nation seemed likely to break in twain, possessed a semblance of reality springing from accurate perception. Can we say the like of Sumner's? Is not the present, as we have seen, exceptionally secure? What, then, of preparations for the future? Patriotism is the basis of our institutions. And patriotism in the minds of our youth is no longer linked solely with fireworks and deeds of daring. It is taught in our schools. A new course has been added—a course in loyalty. Methodically, our children learn how to vote, how to conduct primaries, conventions and elections, how to discriminate between qualifications of candidates and, finally, how to govern as well as serve. They are taught to despise bribery and all forms of corruption and fraud as treason. Their creed, which they are made to know by heart, is not complex. It is simple but comprehensive, no less beautiful in diction than lofty in aspiration. These are the pledges which are graven upon their memories:

"As it is cowardly for a soldier to run away from the battle, so it is cowardly for any citizen not to contribute his share to the well-being of his country. America is my own dear land; she nourishes me, and I will love her and do my duty to her, whose child, servant and civil soldier I am.

"As the health and happiness of my body depend upon each muscle and nerve and drop of blood doing its work in its place, so the health and happiness of my country depend upon each citizen doing his work in his place."

These young citizens are our hostages to fortune. Can we not safely assume that the principles animating their lives augur well for the permanency of the Republic? When before have the foundation stones of continuance been laid with such care and promise of durability?

The future, then, is bright. And the present? But one thing is needful. No present movement is more laudable than that which looks to conservation of natural resources. But let us never forget that the greatest inherent resource of the American people is common sense. Let that be conserved and applied without cessation, and soon it will be found that all the ills of which we complain but know not of are only such as attend upon the growing pains of a great and blessed country!

THE EDITOR.

THE UNITED STATES PEACE COMMISSION.

BY HAMILTON HOLT.

On March 30th, 1910, the Hon. William S. Bennet, of New York, introduced into the House of Representatives the following joint resolution:

"Resolved: that the President of the United States be respectfully requested to consider the expediency of calling an international conference for the purpose of considering the possibility of limiting the armament of the nations of the world by international agreement."

Six days later the Hon. Richard Bartholdt introduced a resolution of much broader scope, whose purpose, as stated in its title, was "to authorize the appointment of a Commission to draft articles of international federation." The duties of the Commission, which was to consist of five members, were as follows:

"*1st.* To urge upon the attention of other governments the fact that relief from the heavy burden of military expenditures and from the disasters of war can best be obtained by the establishment of an international federation.

"*2nd.* To report to Congress, as soon as practicable, a draft of articles of a federation limited to the maintenance of peace, through the establishment of an international court having power to determine by decree all controversies between nations, and to enforce execution of its decrees by the arms of the federation, such arms to be provided to the federation and controlled solely by it.

"*3rd.* To consider and report upon any other means to diminish the expenditures of government for military purposes and to lessen the probabilities of war."

Though Mr. Bartholdt had himself introduced similar bills into previous Congresses, and John H. Small on March 18th, 1908, had presented to the House a memorial from the North Carolina Peace Society proposing the appointment of a Peace Commission, the present Bartholdt bill was conceived and drafted by the World Federation League (now the World Federation

Committee of the New York Peace Society). Some peace advocates were sceptical, but the bill was speedily endorsed by the International School of Peace of Boston and the New England Arbitration and Peace Congress held at Hartford, Connecticut, on May 11th, 1910. A distinguished delegation went to Washington to appear in its behalf before the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Their addresses can be found in the pamphlet "International Federation for the Maintenance of Peace," House Committee on Foreign Affairs, May 7th, 1910. The Committee on Foreign Affairs, however, took the best ideas from the Bennet and Bartholdt resolutions and embodied them in a new bill under Mr. Bennet's name. This they reported back favorably to the House, which passed it unanimously on June 10th. On June 24th the Senate concurred. The bill was thereupon signed by the President and is now law. Its full text is as follows:

"Resolved etc.: That a Commission of five members be appointed by the President of the United States to consider the expediency of utilizing existing international agencies for the purpose of limiting the armaments of the nations of the world by international agreement, and of constituting the combined navies of the world an international force for the preservation of universal peace, and to consider and report upon any other means to diminish the expenditures of government for military purposes and to lessen the probabilities of war.

"*Provided*, that the total expenses authorized by the joint resolution shall not exceed the sum of $10,000 and that the Commission shall be required to make its final report within two years from the date of the passage of this resolution."

A careful reading of this bill discloses the fact that it is in its essential nature a measure to bring about a world federation limited to the maintenance of peace. Thus the United States announces to the world that she is ready to champion this idea in the council of nations. For the first time in the annals of history a great people have officially recognized that the true philosophy of the Peace Movement requires a world federation as the prerequisite of universal peace.

Henry IV of France was probably the first lawgiver to have a glimmer of this peace philosophy when he conceived his "Great Design" at the end of the sixteenth century. Other statesmen have also dreamed of universal Peace through federation, while many of the prophets and philosophers and most of the poets from Dante to Longfellow have seen the vision. Perhaps no one has

more clearly perceived the manifold implications of this philosophy than Emanuel Kant. In his famous essay, "Perpetual Peace," published in 1795, he declared that we can never have universal peace until the world is politically organized, and it will never be possible to organize the world politically until the majority of the nations have a representative form of government. At last all the peoples of the world have achieved in some measure representative government. Russia has its Duma; China has announced that shortly it will promulgate a constitution; while Turkey and Persia have each just gone through the throes of revolution and emerged with a vigorous parliament. If Kant's philosophy is sound, the world is at last ready for world organization and universal peace.

The only two powers that ever have or ever can govern human beings are force and reason—war and law. If we do not have one we must have the other. The problem before the world is how to decrease the area of war and increase the area of law until war vanishes and law envelops the world. At the present moment the world is organized into fifty-nine nations claiming independence, and within their territories—nominally at least—organization, law and peace prevail. We have already learned to substitute law for war in hamlets, towns, cities, provinces, states and even up to the fifty-nine nations; but in that international realm over and above each nation in which each nation is equally sovereign, the only way at the present moment for a nation to secure its rights is by the use of force. Force, therefore, or war, as it is called when exerted by a nation against another nation, is at present the only legal and final method of settling international differences. In other words, the nations are to-day in that stage of civilization where without a qualm they claim the right to settle their disputes in a manner which they would put their own subjects to death for imitating. The Peace Movement, therefore, is nothing but the process of substituting law for war.

But how can we best establish law in the international realm? Certainly not by the cumbrous methods of the present. To-day there is no such thing as a code of international law which is binding on the nations. What passes under the name of international law is simply a series of arguments, maxims, precedents and opinions. It is the work, not of legislators, but of scholars.

The nations are at perfect liberty to accept it or reject it, as they wish. Before we can have a real international law we must have behind it some conscious political organization to give it sanction and validity, and that implies a federation of the world.

The history of international law presents striking analogies to the history of private law, just as the history of international war does to private war. Professor T. J. Lawrence, in his essay "The Evolution of Peace," distinguishes these four stages in the evolution of private war:

> "(1) Kinship is the sole bond; revenge and retaliation are unchecked, there being no authority whatever. (2) Organization is found an advantage and tribes under a chief subdue undisciplined hordes. The right of private vengeance within the tribe is regulated, but not forbidden. (3) Courts of Justice exist side by side with a limited right of vengeance. (4) Private war is entirely abolished, all disputes being settled by the courts."

Professor H. Stanley Jevons, who thus summarizes Lawrence, adds: "In international relations we are entering in the third stage." International law, therefore, is in the same state of development as private law of about the tenth century.

Likewise the history of the organization of the "United Nations" which is to give the sanction to international law will correspond to the history of the organization of the thirteen American Colonies into the United States. The "United Nations," however, has already reached the same stage of development as the American Colonies at the time of their first confederation.

The organization of the world has therefore begun. The first official step was taken in 1888 when James B. McCreary introduced a bill into the United States Congress establishing the Pan-American Conferences. These Conferences are the legislative branch of the Pan-American Federation of Republics. The germs of the Pan-American executive can be seen in the Bureau of the American Republics at Washington, D. C., though a distinct Pan-American Court is not yet in evidence.

The second step in world organization was the birth of the Interparliamentary Union at Paris, in the following year, due largely to the efforts of the English carpenter, William Randal Cremer, since crowned with the Nobel Peace Prize. The Interparliamentary Union is the germ of the federation of the parlia-

ments of the world. To its action is largely due the calling of the First Hague Conference by the Tsar of Russia and the Second Hague Conference by President Roosevelt. Some have seen in the Interparliamentary Union the germ of the Lower House of the World Parliament, the Hague Conferences being the germ of the Upper House.

The establishment of the Hague Conferences, however, is by far the most important step ever taken towards peace through world organization. No wonder the first Conference has been called the Magna Charta of International Law. In the Hague Court and the recurring Hague Conferences we see the germs of the international court and the parliament of man. The problem is how to develop these so that they will become the judicial and legislative departments of a powerful world constitution. The creation of the executive department of the "United Nations," though still in embryo, is contemplated in the clause of the Bennet joint resolution requiring the Peace Commission to consider "constituting the combined navies of the world an international force for the preservation of universal peace."

Now what can the Peace Commission do? It cannot treat officially with foreign Governments, for it has no diplomatic status. That is as it should be. It would be extremely unwise for it to usurp in any way the functions of the American delegation to the Third Hague Conference. It would seem to be an established fact that all advances toward peace through international law are to be effectuated hereafter at the recurring Hague Conferences. The eight years' interval that elapses between them is none too long for a world public sentiment to ripen and crystallize. As Senator Root has well said:

> "The world has entered upon an orderly process through which, step by step, in successive conferences, each taking the work of its predecessor as its point of departure, there may be continual progress towards making the practice of civilized nations conform to their peaceful professions."

When the present writer attended the Second Hague Conference in the summer of 1907, it was quite obvious that the chief trouble with that Conference was the fact that the delegates came there more or less unprepared. When resolutions were "sprung" on them they did not know just what to do. They had to report back to their Governments, but the Governments, not being on

the spot, were hesitant how to instruct them. Thus a great deal of time was lost and much was left undone that could otherwise have been done. The only nation that came to the Second Hague Conference thoroughly prepared was Germany. Her delegation devoted the whole winter before the Conference assembled to a thorough study of the questions to be brought before it. On many subjects she was the chief obstacle to progress there, but the thoroughness of her preparation enabled her to exert a greater influence on the results of the Conference than the inherent merits of her proposals justified. Our Government, therefore, will have at its service a Commission who will have devoted all their talents to mastering the greatest issue now before the world. The State Department, with its manifold duties, has neither the time nor equipment to compass the work. The delegates to the Third Hague Conference will be appointed only a few months before they go to Holland. They will have no time to work out any scheme of world federation. Upon the Peace Commission, therefore, will devolve the duty of pointing out how the United States can take the lead in this movement. Its report will enable our delegation to the Third Hague Conference to secure the greatest possible results in that most august world assembly. Surely no greater or nobler opportunity has ever come to five statesmen to serve humanity.

Now what are the problems that must come before the Commission? The joint resolution that brought it into being requires it to consider these three questions:

1. The limitation of armaments by international agreement.
2. The possibility of combining the navies of the world for peace.
3. Any other methods to bring about peace.

Let us take up each of these in order.

When the Tsar of Russia called the First Hague Conference of 1899 his fondest hope was that the burdens of overgrowing and ever-growing armaments that were impoverishing the peoples of the world might in some way be taken off their backs. He did not see that disarmament cannot take place until the world is politically organized and that it is just as absurd for nations to disarm before the existence of international courts, parliaments and executives as it would be for cowboys to discard their pistols before there are sheriffs and justices of the peace. The First Hague Conference started in bravely enough and assigned

the question of the limitation of armaments to one of its most important committees. It was the "frontispiece" of the Circular of the Russian Government, and the Russian delegation strained every nerve to have the Conference take some action in the matter. Colonel Gilinsky, who had charge of the question, prefaced the introduction of his proposals with these words:

"Will the peoples represented in this Conference be entirely satisfied, if, in going hence, we take them arbitration and the laws of warfare, but nothing for times of peace,—of this *armed* peace which is so heavy a burden on the nations, which crushes them to that point where it can be sometimes said that open war would perhaps be better than this state of secret war, this incessant competition in which all the world pushes forward larger and larger armies—larger now in time of peace than they used to be in times of greatest warfare? The various countries have engaged in war only once in every twenty or thirty years; but this armed peace lasts for decades, it precedes war and follows it."

Despite all of Russia's efforts to the contrary, the Committee which had the matter in charge made the following report:

"The members of the committee charged with the examination of the propositions of Colonel Gilinsky, relating to the first topic of Count Mouravieff's circular, have met twice. With the exception of Colonel Gilinsky, they have decided unanimously: first, that it would be very difficult to fix, even for a term of five years, the number of troops, without regulating at the same time other elements of the national defence; second, that it would be no less difficult to regulate by an international agreement the elements of this defence, organized in each country upon very different principles. Hence, the committee regrets its inability to accept the proposition made in the name of the Russian Government. The majority of its members believe that a more thorough study of the question by the governments themselves would be desirable."

The Conference accepted this memorial from the Committee and adjourned after having passed the following resolution:

"The Conference is of the opinion that the restriction of military charges which are at present a heavy burden on the world is extremely desirable for the increase of the material and moral welfare of mankind."

It also added the following wish *(vœu)*:

"The Conference expresses the wish that the governments taking into consideration the proposals made at the Conference may examine the possibility of an agreement as to the limitation of armed forces by land and sea and of war budgets."

During the interval between the First and Second Hague Conferences the Governments paid no attention to these suggestions,

but went ahead increasing their armaments at a rate and on a scale hitherto unprecedented. The only two utterances by responsible heads of States against this militaristic aggrandizement that I recall were made by the British Prime Minister and the President of the United States. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in a notable speech at Albert Hall, London, in December, 1905, said:

"I hold that the growth of armaments is a great danger to the peace of the world. A policy of huge armaments keeps alive, and stimulates, and feeds the idea that force is the best, if not the only, solution of international differences. It is a policy that tends to inflame old sores and to create new sores, and I submit to you that as the principle of pacific arbitration gains ground, it becomes one of the highest tasks of a statesman to adjust those armaments to a newer and happier condition of things. What nobler rôle could this great country assume than at the fitting moment to place itself at the head of a League of Peace through whose instrumentality this great work might be effected?"

And Theodore Roosevelt, in a letter to the New York Peace and Arbitration Congress held in April, 1907, wrote:

"The most practical step in the diminishing the burden of expense caused by the increasing size of naval armament would, I believe, be an agreement limiting the size of all ships hereafter to be built."

England and the United States accordingly "reserved the right" to bring up the discussion of the limitation of armaments at the Second Hague Conference, especially as Russia had abandoned her championship of the cause and was proposing to bar it out of the discussion. Not, however, until after the Conference had been in session over eight weeks was the subject introduced. Then England made the following tentative proposition, although Germany, Austria, Russia and Japan had announced that they would take no part in the discussion:

"The Government of Great Britain will be ready to communicate each year to the powers that will do the same, its plan of constructing new war-ships and the expenditures which this plan will require. Such an exchange of information will facilitate an exchange of views between the governments on the reductions which by common agreement may be effected. The Britannic Government believes that in this way an understanding may be reached on the expenditures which the states that agree to pursue this course will be justified in entering upon their budgets."

After Mr. Choate in behalf of the American delegation had "expressed his sympathy for the views which have been stated by His Excellency the First Delegate of the British Delegation,"

the discussion was solemnly dropped and the whole question was tabled again in the following resolution:

"The Second Peace Conference confirms the resolution adopted by the Conference of 1899 in regard to the limitation of military expenditure; and inasmuch as military expenditure has considerably increased in almost every country since that time, the Conference declares that it is eminently desirable that the governments should resume the serious examination of this question."

Here the matter rests to-day. All of which shows, I think, that until we have gone much farther along the path of world federation, the problem of the limitation of armaments presents questions, as Chancellor von Bülow has said, "to which there is at present no concrete, serious, practical, realizable answer."

The second question before the Peace Commission—namely, the consideration of combining the navies of the world for peace—will also present many practical difficulties. This is primarily a problem of the use of force, and force except as exercised under law is always arbitrary and usually oppressive or tyrannous. As Professor John Basset Moore has well said:

"The great problem confronting those who wish to do away with war is how to employ the force necessary to the restraint or repression of evil without producing the legal condition of things called a state of war. The most striking imperfection in the international system to-day is the lack of a common agency for the enforcement of law. If, at the present time, a contest by force breaks out between two nations, the conflict is recognized as a war, and other nations assume the attitude of neutrals, even though the cause of the conflict be the flagrant disregard by one of the contending nations of a well-settled principle of international law. Such a condition of things involves an obvious incongruity, the remedy for which would be the organization of a common agency for the enforcement of a law; the addition, in other words, to judicial and legislative power of what we call executive power. This is a problem of the future, probably of the far-distant future; but it is an ideal and a goal toward which it is permissible to labor."

It is, perhaps, not over-sanguine to hope that the existing national armaments may be brought into regular and concerted action for compelling obedience to judicial decisions among nations that have agreed to this method of settling their disputes. It may even be anticipated that the combined military power of the Governments which agree to the foregoing may be used to assist one of themselves in a controversy with a nation that has not agreed previously to resort to arbitration and that refuses

so to agree upon request. Such an agreement would tend to enthrone law and to suppress arbitrary action. Entering into it would not subject the United States to the necessity of waging war through the erroneous action of its allies in an "entangling alliance," but only for extending the reign of law. This is the fundamental purpose of our Government, and perhaps the United States is now ready to go thus far.

But the questions of the limitation of armament and the proper use of force for preserving peace are only practical after the nations have *federated* themselves for that purpose. Given a world federation, or League of Peace, the problem of the establishment and exercise of an international police power will present no greater difficulties than the similar problem which confronted the framers of the United States Constitution or even of the Articles of Confederation. It must ever be borne in mind, however, that the world constitution will differ in this important respect from the United States Constitution. Our Constitution is both an instrument for federating the States and for guaranteeing each citizen within the Union certain rights; the proposed world constitution as yet merely federates the nations and has no relation whatsoever to any so-called "world citizen."

The third and final question before the Peace Commission is to "consider and report" on any other measures to bring about universal peace. This gives the Commission power to take up the only practical and promising "next step" in the Peace Movement, namely, world federation. That the world is already to some extent federated is proved by the existence of the Interparliamentary Union, the Pan-American and Hague Conferences. The world, however, has scarcely realized this, though glimmerings of the light are already penetrating high places. Our Government nevertheless is imbued with the idea, as is evident from its insistence upon periodical and self-governing conferences at The Hague, from the establishment of the present Peace Commission and from the following highly significant peroration in Secretary Knox's great address, "The Spirit and Purposes of American Diplomacy," delivered on June 15th at the Commencement of the University of Pennsylvania:

"We have reached a point when it is evident that the future holds in store a time when wars shall cease; when the nations of the world shall realize a federation as real and vital as that now subsisting between the

component parts of a single State; when by deliberate international conjunction the strong shall universally help the weak, and when the corporate righteousness of the world shall compel unrighteousness to disappear and shall destroy the habitations of cruelty still lingering in the dark places of the earth. This is the spirit of the wide world brooding on things to come. That day will be the millennium, of course; but in some sense and degree it will surely be realized in this dispensation of mortal time."

It is gratifying in this connection to remember that in 1890 before a single general arbitration treaty was in existence the United States Congress passed a resolution inviting our State Department to make treaties of arbitration with other nations similarly disposed. That was at a time when all disputes that did not end in war were settled by conciliation through diplomacy. In twenty years the world has gone from conciliation to arbitration. It is now ready to go from arbitration to a world federation. Thus again our Government takes the lead in the movement for universal peace.

Before the First Hague Conference assembled, a considerable literature already existed on world federation, of which that contributed by Penn, Franklin, Burritt, Sumner, Ladd, Hale and others in this country was by no means the least important. After the First Hague Conference, however, it became at once evident that world federation had passed from the dreams of peace advocates into the realities of practical statesmanship. Those Americans who have done much in the last decade to organize the world or spread the idea of world federation include among others Richard Bartholdt, W. J. Bartnett, Hayne Davis, Raymond L. Bridgman, Theodore E. Burton, Nicholas Murray Butler, Andrew Carnegie, Joseph H. Choate, Oscar T. Crosby, Samuel T. Dutton, John W. Foster, Henry B. Granger, William T. Hull, Frederick Lynch, Edwin D. Mead, John B. Moore, Elihu Root, Theodore Roosevelt, James Brown Scott, Albert K. Smiley, Benjamin F. Trueblood and Andrew D. White. Among these Hayne Davis and Richard Bartholdt deserve special recognition. Mr. Davis in many magazine articles has gone exhaustively into the problems of federation and has actually foreshadowed the principal actions of the governments as well as the Interparliamentary Conferences. In 1903 he outlined the formation of an International Union in the image of the United States, emphasizing the fact that the creation of the Hague Court actually constituted a world federation.

"To regard the formation of this United Nations as a fancy is to ignore the fact that it has already been formed. To look upon its final perfection in the likeness of the United States as visionary is to ignore the essential political history of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries."

Mr. Bartholdt has ever been foremost among American lawmakers as an advocate of international organization and federation. It was he who proposed the Interparliamentary resolution upon which President Roosevelt acted in calling the Second Hague Conference, and in accordance with those terms the American Delegation at that Conference proposed the establishment of a self-governing permanent international Assembly.

Perhaps the most important suggestions for federating the world to-day are those contained in Mr. Bartholdt's proposals at the Thirteenth Interparliamentary Conference at Brussels in 1905; Uruguay's proposals introduced by José Battle y Ordonez, ex-President of Uruguay, at the Second Hague Conference on July 4th, 1907; Theodore Roosevelt's recent Nobel Peace address delivered May 5th at Christiania, Norway; and Andrew Carnegie's Rectorial address, entitled "A League of Peace," given before the University of St. Andrews on October 17th, 1905.

Mr. Bartholdt's suggestions contemplate a World Federation with a World Congress based on the following five fundamental guarantees:

1. The territory and sovereignty of each nation represented to be respected by all.

2. Each nation to have the right to arm itself according to its own judgment.

3. Each nation to have the right to withdraw at any time.

4. War to remain a lawful mode of action among the members in settling disputes, except as they severally agree to refer questions to arbitration.

5. The armed forces of all the nations to be at the service of the Congress for the enforcement of any decrees rendered by the Hague Court according to treaties of arbitration.

The proposals of ex-President Ordonez are as follows:

"1. From the moment when ten nations (of whom half have at least 25,000,000 inhabitants each) shall agree to submit to arbitration the differences which may arise between them, they shall have the right to form an alliance for the purpose of inquiring into the disagreements and disputes which shall arise between the other nations and to intervene when they shall judge it advantageous in the interest of a just solution.

"2. These allied nations shall have the power to establish a tribunal of obligatory arbitration at The Hague (if the kingdom of Holland is a

party of the alliance) or at some other city which may be designated for the same purpose.

"3. This alliance in favor of obligatory arbitration will only intervene in cases of international disagreements, and never will have the right to interfere in the internal affairs of any nation.

"4. All the nations which subscribe to the principle of obligatory arbitration will have the right to become a party to the Alliance destined to suppress the evils of war."

Mr. Roosevelt's proposals contained in his Christiania address are in brief:

1. Mutual guarantees to respect national territory and sovereignty and to arbitrate all other questions.
2. The development of the Hague Court and Conferences.
3. The limitation of national armaments by international agreement.
4. A League of Peace, of enlightened Powers, "not only to keep the peace themselves, but to prevent by force, if necessary, its being broken by others."

Mr. Carnegie's suggestions are embodied in the following quotation from his Rectorial address:

"Five nations co-operated in quelling the recent Chinese disorders and rescuing their representatives in Pekin. It is perfectly clear that these five nations could banish war. Suppose even three of them formed a League of Peace—inviting all other nations to join—and agreed that since war in any part of the civilized world affects all nations, and often seriously, no nation shall go to war, but shall refer international disputes to the Hague Conference or other arbitral body for peaceful settlement, the League agreeing to declare non-intercourse with any nation refusing compliance. Imagine a nation cut off to-day from the world. The League also might reserve to itself the right, where non-intercourse is likely to fail or has failed to prevent war, to use the necessary force to maintain the peace, each member of the League agreeing to provide the needed forces or money in lieu thereof, in proportion to her population or wealth. Being experimental and upon trial, it might be deemed advisable, if necessary, at first to agree that any member could withdraw after giving five years' notice, and that the League should dissolve five years after a majority vote of all the members. Further provisions and perhaps some adaptations would be found requisite, but the main idea is here."

It will be seen that all these four proposals contemplate Peace through Justice. All contemplate the use of force to compel obedience to the will of the League, though Mr. Carnegie only after a boycott. All contemplate the development of the Hague Court. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bartholdt desire that territory and sovereignty shall be the subject neither of arbitration nor

of war, but shall be guaranteed as the basis for the structure of international justice. Señor Ordonez and Mr. Carnegie seem to imply that disputes about territory and sovereignty may be the subject of arbitration, but not of war. Mr. Bartholdt and Mr. Roosevelt make no suggestions as to the number who shall enter the League, but Mr. Carnegie wants at least three and Señor Ordonez at least ten, five of whom shall be great Powers. Mr. Bartholdt limits the use of force to members within the League. Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Carnegie and Señor Ordonez propose the use of the League's armed forces against outside nations. Mr. Bartholdt and Mr. Carnegie would allow the withdrawal of a nation from the League upon due notice. Mr. Bartholdt contemplates the present policy of national armaments, Mr. Carnegie and Señor Ordonez permit but do not seem to prefer present armaments, while Mr. Roosevelt requires the limitation of armaments.

There is some danger in the Roosevelt, Carnegie and Ordonez proposals that a League of Peace should be organized with power to prevent "by force" its being broken by others. Such a League of Peace might easily become a League of Oppression. A League with power to exert its will without constitutional limitations on its own members, to say nothing of those without its jurisdiction, would have the right to be judge and sheriff in its own cause, and that is a violation of the first principles of justice. Constitutional safeguards, therefore, would seem to be essential to any League of Peace that is expected to be of enduring service to humanity.

Prior to the formation of "a more perfect union" our original thirteen States were united in a League or Confederacy somewhat like that now proposed on an international scale. They were obliged by the Articles of this Confederacy to respect each other's territory and sovereignty, to arbitrate all questions among themselves, to assist each other against any foreign foe, not to engage in war unless called upon by the Confederation to do so, or actually invaded by a foreign foe, and not to maintain armed forces in excess of the strength fixed for each State by all the States in Congress assembled.

It is notable that security against aggression from States inside or outside the American Union accompanied the agreement to limit armaments. Thus danger of war and size of armaments were decreased contemporaneously. Both our State

and National Governments are bound by strict constitutional limitations to prevent abuse of power invested in them. And these limitations have often protected the people against the Government itself. How, then, can any international Government which may come into being be trusted not to abuse its power?

Mr. Roosevelt's concluding statement seems to recognize these difficulties, for he says: "The combination [League of Peace] might at first be only to secure peace within certain definite limits and certain definite conditions." He does not, however, outline these "limits" and "conditions."

It will probably be found that any League of Peace likely to be established at the present time will have to be based on these three propositions:

1. Each nation in the League to respect the sovereignty and territorial integrity of the others.
2. The armies and navies of the members of the League to be at its service to enforce the decrees of the International Tribunal in all questions that the members of the League previously agree to refer to arbitration.
3. The Armies and Navies of the League to sustain any member of the League in a dispute with any outside nation which refuses to arbitrate.

This would put the forces of the League on the side of law and order and not on the side of arbitrary will, as it might conceivably be under the proposals of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Carnegie or Señor Ordonez.

As far as the United States is concerned, the Peace Commission will have to remember that there are manifest advantages in making proposals which will require no constitutional amendments for their adoption by this country. All the foregoing proposals contemplate the use of the armed forces of the United States in a League of Peace. The power to declare war under our Constitution is vested in Congress alone, and even in time of war Congress is forbidden to make military appropriations for more than two years ahead. It is by no means certain, therefore, that either the Roosevelt, Bartholdt, Carnegie or Ordonez proposal to put the army and navy of the United States at the service of a League of Peace is constitutional. Nevertheless, the organization of an international government, Tennyson's dream of "The Federation of the World," is essential to the further

progress of the Peace Movement. All obstacles will have to give way, even constitutional ones. The monster of war must be destroyed. The majesty of law co-extensive with human intercourse can alone achieve this beneficent and inevitable result.

The International Peace Congress which has just concluded its week's session at Christiania, on August 5th, and whose 600 delegates represented all the civilized nations of the earth, applauded every reference to the American Peace Commission and passed a resolution by acclamation urging all the nations to follow the lead of the United States. It is also announced that Mr. Bartholdt in behalf of the American Group will introduce the following resolution into the forthcoming Conference of the Interparliamentary Union at Brussels, from August 29th to September 2nd:

"Resolved, That, in order to devise definite plans for submission to the third Hague Conference, looking to the further perfection of a system of world federation by providing, in addition to an international judiciary, an international legislature as well as international executive powers for the enforcement of judicial decrees, this conference further requests each of the governments and parliaments here represented to forthwith proceed with the appointment and creation of a national commission analagous to the commission recently authorized to be appointed by the Congress of the United States, such commissions to report to their respective parliaments within two years, to the end that, by the time the third international conference will convene at The Hague, namely in 1915, each government may be ready with a well-defined plan of its own for the accomplishment of the purposes above set forth."

If now our Peace Commission can outline a practical plan for World Federation the Governments can be depended upon to press along this line at successive Hague Conferences, until finally, as Victor Hugo prophesied in 1849, "the only battle-field will be the market opening to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas."

HAMILTON HOLT.

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SHAKSPERE AND MOLIERE.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

"Of Menander I know only the few fragments," so Goethe declared; "but these gave me so high an idea of him that I look upon this great Greek as the only man who could be compared with Molière"; and when he said this, the great poet, who was also a great critic, had only comedy in his mind, and this led him to pass over Shakspere, who puts forth his topmost power only in tragedy. The comparison of Shakspere and Molière, which the German did not care to draw, imposes itself upon us who speak English and who have been taught to hold Shakspere as the standard by which the foremost writers of every other language must be measured. The English dramatist wrote in an era of expansion and of imaginative energy, and the French dramatist worked in a period of keen intelligence and of social reserve. The Englishman is the master of tragedy, who has also left us a group of delightful comedies; and the Frenchman is the master of comedy, who might have attained to the actual tragic, if only his life had been a little longer.

It is interesting and significant that Sophocles, Shakspere and Molière, the supreme dramatists, held each of them a middle place in the successive stages of the most splendid expansion of the drama in their several tongues. Each of these noble eras was compact in a century, a little more or a little less. Æschylus was born 525 B.C., and Euripides died in 406; and Sophocles holds the position midway. Marlowe was born in 1565, and Shirley died in 1666; and Shakspere flourishes a little before the middle of these hundred years. Corneille was born in 1606 and Racine died in 1699; and Molière runs his briefer career between them. And it may be noted also in Spain there elapsed only a little more than a century from the birth of Lope de Vega in 1562 to

the death of Calderon in 1681,—the Spanish period of dramatic activity beginning earlier than the English and lasting later than the French. Perhaps it was well for Sophocles, for Shakspere and for Molière that they came forward at the maturity of the movement in which they were leaders, neither pioneers in its beginning nor laggards at the end when at last the original impulse was slackening.

Molière was only fifty-one when he died, the same age attained by Lessing and by Balzac. Shakspere survived to be fifty-two, as Thackeray survived to be fifty-three. This comparatively premature death has an importance of its own. Even if they may have done their work thus early and have put forth all their powers before they died, they were deprived of that lingering aftermath of fame which came to Voltaire and Goethe and Victor Hugo, by the fact of survival beyond the threescore years and ten.

In the external circumstances of their several careers, Shakspere and Molière are often curiously alike. They were both born in prosperous households of the middle class; and they were not stinted in their youth, although the affairs of both fathers may have become embarrassed later. Shakspere may have gone to the grammar-school at Stratford; and Molière went to the best school in Paris, getting a more thorough training. Neither of them ever achieved the wide erudition of Lessing, still less the minute scholarship of Racine. Both broke away from their homes to become actors; and both after acting for a while undertook to write plays. Both began modestly as dramatists, content at first to imitate and to patch up earlier work. Even when they had given over this prentice labor, their earlier pieces contained little promise of their later mastery. In "Love's Labor's Lost" and in the "*Etourdi*" we can see clever young writers striving to show off their cleverness, delighting in their own fantasies and not yet knowing enough about life itself to be willing to rely on it unaided. Molière was the manager of his company, while Shakspere was only one of several partners in his; and both of them had a shrewd sagacity in business affairs, governing their private fortunes with skill, putting money out at interest and amassing a comfortable reserve. Both of them liked the good things of life; and neither of them took an austere view of mankind. Shakspere was as little attracted toward the Puritan as Molière was toward the Jansenist.

Both of them made unhesitating use of the works of their predecessors and contemporaries, despoiling alike the alien and the native, taking their raw material wherever they found it, as though they disdained the trouble of mere invention, choosing to put forth their full imagination rather in the interpretation of the stories which others less gifted had failed to use to full advantage. Both of them, despite this casual borrowing of situation, were boldly original in their creation of character. Shakspere found his supreme triumph in the display of character as it expands under opportunity or disintegrates under temptation, whereas Molière, presenting it as permanent, revealed it to us in all its aspects. Both of them were copious in their productivity and swift in execution. Ben Jonson records that Shakspere "never blotted a line"; and Boileau tried in vain to get Molière to correct. Both of them were helpful to younger authors, Shakspere to Jonson and Molière to Racine. Both of them in their later years on occasion collaborated with fellow dramatists, Shakspere with Fletcher and Molière with Corneille. Both of them cared little for the publication of their pieces; and it was only several years after the death of either that his complete plays were published by the pious care of surviving comrades in the theatre. The manuscripts of both have vanished and we have from their pens only a few signatures to legal documents. Both of them had the gift of friendship and were highly esteemed by their associates, even if neither of them was really appreciated by his contemporaries. Both of them took life soberly, never surprised that it was not better. Neither of them much exceeded a half-century of life; Shakspere, who lived a few months longer, had done his work and had withdrawn to rest, while Molière was still in harness, with his goal not yet attained. Neither of them seems to have sought glory for its own sake, satisfied with immediate success and caring little for mere fame.

Many of these resemblances in the career of the two great dramatists may be merely fortuitous; but some of them are strangely significant. And it would not be difficult to pick out other points of similarity or of contrast in their works. The "Comedy of Errors" is not unlike "Amphitryon" in one of its devices; and "Richard III" is not unlike "Don Juan" in its chief character. Ford is akin to Arnolphe in his jealousy, and Autolycus is akin to Mascarille in his resourceful knavery,

both rascals employing on one occasion the very same trick of not letting a robbed man suspect his loss. Alceste can be contrasted better with Jaques than with Timon. Harpagon repays a comparative study with Shylock, and Tartuffe with Iago. Hamlet's advice to the Players can be set over against the personal discussion of actors and of the art of acting which Molière put into the "*Impromptu de Versailles.*"

There can be no dispute as to the perfect understanding of the principles of the histrionic art possessed by both Shakspere and Molière; and there can also be little doubt that in the actual practice of the art Molière was superior to Shakspere. Molière was acknowledged to be the foremost comedian of his time even by those who thought ill of his plays. Shakspere's position as an actor is far more modest, so far as we can judge from the fact that he did not venture to appear in any of the more important parts in his own plays, whether tragic or comic. "Hamlet" was composed for Burbage, its creator apparently contenting himself with the humbler character of the Ghost, for which dignity and delivery were sufficient equipment; and he is believed also to have impersonated old Adam in "As You Like It." No doubt, Shakspere had a good presence and probably his elocution deserved praise, since this is a quality within the control of intelligence. But the great English dramatist must have been more or less deficient in the fundamental mimetic faculty, without which intelligence alone is ineffective. We know also that Shakspere was not in love with acting, as Molière was, and this distaste for the art may be either the cause or the consequence of his lack of prominence in his calling.

To push the comparison between these two great dramatic poets too far would be unfair to Molière, since Shakspere is the master-mind of all literature. He soared to heights and he explored depths, and he had a range to which Molière could not pretend. His is the spirit of soul-searching tragedy, of youthful and graceful romantic-comedy, of dramatic-romance, of dramatized history; and in no one of these is Molière his rival. But in the comedy of real life he is not Molière's rival. In every variety of the comic drama Molière is unequalled—in farce, in the comedy of situation, in the comedy of character, and in the comedy which is almost stiffened into drama yet without ceasing to be comedy. Shakspere's greatest strength

is in tragedy, after all, even though he delights us also with comedy. Molière is at home in comedy only, even though he had a latent tragic possibility. "In depth, penetrativeness and powerful criticism of life, Molière, comic as he is and not tragic, belongs to the same family as Shakspere and Sophocles," so Matthew Arnold maintains, pointing out that he had also "one great advantage over Shakspere" in that "he wrote for a more developed theatre, a more developed society."

Arnold also suggests that Molière was "probably by nature a better theatre-poet than Shakspere; he had a keener sense for theatrical situation." This is a hard saying, for it is difficult to admit that Shakespere was not a born playwright who acquired an early mastery of his craft. But the English dramatist was less ambitious than the French, less conscientious, and less careful. Admirable as his workmanship is in his nobler tragedies, it can be very slovenly, especially in his dramatic-romances, "Cymbeline" and the "Winter's Tale." In his romantic-comedies he generally tumbles together two or three independent stories, leaving us to discover, as best we can, which one of them he intended to centre our interest on. Molière has only a single plot, orderly and lucid; and this is partly because he sees life clearly and uncomplicated. Coquelin asserted that Molière has more art and more method than Shakspere; "he graduates his effects better."

The real distinction between Molière and Shakspere merely as playwrights is that Molière is an artist always and that Shakspere is an artist only intermittently and when the spirit moves him. Molière always does his best; even a play of an inferior type he makes as good as he can, as good as a play of that type can be. Shakspere is an artist putting forth his full power only when he happens to be keenly interested in his subject,—in "Othello," for example, and in "Macbeth." If we examine his work as a whole we can see that he frequently does not exert his constructive skill. Often he is careless of form, huddling his action together anyhow, satisfied with the easiest way of handling it and relying rather on his insight into character and motive and on his unquenchable springs of poetry. Wisdom was his for the asking, and almost without taking thought; but solid construction taxes the mind and Shakspere often neglects the preliminary scaffolding which a vital action always demands and which Molière and Sophocles never fail to provide.

The explanation for this is not far to seek; indeed it may be found in Arnold's suggestion. The English dramatist was working for a less developed theatre than the French and for a less developed society. There was no standard of artistic perfection imposed on him by the pressure of an educated public opinion. There was nothing to keep him up to the mark, except his own ambition; and this was uncertain and even flagging. He seems often to have felt that what was good enough for his uncritical audience, for the unlettered groundlings, was good enough for him. This is why he rarely rises superior to the traditions of the rude and semi-mediæval theatre for which he worked, content to avail himself of its traditions and to take the short cuts it authorized. This is why Iago is less subtly presented than Tartuffe. Iago is frankly a villain, and he knows himself for what he is, unbosoming himself freely and frequently to the spectators, whereas Tartuffe never drops the mask until he stands at bay, and may very possibly have had no suspicion of his own evilness.

Not a few of those who have most highly appreciated Shakspere have felt this occasional carelessness, although most of them have failed to express it. Coleridge links the two masters together and tells us that "in the comedy of Shakspere and Molière the more accurate my knowledge and the more profoundly I think, the greater is the satisfaction that mingles with my laughter." Also George Meredith, in his discussion of the comic spirit and of the idea of comedy, recurs again and again to Molière, holding him up to our admiration as the unsurpassable model, and declaring that "if life is likened to the comedy of Molière, there is no scandal in the comparison." And this is what no one could rightly say of the comedy of Shakspere, who put his richest comic character into a straggling chronicle-play and whose romantic-comedies are compounded of arbitrary fantasy; delightful as they are, they bear no relation to real life as it ever existed anywhere but in a fancied Illyria or in that distant Bohemia which is a desert country by the sea.

Not only does Shakspere refrain from dealing with the men and women of his own time in his own country, not only are his most comic characters sporadic and incidental to a tale of pure romance, of young lovers meeting and mating in the springtime of their lives, he is also willing always to gratify the English and Elizabethan liking for an empty playing with words, for a wit

which is merely external and almost detachable, and which unrelated to character tends in no wise to elucidate it. His humor is frequently verbal, which Molière's never is. "Molière was no mere wit," so Coquelin reminded us. "Puns, points, collocations of droll sounds,—these are all absent from his work. . . . He wished to bring a laugh only by touches of nature. It is not from him as an author that his witticisms come; it is from his characters; and they come naturally and by the force of things." Of course, this is true very frequently of Shakspere also, especially of his Falstaff; but often it is not true, and his characters descend to the bandying of repartee and to the making of quips which do not serve to reveal character or to advance the story. Molière indeed declared his own principle in the "*Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes,*" when he asserted that a certain joke had not been put in by the author "as a clever saying of his own, but only as a thing that characterized the man."

Perhaps the explanation for this willingness of Shakspere to give his audience the verbal witticisms they relished may be sought in the fact that his romantic-comedies are more romantic than they are comic, whereas Molière's comedies are essentially realistic. Touchstone and even Jaques are only incidental and accessory; and the core of Shakspere's comedy is the coming together of Rosalind and Orlando. Molière has a pair of young lovers merely to hold his plot together, to make a story around Orgon and Chrysale and Harpagon. Shakspere puts his pair of young lovers in the forefront; they are his comedy and all else imports little. In other words, Shakspere's comic characters interest us by what they are, whereas Molière's often take our attention more by what they do. Comic action is the life of many a play of Molière's, although not of the greatest; and as a result character is more simply presented in Molière's pieces than in Shakspere's: it is less complex. So it is that Shakspere's clowns and other of his humorous figures wear their motley outside, while Molière's characters wear it within.

The secret of the acceptable mingling of romance and of comedy is Shakspere's only; and what he did in the vein of romantic-comedy he alone could do. The form itself may be anomalous and open to adverse analysis; but the result is charming—when it is Shakspere who stirs the mixture with the magic of his lyric gift. But of the few who have sought to follow in the path he

trod through the faery woodland, none have grasped the elusive prize. In other words, Shakspere's comedies are highly individual; they are his and his alone. They are not characteristic of his nationality; they are little related to the manners and customs of his own time and of his own people. They are not racial, as Molière's comedies are. They are too idealistic, too remote from every-day life, from the rude experience of actuality, to be all that comedy can be. They belong to a very special type, too lyric, perhaps even too poetic, to be acceptable as a picture of the real world about us; and it is just such a picture that we have a right to expect in comedy. The romantic drama may voice our aspirations and show us what we dream that we would like to be, and tragedy may set before us the things we dread; but comedy has for its duty to depict us as we are actually. When it most completely fulfils its function comedy is not individual, like Shakspere's, but social, like Molière's.

Undeniable as is Shakspere's comic force, indisputable as is his power of creating humorous character and of handling amusing situation, it is not in comedy that he has most satisfactorily exhibited his consummate genius as a dramatist. For the full display of his art he needed the towering framework of tragedy; and it is in comedy that he is less of a theatre-poet than Molière. It is by his tragedy far more than by his comedy that Shakspere has conquered the nations of the modern world. Hamlet and Othello and Macbeth are known to millions who have never heard of Viola and Beatrice and Anne Page. This is due partly to the exportability of tragedy, which works with the universal emotions. A great tragedy can go abroad, whereas a great comedy has often to tarry at home because of its very supremacy as a comedy, because of the adequacy of its reproduction of contemporary reality. "Julius Cæsar" can be taken anywhere, and its tragic action will arouse the interest of the spectators whatever their race or their degree of culture; but the "*Femmes Savantes*" can meet with fit and full appreciation only when it is performed before those who can understand its strokes and who can recognize the types it presents. The passions are much the same the wide world over; but wit and humor are often local, and character often depends on time and place.

The predominant influence which Shakspere has exerted upon modern tragedy Molière has exerted upon modern comedy. The

only dramatist of the nineteenth century who sought to recall again in his own plays the evanescent grace and fleeting beauty of Shakspere's romantic-comedy is Alfred de Musset. All the other writers of comedy, not only in France, but in England and in Germany, have found their model in Molière. This is due partly to the fact that the practical playwrights of to-day, adjusting their plays to the theatre of our own era, shrink instinctively from the imitation of Shakspere, whose comedies are semi-mediæval because they were in his time adjusted to the ruder Elizabethan platform-stage and because they therefore need to be taken apart and put together again before they can be represented on the picture-frame stage of our latter-day playhouses. But it is due also to the fact that in Molière the modern dramatists find the outer form which concords with the conditions of the theatre of the twentieth century, and also the final model of the comedy which represents largely and liberally the realities of life.

Less myriad-minded than Shakspere, less lyric and less poetic, lacking the depth and the width of the English dramatist, dying early before his tragic possibilities had a chance to unfold themselves, Molière is more completely the master of comedy. He is a more conscious and conscientious artist in his structure. He has more accurately achieved to the ideal of that high comedy which is the mirror of society and the revelation of humanity in its larger relations. That he, rather than Shakspere, should have most richly expressed himself in comedy, is a strange thing, since Matthew Arnold, borrowing the hint from Sainte-Beuve, is plainly right in saying that "Shakspere has more joy than Molière, more assurance and more peace." Perhaps Molière's humor flowered out of his melancholy and his satire out of his sadness; but whatever their obscure roots, the humor is there in his plays, the satire also, and, in addition, the sheer fun which brings irresistible laughter.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE RACE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY IRA E. BENNETT.

No contest among men—intellectual or physical—involves a greater stress of mind and body, a more constant watchfulness and planning, a heavier outlay of money, and a keener insight and cunning, than the race to the White House. Political parties as well as candidates are in the race. It is a "marathon" in which a few runners are accompanied by hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of other runners, who scheme and push and aid their champions. No expenditure of effort is too great, no outlay of money is too heavy to deter the contestants. All the resources of civilization are drawn upon to bring the champion to the goal — the telegraph, the telephone, lightning trains, newspapers, and so forth, with the aeroplane in sight. The machinery of the government is utilized, of course; the rural free delivery, the postal frank, the "Congressional Record," the appointment of pickets and sentinels in all parts of the country, paid for by Uncle Sam, but working for the runner in the race.

Nothing but a war between two strong powers compares with a Presidential campaign in scientific organization, breadth of operations, brilliance of manœuvring, tactical and strategical skill, and expenditure of money and effort.

A Presidential campaign never has a clear-cut beginning. It has begun before its operations are made manifest. Sometimes it has been born like a maggot in a masterful and scheming brain, incubating for years before it becomes the spirit of an army's movements. Sometimes it is developed from the result of a previous race, and its course marked from the moment it is started. At other times it is a merger of smaller movements, as though several groups of runners mingled and joined hands in a race.

The mere mention of the names of men who are popularly re-

garded as Presidential "possibilities" for 1912 reveals the fact that the race began long ago. It started, no one knows when; perhaps on an evening in the White House, when, as he told me later, Theodore Roosevelt looked musingly at the picture upon his mantel of a farmer sitting at his fireside, and said: "What would that old man say? What is right in his eyes? For whatever he thinks is right is the thought of the American people; and that is what I shall do." Whereupon Mr. Roosevelt announced that he would not listen to the suggestion of a third term; that the election of 1904 meant in practical effect a second term for him; and then openly directed his efforts to the election of Mr. Taft.

From the moment that Mr. Roosevelt obeyed the inspiration of the picture of the old farmer, the campaign of 1912 assumed another aspect. This was unforeseen, perhaps, by him, as it was by other men. At any rate, he could not have peered so shrewdly into the seeds of time as to have been assured that Taft would be elected, that he would induce Congress to enact more and better legislation than Roosevelt himself had been able to secure, and would glide into the summer breathing-spell of 1910 in perfect condition for the mighty race of 1912.

During these doldrum days, when the runners are going slowly and saving their strength, let us look them over, with their associates and helpers. Who are they, and how do they stand in the running? I shall look over the field from the Washington standpoint—the knoll from which distant movements are surveyed and often first detected, and behind which, sometimes, movements are started unseen by those on the knoll, emerging later to surprise and overtake the swiftest runners. The Presidential "possibilities"—bear in mind the elasticity of that word—as seen from Washington number about sixteen, nine of them being in the Republican camp and seven in the Democratic:

REPUBLICANS.

William H. Taft, of Ohio.
James S. Sherman, of New York.
Theodore Roosevelt, of New York.
Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa.
Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana.
Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin.
Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa.
Philander C. Knox, of Pennsylvania.
Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana.

DEMOCRATS.
William J. Bryan, of Nebraska.
Judson Harmon, of Ohio.
William J. Gaynor, of New York.
William R. Hearst, of New York.
Champ Clark, of Missouri.
Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey.
Thomas R. Marshall, of Indiana.

Before the reader swiftly eliminates names from this list and selects his "probabilities"—a liberty which the writer purposes to take, also, a little later—let him reflect upon the fact that the whirligig of time moves more rapidly in politics than in ordinary affairs; that the impossible often materializes; and that politics, like Lear's hand, "smells of mortality." A few months ago the name of John Johnson, of Minnesota, would have led the Democratic list. But he is in his grave. And as the strong men strip for the race they cannot forget that Death runs alongside, ready at a twinkling to trip them. So the last in the running may be the first at the end.

The probability that William H. Taft will be renominated by the Republicans is so strong that something approaching the force of a political volcanic eruption must occur if he is to be displaced. Many Republicans, insurgents so-called, believe that this eruption will occur. They point to the lightning and call attention to the rumbling and quaking in the Middle West. They take the position that the American people have awakened morally, and will not tolerate any of the old methods of politics; that the masses are impatient; that they want a leader who will dash far ahead of any other in the march for reform; that Theodore Roosevelt is this man, and that at the "psychological moment" the demand for Roosevelt will sweep aside everything and everybody in the way.

It may be a true reading of the signs; but I doubt it, for these reasons: (1) The great mass of the people is conservative, neither reactionary nor radical. The voters in the mass move slowly ahead, feeling their way as an elephant tries the ground before him. If this is not true, how will the election of 1896 be explained? That was a time when radicalism was more rampant than now, and the radicals were led by a dashing, eloquent young champion whose personality was most attractive. Yet the voters took the safe and tried candidate, rather than the radical. If

there should be a quarrel between Taft and Roosevelt, and Roosevelt should consent to run again, the parallel would then be gone, for Roosevelt is safe and tried, in spite of his apparent radicalism, and progressive voters would not hesitate to vote for him. Such a situation, however, is highly improbable, for many reasons, one sufficient reason being the fact that Colonel Roosevelt has served two terms in the White House, according to his own statement, and will not be drawn into another candidacy. He put his foot down firmly in 1908, and he is just as able to do so in 1912.

(2) President Taft has passed safely through the most dangerous part of the Presidential experience—the first year. A President may be likened to a bridegroom. Congress is the President's bride, and a capricious, self-willed, coy, "coming-on" vixen she is. Mr. Roosevelt had his squabbles with this quarrelsome dame, and frequently he found the shrew too much for him. Mr. Taft himself was in hot water for nearly a year, but good nature and patience accomplished much, and a shrewd judgment of his partner's eccentricities did more. He yielded to her vanity for the sake of obtaining something valuable. At the end of the session President Taft was able to count a long list of favors won from his high-spirited consort, while she departed on her vacation, smiling and well pleased.

There is no evidence that President Taft will have any serious trouble in his relations with Congress. The first year ended, it is probable that he will go through the rest of his term with fair weather. In any event, there can hardly be such a squall as to wreck the ship, or even to spring a serious leak. So a fair-minded man must assume that Mr. Taft, by the summer of 1912, will have made reasonable progress and fairly discharged his duties. He will then be fifty-five years of age. With good luck on his side, he will be in fine physical condition, and in his intellectual prime.

(3) The people will be disposed to give Mr. Taft a second term if his first term shall prove fairly satisfactory. There will be great excitement, doubtless, and the uproar may confuse the observer; but if it be borne in mind that Mr. Taft received twice as many electoral votes as Mr. Bryan, the tumult and the shouting will be somewhat discounted. No other man in the United States ever received as large a vote at any election as Mr. Taft received in 1908. The voice of discontent is always heard, but the man who is contented keeps still. So the cautious observer will not too readily

mistake the campaign thunder for the authentic roar of the earthquake.

The Republican party renominated Lincoln, Grant and McKinley and nominated Roosevelt to succeed himself. It did not nominate Arthur and lost the election. It failed to renominate Harrison and lost. For sufficient reason it did not renominate Hayes, and in that single instance it succeeded in electing another man. This tendency to renominate Presidents may be explained on the theory that a refusal to do so would be a confession that the administration had been a failure. The party in 1912, therefore, will not without strong reason acknowledge that four years of Mr. Taft is enough.

(4) Mr. Taft by 1912 will have thoroughly mastered the Presidential office, with all its immense political power. It will be his own, to wield in his own behalf, and within reasonable bounds there will be no objection to his exercise of such power. The politicians of both parties make much of the iniquity of Presidential influence, but it is the politicians themselves who are most influenced. They are nearer to the sweets, and their taste for them is more keenly developed. The millions of voters know nothing of personal interest in the Presidential race; but the politicians, who are near the runners, have much at stake. The occupant of the White House, if a candidate for re-election, may distribute legitimate favors with a lavish hand, and expectant politicians always see more to come. They are likely to cling to the present distributor of good things, rather than desert him and risk disaster by attempting to overthrow him.

The work of utilizing Presidential influence and favor for re-election purposes began on the day when Mr. Taft was sworn into office. It is not necessary that he should attend to such matters; they are looked after very capably by his henchmen. Whatever this influence may be worth in winning votes—perhaps it is a drawback, rather than a benefit—it is certainly a powerful weapon when used before the national convention. With its aid an organization will be built up in each State, and these, combined, will dominate the national convention and place Mr. Taft at the head of the ticket, always providing that the course of true politics will run smooth.

James S. Sherman, of New York, must be reckoned as a possibility, not because he is "Sunny Jim" Sherman, but because he

is Vice-President. Of the twenty-seven persons who have served as President, five have been called from the Vice-Presidency. The percentage is high—too high to be ignored when discussing the mutabilities incident upon the selection of one man from fifteen million voters to act as chief magistrate.

I have included Theodore Roosevelt among the Republican possibilities in deference to the opinion of those whose admiration for him leads them honestly to believe that he is the one man needful, and that the big and persistent demand for his return to the White House will overcome his own will. Unquestionably he is the leading American; his popularity boundless, and of such vitality that all political compasses and charts are worthless in the attempt to gauge him or his course. But there is one thing about Mr. Roosevelt which, I believe, is underestimated by his friends and foes alike, and that is the binding force upon himself of his own word. It is impossible for Theodore Roosevelt to be untrue to himself. The core and kernel of his strength is his honesty. This honesty considers the substance, and not the shadow. It would not be Rooseveltian honesty if it were tempted into tortuous paths by pretext, excuse, evasion, or mental reservation.

In substance, if not in exact words, Mr. Roosevelt told the American people in 1904, and still later, that the term to which he had been elected was his last. In 1908 a very strenuous effort was made to induce him to change his mind. The effort was vain. He could not be shaken. If it had been necessary, the country might have witnessed an example of stubbornness of such colossal proportions as to astonish history; but it was not necessary. Mr. Roosevelt does not sit back in mere stubbornness. His method is to carry the war into Africa. He managed affairs so that the demand for his re-election was set aside in spite of itself. He kept faith literally with himself—his conscience. What appeared to be an ill-considered election-night pledge in 1904—a mere ebullition of spirits—was found to be a pledge as binding as though Roosevelt were the master and not the child of destiny.

He turned away the Presidency in 1908 when it was his for the taking. Why, then, should he palter with his conscience by taking the Presidency, when he can keep faith by thrusting it away?

Mr. Roosevelt's friends may reply to this argument in this

fashion: "Roosevelt could run in 1912 without breaking any pledge, actual or implied. You credit superhuman attributes to him when you say he would regard the pledge of 1904-1908 as binding in 1912. Anyway, we shall force him to take the nomination and the election, because he is necessary, pledge or no pledge."

To this I answer: Mr. Roosevelt himself said he had served two terms, and that it was proper that the unwritten law prohibiting three terms should be observed. If this was true in 1904 and 1908 it will be true in 1912. You did not take his word in 1904, when he said he would not run again. But you could not budge him. You do not take his word as applying to the next contest, and you hope to budge him. But you will fail.

If 8,000,000 voters — that being the Republican strength in round numbers—could move in a solid body, physically, and grasp Theodore Roosevelt by the arm or shoulder and force him into the White House, the thing could be done. But the 8,000,000 cannot act together, and Mr. Roosevelt is more than a match for them. He can bring about a condition in which the 8,000,000 must vote according to his will, and not their own, or go over to the other side. He is a political magician, and they are not even politicians. He works from the core outwardly to the remotest corner; they are on the outskirts, shouting in unison, but doing nothing else in common. He creates conditions; they pursue a theory.

After several years of careful study of both men at close range, during which time I have conversed with both on many subjects, including their relations with each other, I am convinced that the friendship between Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft is based on absolute trust and confidence. I do not believe that Colonel Roosevelt would be false to any man, and it is unthinkable that he would secretly connive at his own succession to Taft. He would be conniving at it if he were to permit his friends to form a combination in his behalf. Therefore he must put his foot down upon such plans if they should develop, and that is exactly what is to be expected of him.

If we could put aside Roosevelt's conscientious scruples, and picture him as anxious to return to the White House, without regard to any obligations to the people or to his friends, we must face the fact that his candidacy would tend to destroy the Republican party by splitting it into factions. Mr. Roosevelt has

been a regular party man from the first day of his public life. He has never bolted. The will of the majority has been good enough for him. His political sagacity has always induced him to bow to temporary defeat within his party, if necessary, rather than to risk the transfer of power to the other party. Whatever comes, he will not disrupt the Republican party.

Three men in the Senate are conspicuous as "insurgent" leaders, and any one of them may strike the path that leads to the White House. Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, and Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, are strong, clean men, and the Presidency would be safe in the hands of any of them. None would be as radical in the White House as his career in the Senate would seem to indicate. There is a vast difference between the giving of advice and the exercise of power.

The term "insurgent" is a misnomer when it implies an attack by these men upon the Republican party. They are Republicans to the core. They cannot be driven out of a party to which they are as devotedly attached as any of their critics. The word "progressive" is a better description of them. They are ahead of the mass of their party in many ways. They are pressing forward, blazing the way into untried fields. As a pathfinder runs against impassable obstacles and retraces his steps to find better travelling, so these ambitious Republicans through the operation of forces vastly more powerful than any now at work; and yet that party fought six years before it triumphed.

Dolliver, Beveridge, La Follette—a trio of promising men, truly. Dolliver is the best orator, although Beveridge holds high rank; Beveridge is the keenest judge of public opinion, although La Follette has been wonderfully successful in that line; and La Follette is the most persistent, unflagging worker, although Beveridge and Dolliver are always at it. Dolliver hails from Iowa, which would have worked against his chances for the Presidency a few years ago. Why should a candidate be nominated from a State that is sure to go Republican anyhow? But Iowa is a doubtful State now, or would be in the twinkling of an eye, under certain conditions. Beveridge is in a favorable situation, coming from a State that is proverbially uncertain politically. La Follette gains no particular strength by reason of his residence.

Dolliver and Beveridge are the best of friends, each well know-

ing the ambition of the other to reach the White House, and understanding better than outsiders can the difficulties involved in a candidacy under insurgent auspices. La Follette is fighting his own battles, as usual. He is a rugged, intensely serious politician, having few of the social graces. He wins popular support by his steady hammering, but there are few who find in him any of the magnetism that vitalizes such men as William J. Bryan, for example. In the Senate La Follette has few intimates, while Dolliver and Beveridge count many friends among their colleagues.

In the closing days of the recent session of Congress, Senator Dolliver dared to go a little farther than his insurgent rivals for the Presidency in attacking President Taft. Dolliver did not "go the limit," but he went far enough to disclose to the public what every public man in Washington has known for a long time—that is, that he is a candidate for the Presidency as a progressive, or radical Republican; that he is pushing forward as fast as he dares, having in mind two considerations: First, that the most conspicuous and daring progressive is likely to stand the best chance of preferment; and second, that if he goes too far he may discover that his party is not following him, and that he may be compelled to retrace his steps in full view of the derisive armies. Just how far to go—just how sharply to criticise and disparage Mr. Taft—just how to keep in touch with the first rank of insurgency—that is the problem with which Dolliver, Beveridge, and La Follette are wrestling.

Dolliver has been bold; Beveridge has been cunning; La Follette has been resolute. While Dolliver was unlimbering his guns against Mr. Taft, Beveridge discovered that Mr. Taft was rapidly regaining popularity, and forthwith the Indianian, who had fought Mr. Taft on tariff matters and given him grudging recognition in the Indiana platform, invited the President to Indiana. Beveridge made the most of his opposition to the Payne-Aldrich tariff, but he equalized this aberration from party regularity by stoutly supporting some of the Taft measures. He is not an out-and-out insurgent, as La Follette is; he is an insurgent upon occasion. La Follette goes off the reservation alone; Beveridge and Dolliver are willing to go, but they want company.

Many progressives regard Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, a stronger Presidential candidate than Dolliver, Beveridge, or La Follette. Mr. Cummins was a radical before his colleague Dolliver

was; he fought out the "railroad question" as Governor of Iowa, and had attracted national attention before entering the Senate as the successor to William B. Allison. He is a popular speaker, an outspoken and uncompromising "insurgent," and a diligent student of latter-day political problems.

The chance that Philander C. Knox or Charles W. Fairbanks may be nominated in 1912 seems very remote indeed, but it is possible that conditions might change to such an extent as to make their names quite prominent. In some conceivable contingency the "conservatives" might select Knox or Fairbanks as their champion against any progressive who might come forth. Secretary Knox possesses many of the qualifications desirable in a President, and is believed by public men in Washington to be capable of rallying strong support in case he should be thrust forward as Mr. Taft's successor. Former Vice-President Fairbanks has held the high regard of millions of his countrymen, in spite of a series of political misfortunes that would have destroyed a weaker man. His trip around the world placed him in the best possible light as a dignified, tactful and patriotic American.

The insurgency in the Republican party deals with policies, rather than with men. The Democratic insurgency deals with one man—William J. Bryan. His name is placed at the head of Democratic possibilities for the reason that it is yet to be demonstrated that his mastery of the party has been broken. Two years ago it was absolute. November, 1908, was a black month for him, for it witnessed his own defeat and the elevation of at least two rivals to prominence in the public eye. These rivals are Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio and Governor Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana, Democrats who carried their States in the face of the landslide for Mr. Taft.

Mr. Bryan has given very good proof of his desire to run again by attacking his most dangerous rival, Governor Harmon. His attack upon Governor Harmon was unsuccessful, so far as Ohio Democrats were concerned. They rejected Mr. Bryan's suggestions, renominated Harmon for Governor, and formally presented him as a candidate for President. The Democrats of Nebraska, also, took such action as to indicate that Bryan's hold in his own State had been weakened. Later, in July of this year, they repudiated his "county option" plan for the control of the liquor

traffic. This action was most significant, for the reason that county option is not in itself obnoxious to the people of Nebraska, judging from past expressions. Bryan's opponents in his own party assert that the refusal of the Democratic convention to adopt the "county option" plank was based upon the desire to "throw off the Bryan yoke." In its best aspect, the upshot was not complimentary to Mr. Bryan.

It remains to be proved, however, that Mr. Bryan is unable to control a majority of the delegates to the next Democratic national convention. Insurgents would spring up against him in every State, if the time were ripe. But they are like the Republican insurgents in going cautiously for a while. There may be more fight in the old lion than is supposed. Mr. Bryan polled 6,400,000 votes in 1908—a very respectable following, indeed. He received more votes in 1908 than in 1900, and 1,400,000 more than Parker received in 1904. It is easy to say that Bryan's strength has departed, but another thing to demonstrate it in convention.

Notwithstanding these facts, the eyes of Democrats are turned toward Ohio, where Governor Harmon is to do battle with the combined forces of national and State Republicanism. Harmon ran 50,000 votes ahead of Bryan in 1908, and was elected Governor by 19,000 plurality. His vote was 552,569, against 502,721 for Bryan. Mr. Taft beat Bryan by 69,000 votes in Ohio, but Harris, the Republican candidate for Governor, ran behind Harmon in all the big counties of Cuyahoga, Franklin, Hamilton, Lucas, Montgomery and Stark.

Governor Harmon has displayed great ability as a politician in administering the office of Governor. He has pursued graft with courage, attended closely to his official duties, expressed himself discreetly on national questions, and in other ways improved his strategic position. His fitness for the Presidency cannot be questioned. He is a native of Ohio, sixty-four years of age, robust in health. He and William H. Taft were in frequent contact in Cincinnati while Harmon was a Judge of the Superior Court, 1878-88. They are good friends, although not intimate. Harmon has been a mayor, judge, law lecturer, railroad receiver, and general practitioner. His only service in the National Government was as Attorney-General in the Cleveland Cabinet, from 1895 to March, 1897.

Harmon is generally regarded as better Presidential timber

than Governor Marshall of Indiana, whose triumph in a Republican year brought him into national prominence. Harmon has had much more experience in politics and public affairs than Marshall; has a more impressive presence; is, in short, an elder, if not a better soldier. Marshall is eight years younger than Harmon. He was born in Indiana, and practised law in the comparatively unimportant city of Columbia from his admission to the bar in 1875 until 1908, when he was elected Governor. As a stump speaker Marshall is excellent. His vote-getting ability was well tested in the campaign of 1908. He ran 10,000 votes ahead of Bryan, and defeated his opponent, James E. Watson, by 14,453 votes. Marshall carried the State by 4,000 votes more than Mr. Taft's plurality.

As to the advantage of residence, there is little choice between Harmon and Marshall. Ohio and Indiana are both doubtful States. As the Republicans nominate their Presidential candidate first, as a rule, the Democratic choice may be swayed by their opponents' action; for instance, if an insurgent like Beveridge should be nominated, the Democrats might pick Marshall for the sake of utilizing his local strength.

Mayor Gaynor is in a good position to attract the attention of Democrats. New York is the most important State in the Union, politically, and the most independent. It has thirty-nine electoral votes, and may have more before the next electoral college meets. More than once the vote of New York has determined the Presidency, although the old saying, "As goes New York, so goes the Union," was disproved in 1864, 1868, and 1876.

Mayor Gaynor has twice declined the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York, which was the stepping-stone to the Presidency in the cases of Cleveland and Roosevelt, and the door through which many men have passed to national office as Vice-Presidents, Cabinet officers, Senators, and, in Governor Hughes's case, to the United States Supreme Court. Gaynor is a native of New York State, and is fifty-nine years of age. He worked as a newspaper man while studying law, and practised law from 1875 until elected to the State Supreme Court in 1893.

The Mayor of New York is a stalwart and persistent fighter. His work in purifying the Democratic party of corrupt rings brought him recognition as a strong figure, and in spite of his disinclination to leave the bench he was called upon to head his

party in the municipal campaign of 1909. Gaynor received 250,378 votes, defeating Bannard (Republican) by 73,000 votes, and Hearst (Civic Association) by 96,000 votes. Gaynor has made himself popular by devoting his time strictly to city affairs, and notably by improving the police department.

Many signs point to a desire on the part of William R. Hearst to be the Democratic nominee in 1912. One of these signs is his sharp criticism of Mayor Gaynor, which has the earmarks of a purpose to wear down and destroy Gaynor's strength as a Presidential possibility. Another of Mr. Hearst's moves indicates that he regards Theodore Roosevelt as the probable Republican nominee, unless Roosevelt's popularity can be lessened. Mr. Hearst, after a visit to the White House in the early summer, issued a remarkable statement, in which he bitterly assailed Mr. Roosevelt and highly praised Mr. Taft. Among political observers in Washington this was taken to be a plain intimation that Mr. Hearst regarded Roosevelt as a more dangerous antagonist than Mr. Taft. Since that time, while Mr. Hearst was in Europe, he renewed his criticism of Colonel Roosevelt and took occasion to praise Mr. Taft. The virtual surrender of the Independence party to the Democratic, followed by Mr. Hearst's utterances, paves the way to the entrance by Mr. Hearst into the next Democratic national convention as a candidate for the Presidency. In 1904 he was by no means a negligible figure at the St. Louis convention. In 1908 he was an independent. By 1912, from present appearances, he will have been in the Democratic fold long enough to match swords with Bryan for the mastery of the party. Mr. Hearst may not find it advisable to present himself as a candidate, but it is conceivable that he will be able to name the candidate.

The announcement of President Woodrow Wilson's candidacy for Governor of New Jersey brought him into prominence at once as a Presidential possibility. As in the case of Governor Harmon, the chances of the president of Princeton as a Presidential candidate hinge upon the outcome of this fall's elections. If President Wilson should be defeated, there will be little disposition among Democrats to consider him for the greater race; but if he should become Governor of New Jersey, for the term beginning January, 1911, he would be found to possess many elements of strength as a candidate for the Presidency.

Dr. Wilson is a Southerner, but without the handicaps borne

by Southerners of the Civil War period. He was born in Virginia fifty-four years ago, and obtained much of his education in the South. Leaving the law to specialize in certain studies, he went North, and in a comparatively short time became one of the leading educators of the country. His political writings have brought him renown, and his executive capacity as displayed in the management of Princeton has proved him to be a man of practical affairs as distinguished from the mere collegian.

If it should appear that the hold of William J. Bryan has been broken, and that conservative Democrats are in the ascendant, the election of Dr. Wilson to be Governor of New Jersey might be the signal for a strong movement in his behalf at the next Democratic national convention. Assuming that his administration of affairs as Governor will have been as successful as his other undertakings, Democrats will lay stress upon his strength in New York as well as in New Jersey, and his nomination might follow in pursuance of the conviction that he who carries New York will carry the election. The fall campaign in New Jersey cannot be ignored by those who are scanning the larger horizon; for out of that State may come the man who is to contend for the Presidency.

Champ Clark, of Bowling Green, Missouri, is a most engaging figure. He is the delight of the Chautauqua platform, and visitors to the House of Representatives invariably ask to see him, as soon as they have inspected "Uncle Joe" Cannon. Champ Clark is a steady reader of the Bible—as well as of many other books—and his debate is full of Biblical allusions, most of them very aptly applied. He loves the homespun in argument, and is excelled only by Ben Tillman in the ability to use pat or witty phrases smacking of the soil. But Mr. Clark is no mere "cornfield lawyer," as Tillman boasts he is. Clark was a college president at twenty-three years of age. In his own account of his life, furnished to the Congressional Directory, he remarks that he "worked as a hired farm hand, clerked in a country store, edited a country newspaper, and practised law."

After John Sharp Williams of the Yazoo was elected to the Senate, Champ Clark succeeded him as Democratic leader in the House, and the ambition of his life—just now—is to be elected Speaker of the House. "Barkis is willin'," said Mr. Clark to a New York audience after Congress adjourned, and he might have

added, "Barkis is getting busy." The Democratic leader is doing his best to elect a Democratic House, and if his party should have a majority his election to succeed "Uncle Joe" as Speaker is a foregone conclusion.

In that event Champ Clark may attract such attention as to make him a formidable candidate for the Presidential nomination. He has maintained silence on this point, and has concentrated his effort upon election to the Speakership. He promises that the Democratic party, if given control of the House, will send a new tariff bill to the Republican Senate which will reduce the duties upon many of the necessaries, particularly woollen cloth.

During the winter and early spring the election of a Democratic majority of the next House seemed very probable, on account of the dissensions in the Republican party arising from the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, the apparent inability of President Taft to press Republican measures through Congress, and the public outcry against the Payne-Aldrich tariff act. The adjournment of Congress, however, saw most of the Taft measures enacted into law; the Ballinger-Pinchot quarrel subsided somewhat; the tariff act replenished the Treasury; and the Republicans, under Roosevelt and Taft, began a vigorous campaign for the return of Republican members to the House. The Democratic hope that Roosevelt and Taft would fall out was not realized. So, at the beginning of the Congressional campaign, the prospect of Champ Clark's election to the Speakership was not as bright as it had been during the winter and spring.

IRA E. BENNETT.

A SOLUTION OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

FIFTEEN years ago there came from the Government Printing Office a public document bearing the pregnant title "A Solution of the Labor Problem." It was published under the auspices of the United States Senate; yet notwithstanding the publicity and the quasi-official endorsement thus given it, it attracted at the time but scant measure of appreciative attention. True it is that Gladstone, Herbert Spencer, Benjamin Harrison, T. V. Powderly and a score of other notable men of the day passed favorable comment upon it in personal letters to its author; but while acknowledging its worth and its possibilities, they realized that, like Spinoza's "*Tractus Politicus*," it was an agency born out of time. The proposed measure, in its call for Federal regulation, savored too strongly of the then fantastic Bellamy to appeal to the smug politics of the day. National laws limiting the hours of work, providing for payment of wages, regulating the sanitary conditions of factories, prohibiting child labor, defining employers' liabilities, and other present-day measures of like paternal character, were not then dreamed of by the rank and file of American voters.

There was in those days no accredited prophet to herald the coming of the hour when these same voters would enthusiastically uphold the hands of an administration that should inaugurate reforms such as these and advocate, moreover, the control of private corporations by the National Government. None the less, in the swift on-move of political enlightenment, that hour is now come, and many of the ideas that a few short years ago were the exclusive property of Populism are now being universally discussed as needed public measures. May it not be, therefore, that under the present changed conditions this "Solution of the

Labor Problem" shall be found worthy of another and more considerate hearing?

Great, indeed, and in many ways remarkable, have been the strides in our economic progress during the past decade and a half. But notwithstanding this day of better things, there is yet no peace 'twixt capital and labor. The labor problem is still with us; a cankerous thorn in the flesh. Unsolved and unbettered, it is growing steadily more intricate, more discouraging, more menacing. Whatsoever, therefore, lies to hand as a possible remedy cannot in this hour of honest desire for civic betterment be righteously ignored. And the "Solution" here to be presented, Utopian though it may seem,—after the fashion of all social reforms in their initial presentment,—may none the less prove worthy of admittance to the councils of men.

To state it briefly and at once, the proposed solution of the problem is the establishing by the Federal Government of *a national unit of value for labor.* Based upon this unit, the wages for all classes of labor shall be automatically regulated by law. In other words, the wages for any given work shall be determined, not by employer or employee, but by an established table of rates builded upon a fixed unit of value for labor.

In order to facilitate business and preserve peace, the State has been obliged to create national units of value for money, weight, measure and time. And for the same imperative reason it should establish a unit of value for labor, and thereby place employer and employee upon the same impartial, neutral footing with regard to wages as they now enjoy with respect to the constitution of a mile or a week or a dollar.

The existing chronic struggle between capital and labor is a contest to decide whether rates of wages shall be determined by the business necessities of the employer or by the life necessities of the employee. And experience has proven ten thousand times over that it is a contest which, upon this basis, can never be settled. Co-operation, arbitration, trade-unionism and all the other attempted methods of reconciliation have shown themselves to be at best but uncertain makeshifts. Despite all legislative prescriptions and despite the earnest efforts for peace on the part of the contestants themselves, strikes, violence, rioting and the many smaller but no less pestilent fruits of this immedicable disagreement between capital and labor continue to contribute

more or less abundantly to the daily animation of our news columns, and will continue to do so just so long as the issue remains what it is to-day and what it has been since the days of the Pharaohs—whether the pay for labor shall be regulated by the wishes of the workman or by the wishes of the employer.

It is an issue inherently false and unyielding. It rests upon a false economic premise. That the laborer's hire is dependent upon the grace or the financial ability of the man who employs him is an industrial dogma as time-worn and fallacious as the belief in the righteousness of slavery. Under present-day conditions servant and master stand related as political equals. The State imposes like duties of citizenship upon them both. Nay, more, through obligatory education and other compulsory requirements, it compels the laborer as well as the capitalist to maintain a certain grade of civilization. And after thus forcing its prescribed social conditions upon him the State cannot justly neglect its paramount duty of enabling the laborer to secure, independently of the wishes of the employer, such wages as will enable him to meet the demands of those life necessities which the State has itself created. The remuneration for his work, therefore, must be based upon his own life necessities and not upon the business needs of the man or corporation that employs him.

On the other hand, also, it is no less fallacious to contend that the employer shall be subject to the dictates of labor or be compelled to regulate his affairs in accordance with the capricious demands of his employees. To put into the hands of the working-class the power to regulate wages would result as perniciously as has the undisputed exercise of this power in times past by the employers of labor. As matters stand now, however, each side claims this authority: the one as a traditional, prescriptive right, and the other as a prerogative born of modern conditions. It is in trade-unionism that this new-claimed prerogative—this latter-day assault upon the dictatorship of capital—finds its most powerful expression; and therefore it is that trade-unions, having for their cardinal object the dictating of terms in accordance with the necessities and wishes of the employee, naturally and unavoidably excite the hostility of the employer, with whom it remains an axiom that rates of wages must be calculated in accordance with *his* necessities and wishes.

It is obvious, therefore, that such antagonistic ideas, arising as

they do from wholly opposite views, can never be reconciled, however much the contestants may themselves desire it. Consequently, no matter how thorough the defeat or victory in a strike or boycott, the result, even to the winners, is only at great loss of time, money and trade interests, and without any lasting settlement of the big question at issue. At best, the ensuing peace is but a temporary truce, a mere armed neutrality, which either party must break, even against its own inclinations, regardless of pledges or agreements, whenever mutations in business or changes in the cost of living once more arouse the slumbering disaffection.

The State may not properly favor either side as against the other nor refuse them like protection. In the event of a rupture, its only function is the maintenance of public peace; a function, however, whose exercise more often spells terrorism than it does tranquillity. Our Federal Government enjoys the option, backed by men and gunpowder, of preventing two foreign nations from engaging in conflict, while at the same time it stands helpless in the face of a threatened industrial conflict within our own borders, albeit realizing full well that such conflict is ever charged with the possibilities of wreck and bloodshed and financial havoc. And because of this ceaseless antagonism between capital and labor, which no existing law is competent to remedy, thousands and tens of thousands of innocent persons are in constant danger of loss or hurt, and thriving communities are brought ever and again to the verge of anarchy and business paralysis. That the happiness and prosperity of the people and the safety of the commonwealth should be thus continually imperilled because two classes are at feud over a question they can never agree upon is something the law of self-preservation emphatically forbids. And as the disputants have had innumerable opportunities to settle finally what is now proven to be an irreconcilable difference, it is evident that nothing remains but to forbid either side from henceforth having any voice in the matter.

As it does not lie with one side or the other to dictate how many minutes shall make an hour, so likewise it should be beyond the control of either party to fix the wages for any specified class of work. As before suggested, it is a matter to be determined impersonally and automatically, and this only can be done by the establishment of a national unit of value for labor, upon which all wages shall be computed with the same universality of

application as now inheres in the established tables of weights and measure. Necessarily, such a unit of value for labor must be not only a fixed entity in relation to rates of wages, but must at the same time be susceptible of accommodation to economic changes, so that the money value of wages shall keep pace with fluctuations in the cost of living. It follows, therefore, that the unit upon which the Federally established table of wages shall be built must be chosen with respect to some commodity that is so universally used and of so far-reaching an influence that its market price indexes and measures the cost of living in all walks of life.

Such a commodity is wheat flour. From the earliest days of social history its price has been the key-note to the price of every other necessary of life. Whether due to general causes or to causes pertaining to itself alone, it will be found that *normal* fluctuations in the price of flour are closely preceded or ultimately followed by corresponding changes in the cost of all other staples. It is not contended that the ratio is at all times exactly or even closely maintained, for certain local and adventitious factors will often disturb it; but taking it the country over, from year to year, the ratio does remain approximately constant, or, at all events, sufficiently so for the purpose at present in view.

A careful though not wholly exhaustive inquiry, extending over a period of twenty-five years, would indicate that he who performs the least skilled manual work requires an amount of pay equal to the cost of sixty pounds in bulk of the best grade of family flour. That is to say, the market price of this quantity of flour represents the daily cost of living to him who digs cellars, chops wood, carries a hod, wheels a barrow or does any labor calling for the least mental effort and lowest mechanical skill. Therefore (assuming this calculation to be correct), sixty pounds of wheat flour would constitute a true national unit of value for labor. As our system of linear measure is built upon a national unit of value composed primarily of "three barley corns, round and dry, laid end to end," so would our system of wages be built upon this far more logical unit of sixty pounds of wheat flour.

This proposed unit of value for labor, which we will call a *wage,* would be the lowest compensation that could legally be given to an adult for one day's least skilled manual labor. If

the market price of flour were two cents a pound, the money value of the *wage* (according to the standard here tentatively suggested) would be $1.20, and this would be the pay that such a laborer, representing the foot of the scale, would receive for one day's work. In other words, this would constitute the measure by which the compensation for all grades of labor would be computed; as, for example, he whose grade of work commands half again as much as the day laborer's would receive $1.80; the skilled mechanic, three integers removed, $3.60, and so on. If flour were three and a half cents a pound, the value of the *wage,* or unit, would be $2.10, and all wages would accordingly be one and three-fourths times higher. But a *wage* of $1.20, with flour at two cents a pound, would purchase as much of the necessaries of life as $2.10 with flour at three and a half cents or as $3 with flour at five cents a pound; for as is the normal price of flour so, in general proportion, are the prices of all other commodities, so that no matter what fluctuations occurred in the cost of living the pay of the workman would always have approximately the same purchasing power and thus bear constantly the same relative value to the conditions surrounding him.

As it would be impracticable, in the payment of wages, to follow the weekly or monthly variations in the price of flour, the average daily quotations during a half or a whole year could be adopted as the governing price for the following six or twelve months. This, however, is one of the many details that would necessarily demand adjustment in the application of the plan here presented, and it does not lie within the scope of the present article to enter into a discussion of these subordinate features, interesting and important though they be.

It would be as easy to build up from the single *wage* a wage table of values for all superior grades of labor, as it has been to construct from the *second* all the higher divisions of time, or from the *grain* all the greater measures of weight; for the proportional values at present accorded the various grades of labor may be accepted as practically correct. And tables of wages once established would seldom require revision, since the relative standing of industrial pursuits alters very slowly. The number of wages, by the day, week or month, accorded to each grade of industry would thus remain constant, while the pay that they would yield would depend upon the market price of flour, and hence

would vary in accordance with national economic conditions and be thus automatically controlled by the general cost of living.

And what is here said with reference to the *employee* in the matter of the regulated adjustment of his income to economic circumstances applies with equal force and for the same reason to the employer also. While an advance in the price of flour would increase the cost of labor, it would at the same time be accompanied by higher prices for industrial outputs and by correspondingly larger returns upon investments and commercial enterprises, so that the means to meet an advance in wages would be as necessarily forthcoming as the maintenance of the earth's balance with the sun.

This, then, in brief outline, is the proposed solution of the labor problem. Its author, William Howard, a political economist of no small reputation in his day, devoted many years of his life in an effort to gain a sympathetic hearing for this original and promising idea; but, like many another reformer, he pioneered too far in advance of the public procession. Therefore, the resurrecting from obscurity of this contribution to the solving of our industrial plague has seemed to the present writer no more than an act of justice to the memory of its author, as well as to the men of to-day who are seeking guidance in the betterment of human conditions. Theoretically, at all events, this "Solution" holds out a promise which cannot but appeal to the present-day temper of the public in its desire for industrial peace. What is claimed for it by its author, and the results which the proposition itself logically suggests, may be thus summarized:

A national unit of value for labor will automatically adjust wages agreeably to the laws of finance and trade without the intervention of either employer or employee.

It will at all times enable the employee to support the grade of civilization to which his labor belongs.

It will abolish strikes, lockouts and boycotts, as well as the necessity for labor-unions and boards of arbitration.

It will prevent the employee from being subjected in his wages to the employer's incapacity, recklessness, misfortune, trickeries or dishonesty; but will subject him only to those business vicissitudes which arise from the general financial and commercial condition of the nation.

It will benefit employers by placing them all on the same level with respect to wages to be paid for similar services.

It will relieve the employer from the dictation, threats, exactions, strikes and boycotts of labor organizations.

It will enable him to estimate with reasonable certainty the prospective worth of enterprises that are dependent chiefly upon industrial labor.

It will provide him with a wider and more profitable market for his wares, merchandise and services, because of a more equitable distribution of the national wealth among the masses, upon whose purchasing power chiefly rest the success and prosperity of our industries.

It will impel him to act honestly in his business relations, as he may not count upon reducing wages in order to sustain watered stock and swollen bonded debts or in order to make good his losses at business gambling.

It will promote the welfare of both employer and employee by putting an end to the iniquitous speculating in wheat and other necessaries of life; for, if wages are based upon the price of flour, the self-interest of either party will prevent any tampering with normal market conditions.

And, lastly, it will work to the general welfare of the nation by regulating incomes to the cost of living. High prices will produce automatically correspondingly higher incomes. Instead of measuring a salary by the present gold standard, which is subject to depreciation as exemplified in the distressing conditions of to-day, it will be measured by the actual cost of living and thereby enable it constantly to maintain its full purchasing power.

CLIFFORD HOWARD.

THE COLLEGE, THE GIRL AND THE PARENT.

BY MARION TALBOT.

THE story of the struggle of young womanhood against the arbitrary and artificial restraints of society is an old one, but not much thought or pity has been given to it in the past. The world has uttered many a word of scorn and contempt for those young women who have sought wider scope for their activities and proven unequal to the struggle. It has given belated praise to its rare Elizabeths or Joans and lauded them as saints or heroines. Through the centuries the struggle has gone on, but only in late years has there come some realization of the human problem involved and some glimmering of the significance to human welfare of allowing every member of the race, regardless of sex, the fullest and freest expression.

The cry has gone forth from time to time. History and literature alike testify to the struggle. One of the most striking appeals in behalf of young womanhood is that of Charlotte Brontë which she makes through her heroine, Caroline Helstone in "Shirley":

"I believe single women should have more to do—better chances of interesting and profitable occupation than they now possess. . . . The girls in this neighborhood have no earthly employment but household work and sewing; no earthly pleasure but an unprofitable visiting; and no hope, in all their life to come, of anything better. . . . The fathers observe their manœuvres (for husbands); they order them to stay at home, to sew and cook. They expect them to do this, and this only, contentedly, regularly, uncomplainingly, all their lives long, as if they had no germs of faculties for anything else: a doctrine as reasonable to hold, as it would be that the fathers have no faculties but for eating what their daughters cook or for wearing what they sew.

. . . . . .

"Seek for your daughters an interest and an occupation which shall raise them above the flirt, the manœuvrer, the mischief-making

tale-bearer. Keep your girls' minds narrow and fettered—they will still be a plague and a care, sometimes a disgrace to you; cultivate them—give them scope and work—they will be your gayest companions in health, your tenderest nurses in sickness, your most faithful prop in age."

Not long ago a prominent physician, president of an active and influential civic organization of men, in addressing a group of women assembled to consider the desirability of organizing a Women's City Club, described in vivid language the host of well-trained and energetic girls just out of college, eager to use their powers and yet hedged in by social conventions and arbitrary restrictions. He portrayed on the one hand the wide range of civic and social work needing the sympathetic and wise co-operation of such young women and on the other hand the piteous waste and tragic loss involved in the failure to give these eager young souls an opportunity to join in the work of the world worthy of their ability and their ideals. From his professional experience he testified also to the physical and nervous wreckage resulting from the chafing against the bars of so-called social proprieties or from the attempt to give expression to executive ability, intellectual power, and social gifts through the vapid and meaningless potherings of society.

Since Miss Brontë wrote there have been many changes in the life of women, notably in opportunities for intellectual enrichment, in domestic industries, in vocational employments open to women and in the social standing given to unmarried women.

In nearly every civilized land not only the elementary and secondary schools are open to girls, but the colleges, universities, professional and even technical schools admit them with more or less freedom to all the courses offered. It is recognized that "woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right to intellectual culture and development."

Domestic industries which formerly made the home a centre of production with the woman directing the processes have now gone into factories. The effort to retain them as a means of utilizing the energy of women does not commend itself to the woman of economic instinct. The factory-made flour is not only better, but in every real sense cheaper than the home-ground meal and the same is increasingly true of many articles of food and clothing. The well and the bucket, the brick oven and the

spit-iron, the tinder-box and the tallow candle, the spinning-wheel and the loom, the mortar and the pestle, the soap-kettle and even the needle and the scrubbing-brush, have given way under the improvements made possible by modern mechanical inventions. Those who exalt the importance of woman's work within the home and lament that women are not content to remain at home to do it ignore the fact that there is comparatively little of it left to be done. Even many of the elements of education, the sanitary control, the supplying of reading and amusements,—the interests which formerly called for her most intelligent and her constant endeavor, have now in large measure passed into other and usually more competent and better-trained hands.

The time and strength of women which have been set free as the result of changes in the industrial system, mechanical improvements and the socialization of many interests which were formerly carried on solely within the home, are finding chance for expression in a wide range of civic, philanthropic and social activities. These new duties and opportunities are concerned not merely with the well-being of the community as a whole, but with every individual household in the group. They are assuming more and more a professional or technical character demanding special gifts and careful training, both general and specific. When added to the professions and industrial pursuits which have been gradually claiming the interest of women it is clear that the disappearance of domestic activity does not by any means imply idleness other than that enforced by the indolence of the individual or by the restrictions set up by the family and friends.

"Old maid" is no longer a term of opprobrium and scorn. Higher ideals of marriage and the increase in the economic independence of women which, in the words of a conservative English economist, "strengthens their position in what to most of them seems the principal bargain in life" (marriage) have brought about a radical change in the popular estimate of the woman who remains unmarried, in most cases, undoubtedly, of her own choice.

In the light of such considerations as these it is worth while to give serious attention to a problem which is involved in the education of women, and which in the judgment of many educators has passed beyond the personal domain and become a matter of public concern. In former times the relation of the daughter to her parents and particularly to her father was one of de-

pendence and submissive obedience. With her new intellectual attainment her wider outlook upon life and her greater consciousness of her powers and more eager desire to use them, there has arisen a new situation. The parents are frequently unable to cope with it or even to understand it and the young woman often finds herself quite powerless to shape her course in a way satisfactory either to her parents or to herself.

A more detailed analysis of the conditions may reveal more clearly what the difficulties are and possibly indicate some means of solving or even of preventing them.

In the first place it should be pointed out that as the problem is one which affects the young woman in her home relations it does not concern all young college women. There are many young girls, although not as many proportionately as in former years, who, when they go to college, have no family ties or whose families openly recognize that under the pressure of pecuniary need the family relations must inevitably be subordinated to the demands of making a living, and may even have to be ignored entirely. In such cases there is little occasion for comment. The young woman looks upon her college course as a means of earning a livelihood and of lightening the family burden by providing for her own self-support. She then enters upon a work which removes her from the family group as completely as if she married and left home and with as little discussion or criticism. An increasingly larger number of girls, however, enter upon their college training with no such future certainly before them. In general these girls may be divided into two large classes—first, those who are entirely free from economic pressure and who are given four years of life in college for the sake of the pleasure and social experience as well as for the more extended education, and, second, those who cannot look upon their college training as a mere intellectual and social indulgence, but will be expected to make some practical use of it in after years.

In like manner the attitude of the parents to the daughter may be described roughly as belonging to two types, although the types do not correspond to the two classes of girls but more or less overlap. In one type of family there is intelligent appreciation of the fact that with development, experience, training and maturity there have entered into the daughter's life new factors to be dealt with and that it is still the parental function to enter

with sympathy and interest into the child's concerns and to take pride and pleasure in opening up opportunities for the exercise of those qualities which it has been the object of the years of training to strengthen. In such families no real problem presents itself except when an exceptionally selfish nature on the part of the girl, fostered by indulgence and weakness on the part of the parents, makes exactions from them which are utterly unreasonable. As a rule the intelligent daughter is ready to contribute at least her share to the well-being of the group as a whole and of her parents individually while the parents on their side recognize the wrong that lies in the attempt to merge the daughter's individuality completely in the life of the group.

The other type of parents may be subdivided into two classes —first, those who through ignorance and, second, those who through selfishness expect and demand from the daughter on the completion of her college course the entire abandonment of her personal interests, the abnegation of her individual judgment and desires. It is here that the problem exists whose solution demands the greatest skill and wisdom, if indeed it is ever found, and whose existence bears with it a train of suffering, unhappiness and even tragedy from which parents and daughter suffer alike, often in silence, sometimes, unfortunately, with open rancor.

Before attempting to suggest a method of dealing with the problem it may be well to restate briefly the factors which compose it. On the one hand are the parents who have gladly given to the daughter and sometimes forced upon her the opportunity for a wider training. On the other hand is the daughter with her awakened faculties compelled after the four years of absorbing college interests to reorder her life, to establish new connections and to find an outlet for her activities. She finds in her parents what she recognizes as an unduly exalted pride in her attainments and achievements, either complete ignorance, through lack of personal experience, of what the college training really signifies to her, or a more or less frankly expressed sense of relief that "now the college course is over she can settle down at home and be of some use there." She can at last justify the father's desire for "conspicuous consumption" by adding to his entourage a daughter with leisure to spend on personal attractiveness or in acquiring social prestige. She can relieve the mother's burdens by taking her place occasionally in household and social matters. Her ex-

penses are cheerfully paid provided they are of moderate amount. She takes turn about with her mother in doing the marketing or ordering or preparing the meals, she is given partial control over the younger children and possibly the servants, but always with the realization that her mother as the actual mistress of the household may at any time step in and overrule her decisions. The third factor in the problem is the circle of friends and acquaintances who look with some degree of awe and reverence on the girl and her achievements, sometimes place her metaphorically upon a pedestal and yet are free in their criticism and harsh in their judgment if she shows any evidence that she has added capacity or different ideals as a result of her absence from the home town. There is forthwith a widely expressed opinion that a college education simply results in educating a girl "out of her sphere" and that she and everybody else would be very much happier if she did not know so much more than her family and her neighbors.

A few cases drawn from real life will serve to illustrate more clearly the difficulties which have been suggested and the problem involved.

A prosperous but not educated farmer has allowed his three daughters to go through the State University. They have strong, vigorous bodies and alert minds. Every law of hygiene demands that both body and mind should be given the exercise for which they have been fitted. The family have moved from the country into a small town and the father has retired from active labor and is engaged in husbanding his goodly store of property. The household is run on the frugal principles to which the parents have become habituated during their years of struggle. The women of the town find their chief interests outside of their kitchens in discussing the latest styles of dress as shown in the fashion-books or in so-called "women's columns." A woman's club, at which papers on Dickens or Longfellow are read, showy but unmusical "pieces" are given with instrument or voice, and elaborate refreshments are served, is the only form of social organization outside of the church which is open to women. It is not considered good form for young ladies of the upper circles to engage in any athletic sports or exercise more vigorously than to take an occasional drive in a carriage. Bridge whist is the all-absorbing amusement and a knowledge of the latest arts of

the hairdresser or skin doctor is a *sine qua non* for success in polite society. The daughters are baffled by the situation. The father forgets that they are grown women and in his old-time imperious manner dictates the hours for their rising and bed-going, sees no reason for their having any money to spend since he is satisfying all their real needs, looks askance on any young men whom they may chance to meet, urges them to help with the cooking and take pride in sweeping the porch, and tells them, when they suggest taking advantage of the town's new water and sewerage system and having a bath-room put in the house, that "what has been good enough for your mother and me is good enough for you." The mother meanwhile has not lost her power of understanding, and as a means of furnishing her girls some outlet for their ability, in rather a furtive way allows them to assume the charge of the housekeeping. They are given an allowance on which to run the household. But their imagined liberty proves to be a chimera. Their purchases of food are never entirely satisfactory and the climax of the situation is reached when they are severely rebuked for spending money for the purchase of new table linen when the old might still have been darned and patched a few more times. In open but quiet revolt they leave home to seek their fortunes, and the father and mother with shaking of the head and doubtless some throbbing of the heart settle down in quiet in the old ways, while the gossips of the town sympathize with them and have little but contumely for their eccentric children.

The daughter of a man in very moderate circumstances has alternately taught and studied and has finally been given a year's leave of absence which she has spent in specializing in her favorite subject, Latin, and in securing her degree. She has received offers of two positions. One is to take the principalship of the school in which she has lately taught. The salary is a thousand dollars, she is to succeed a Harvard graduate and she will be within such distance of her home that she can make a weekly visit. The work is not only uncongenial, but so hard and exacting that it was given up by the man largely on that account, and she foresees that if she undertakes it she will not only be very unhappy, but at the end of a few years be physically and nervously exhausted. Her father, however, thinks that she should accept the position not only for the reasons that the salary is high and that it is a great distinction to succeed a man, but because she will be

enabled to come to him whenever he needs her. This point especially he urges with a force which appeals strongly to her deep affection for him. The other position at a salary of eight hundred dollars is to teach Latin only, with fewer hours of work a day and less responsibility, with the probability that she would have an opportunity to go on with her studies and to be called to more remunerative positions later. The distance from home is such that she would not be able to return except at very rare intervals. She believes that her father is engrossed in his affairs and does not really need her, but that in years to come when his vigor fails she must be ready to give him comfort and support, and for this she will need to husband her own strength. Her only sister has after years of struggle refused longer to accept her father's will as the final arbiter of her life and has left home. Such another break is abhorrent to the girl. She faces these alternatives,—decision which will ultimately give herself and her father the greatest satisfaction or an acquiescence in his judgment which will bring outward peace for the present and for as long as she is willing to yield to his decisions, which are likely to grow more exacting and frequent as he grows older and less vigorous.

Many other cases might be cited. Each would seem to have its individual aspects and be a problem by itself needing its own peculiar solution, unless one were content to generalize to the extent of saying that if the principle of filial obedience, or filial reverence or filial affection, were given its proper recognition and applied regardless of all other considerations, no problem at all would exist. But no one is able to take so extreme a view at the present time, and indeed it is not necessary. There is one factor that is common to all the cases and that is the ignorant parent, for, after all, selfishness in these cases may be explained as the result of ignorance. And the solution rests with the elimination of ignorance on the part of the parent.

It is just here that a mistaken policy on the part of those responsible for the methods of the school has too often prevailed. It is trite to say that the school and the family do not co-operate with sufficient sympathy and intelligence, and yet the effort is not always made. How often one hears such remarks as "if only we did not have to bother with the parents we could accomplish something," or "if only there weren't a father and mother something could be made of the child." But certainly when it comes to

students of college age the great wonder of those engaged in administrative work is that in most cases there is no chance to deal with the parents at all except in most superficial and general matters. The absolute confidence with which the average parent turns over his child to a college is startling. When a puzzling case demands the special attention of a college officer he often longs to have the interest if not the wisdom of the parents. A knowledge of home conditions and traditions would throw light in dark places, and yet it is often impossible to make the connection with the parent. There are in general two reasons for this. It is a striking fact familiar to those engaged in the collegiate movement that a very large number of college girls are daughters of parents who have had very limited education of a formal character. They look upon the college with awe and regard the college officers with reverence. They have no background of experience to use in bringing them into close and advisory relations with their daughters and the new life. And, of course, the lapse of time simply means a still smaller power to co-operate actively in the new educational process.

Other parents turn over their children to the college because of indifference or absorption in other interests. The result in all of these cases is likely to be that which has already been described. The parent is quite at a loss to know what his child needs and the process of adjustment is one of irritation and disappointment on both sides.

There is, however, no reason why an attempt should not be made by the college authorities first to secure at least the interest if not the intelligent co-operation of the parents throughout the daughter's career in college, and second to encourage her to gratify her parents in any interest they may show in her activities, even though it may not be immediately helpful, and to do all in her power to make them feel that in giving her the new opportunities they have a deep and vital concern in the outcome. Every college officer feels a thrill of delight and a new sense of his responsibility after an interview with a parent who, however timid and self-depreciatory, recognizes that in spite of his educational shortcomings he can by co-operation with the college authorities make a direct contribution towards his daughter's welfare. Although at first thought it may not seem to be the fact, this view of the parental relation is actually in accord with the opinion

commonly held by experienced college educators, that college students are not to be treated as irresponsible children, but as young folk approaching maturity and profiting by the experience of acting according to their own judgment. The help of the parent is not to be sought as a means of securing dogmatic authority, but as a source of sympathy and co-operation.

As the circumstances and the needs vary with individual cases, it is futile to lay down any specific lines of procedure. General principles may, however, be recognized. In the first place, it is the duty of the college to strengthen, not to destroy or even to weaken, the family tie. Every possible social and educational influence should be called upon to develop the lasting virtues of the family relation, although many of its attributes, once prized, now outworn and useless, are rapidly disappearing. In the second place, the natural and rational method of maintaining the interest of the parent is to have the child encouraged or perhaps compelled to formulate some acceptable reason for taking a college course and incidentally to plan for her future life. In most cases the parent will accompany the child step by step in sympathy and understanding, and, instead of having a wide and almost impassable gulf between them, as too often happens when the college course is finished, both parents and child will then find that although their activities may take different forms, they remain close together in spirit and mutual understanding. The daughter will find herself a truly essential factor in the home life and, on the other hand, the parents will rejoice that in spite of their waning powers they can still be vitally in touch with interests that appeal to them.

MARION TALBOT.

THE SOUL OF GOLF.

BY P. A. VAILE.

NEARLY every one who writes about a game essays to prove that it is similar to "the great game, the game of life." Golf has not escaped, and numberless scribes in endeavoring to account for the fascination of golf have used the old threadbare tale. As a matter of fact, golf is about as unlike the game of life as any game could well be. As played now it has come to be almost an exact science, and everybody knows exactly what one is trying to do. This would not be mistaken for a description of the game of life. In that game a man may be hopelessly "off the line," buried "in the rough," or badly "bunkered," and nobody be the wiser. It is not so in golf. There is no double life here. All is open, and every one knows what the player is striving for. The least deflection from his line, and the onlooker knows he did not mean it. It is seen instantly. In that other game it may remain unseen for years, forever.

Explaining the fascination of anything seems to be a thankless kind of a task, and in any case to be a work of supererogation. The fascination should be sufficient. Explaining it seems almost like tearing a violet to pieces to admire its structure; but many have tried, and many have failed, and there are many who do not feel the fascination as they should, because they do not know the soul of golf. One cannot appreciate the true beauty of golf unless one knows it thoroughly.

Curiously enough, many of our best players are extremely mechanical in their play. They play beautiful and accurate shots, but they have no idea how or why they produce them; and the strange thing about it is that although golf is, perhaps, as mechanical a game as there is, those who play it mechanically only get the husk of it. They miss the soul of the game.

Golf is really one of the simplest of outdoor games, if not, indeed, the simplest, and it does not require much intelligence; yet it is quite one of the most difficult to play well, for it demands the greatest amount of mechanical accuracy. This, on consideration, is apparent. The ball is the smallest ball we use, the striking face of the club is the smallest thing used in field sports for hitting a ball, and, most important, perhaps, of all, it is farther away from the eye than any other ball-striking implement, except, perhaps, the polo-stick, in which game we, of course, have a much larger ball and striking surface.

In all games of skill, and in all sports where the object is propelling anything to a given point, one always tries, almost instinctively, to get the eye as much in a line with the ball or missile and the objective point as possible. This is seen in throwing a stone, aiming a catapult, a gun or an arrow, in cuing at a billiard-ball, and in many other ways, but in golf it is impracticable. The player must make his stroke with his eye anywhere from four to six feet away from his little club face. One may say that this is so in hockey, cricket, and lawn-tennis. So, in a modified degree, it is, but the great difference is that in all these games there is an infinitely larger margin of error than there is in golf. At these games a player may be yards off his intended line and yet play a fine stroke, to the applause of the onlookers; while he alone knew that it was accident and not design.

The charm of golf is in part that its demand is inexorable. It lays down the one path—the straight one. It must be followed every step, or there is trouble.

Then there is in golf the sheer beauty of the flight of the ball, and the almost sensuous delight that comes to the man who created that beauty, and knows how and why he did it. There is almost at any time beauty in the flight of a golf-ball well and plainly driven, but for grace and poetry of flight give me the wind-cheater that skims away from one's club across the smooth green sward, almost clipping the daisies in its flight, ere it soars aloft with a swallow-like buoyancy, and curving gracefully, pitches dead on the green.

Many a man can play that stroke. Many a man does. Not one in fifty knows how he puts the beauty into his stroke. Not one in fifty would be interested if you were to start telling him the scientific reason for that ball's beautiful flight. The mechanics

of golf sound hard and unromantic, yet the man who does not understand them suffers in his game, and in his enjoyment of it. That wind-cheater was to him, during its flight through the air, merely a golf-ball; a golf-ball 'twas and nothing more. To the other man it is a faithful little friend sent out to do a certain thing in a certain way, and all the time it is flying and running it is sending its message back to the man who can take it—but how few can! They do not know what the soul of golf means. So, when our golfer pulls or slices his ball badly, and then—does the usual thing, he cannot take the message that comes back to him. He only knows the half of golf, and he does not care about the other, because he does not know what he is missing. He is like the man who is fond of music but is tune-deaf. There are many such. He may sit and drink in sweet sounds and enjoy them, but he misses the linked sweetness and the message that comes to his more fortunate brother who has the ear—and the knowledge.

There is in England a curious idea that directly one acquires a scientific knowledge of a game one must cease to have an interest in it so full as he who merely plays it by guesswork. There can be no greater mistake than this. If a game is worth playing well, it is worth knowing well, and knowing it well cannot mean loving it less. It is this peculiar idea that has put England so much in the background of the world's athletic field of late years. We have here much of the best brawn and bone in the world, but we must give the brain its place. Then will England come to her own again.

England is in many ways paying now for her lack of thoroughness in athletic sports. Time was when it was a stock jibe at John Bull's expense that he spent most of his time making muscle and washing it. Then it was, I am afraid, sour grapes. England had all the championships. The joke is "off" now. The grapes are no longer sour. The championships are well distributed throughout the world—anywhere but in England; and we say it does not matter, that the chief end of games is not winning them. Nor is it; but we did not talk like that when we were winning them, and the trouble is not so much that we are losing, as the manner in which we are losing. The fact is that we are losing because our players do not know the soul of the game. Where is the soul of English cricket? Ask Lilley. He was the only Englishman who had any of it about him during the last test at Lord's.

As it is with cricket so it is with many of our games. The ideal is lost in the prosaic grappling for cups or medals, in the merely vulgar idea of success. Thus it comes to pass that many will not be content to get to the soul of a game in the natural way, by long and loving familiarity with it.

Hordes of people are joining the ranks of the golfers, and their constant cry is, "Teach me the swing," and after a lesson or two at the wrong end of golf, for a beginner, they go forth and cut the country into strips and think they are playing golf. Is it any wonder that those who have the soul of golf are in imminent daily peril of losing their own?

One who would know the soul of golf must begin even as would one who will know the soul of music. There is no more chance for one to gather up the soul of golf in a hurry than there is for that same one to understand Wagner in a week.

It is this vulgar rushing impatience to be out and doing while one is still merely a nuisance to one's fellows, that causes so much irritation and unpleasantness on many links: that prevents many persons from starting properly, and becoming in due course quite good players; for it is manifest that the "rusher" is starting to learn his game upside down, as, indeed, most professionals and books teach it. There can be no doubt that the right way to teach anything is to give the beginner the easiest task first. About the easiest stroke in golf is a six-inch putt. That is where one should start a learner. The drive is the stroke in golf that offers the greatest possibility of error, so he is always started with it. It is his own fault. "Teach me the swing," is the insistent cry of the beginner, who does not know that he is losing the best part of golf by turning it upside down. He will never enjoy it, not play so good and confident a game, as he would do were he to work his way gradually and naturally from his putter to his mashie, to his niblick, his iron, his cleek, his brassey, and his driver. Such a one may come to an intimate knowledge and love of the game. The rusher may play golf, but it will be a long time before he gets to the soul of the game.

A very good golfer, in reviewing a golf book some time ago, stated that he did not care in the least what happened while the ball was in the air, that all he cared about was getting it there. He has played golf since he was five years old, but he has clearly missed the soul of the game.

It is not necessary to dilate upon the wonderful spread of golf throughout the world. An industrious journalist some time ago marked a map of England wherever there was a golf club. It looked as though it had been sprinkled with black pepper. It is not hard to understand this marvellous increase in the popularity of the great game, for golf is undoubtedly a great game. The motor has, unquestionably, played a great part in its development. Many of the courses, particularly in the United Kingdom, are most beautifully situated. Many of the club houses are models of comfort, and some of them are castles. The game itself is suitable for the octogenarian dodderer who merely wants to infuse a little interest into his morning walk, or it may be turned into a severe test of endurance for the young athlete; so no wonder it prospers.

There is a wonderful freemasonry among golfers. This is not the least of the many charms of the game, and to him who really knows it and loves it as it deserves to be loved, the sign of the club is a passport round the world.

Many a time and oft I see golfing journalists, when writing about the game, stating that something "is obvious." It has always seemed to me that it is impossible to say what is obvious to any one in a game of golf. Writing of George Duncan, the famous young professional golfer, during the first half of the great foursome at Burhill, a great sporting paper said that a certain mashie shot was a "crude stroke." The man who wrote that article did not know the soul of golf. He saw a mashie flash in the air, some turf cut away, and a ball flying on to the green. Just that and nothing more, and it was "obvious" to him that it was a crude stroke.

One who knew the soul of golf saw it and described it. It was a tricky green, with a drop of twenty feet behind it. To have overrun it would have been fatal. There was a stiff head-wind. The player would not risk running up. He cut well in under the ball to get all the back-spin he could. He pitched the ball well up against the wind, which caught it and, on account of the spin, threw it up and up until it soared almost over the hole, then it dropped like a shot bird about a yard from the hole, and the back-spin gripped the turf and held the ball within a foot of where it fell. It was obvious to one man that it was a crude shot. It was equally obvious to another, who knew the inner secrets of the game, that it was a brilliantly conceived and beautifully

executed stroke. One man saw nothing of the soul of the stroke. He got the husk, and the other took the kernel.

Much has been made of the assumption that golf is the greatest possible test of a man's temperament. This has to a great extent, I am afraid, been exaggerated. It is one of those things in connection with the game that has been handed down to us and which we have been afraid to interfere with. I cannot see why this claim should be quietly granted. In golf a man is treated with tragic solemnity while he is making his stroke. A caddie may not sigh, and if a cricket chirped he would be considered a bounder. How would our golfer feel if he had to play his drive with another fellow waving his club at him twenty or thirty feet away, and standing ready to spoil his shot?—yet that is what the lawn-tennis player has to put up with. There is a good deal of exaggeration about this aspect of golf, even as there is a good deal of nonsense about the interference of onlookers. What can be done by one when one is accustomed to a crowd may be seen when one of the great golfers is playing out of a great "V" formed by the gallery, and, needless to say, playing from the narrow end of it. Golf is a good test of a man's disposition without doubt, but as a game it lacks one important feature which is characteristic of every other field sport, I think, except golf. In these the medium of conflict is the same ball, and the skill of the opposing side has much to do with the chances of the other player or players. In golf each man plays his own game with his own ball, and the only effect of his opponent's play on his is moral, or the luck of a stymie. Many people consider this a defect, but golf is a game unto itself, and we must take it as it is. Certainly it is hard enough to achieve distinction in it to satisfy the most exacting.

When one writes of the soul of golf it sounds almost as though one were guilty of a little sentimentality. As a matter of fact, it is the deadliest of practice that leads one to the soul of golf. Many a good professional can produce beautiful shots, such as the wind-cheater and the pull at will, but he cannot explain them to you, and no professional ever has explained clearly in book or elsewhere what produces these beautiful shots.

A famous professional once asked me quite simply, "How do I play my push-shot, Mr. Vaile?" I explained the stroke to him. He is as good a sportsman as he is a golfer, and would be ashamed to pretend to a knowledge that he has not. When I had told him,

he said, "Thank you. Of course, I can play it all right, but I never could understand why it went like that. Now I shall be able to explain it better to my pupils."

Now it may in some measure sound incongruous, but I repeat that unless one knows the mechanics of golf one has missed the soul of the game. It is simply an impossibility for the blind ball-smiter to get such joy and gratification from his game as does the man who from his superior knowledge has produced results that are in themselves worth losing the game for. Many a golfer, or one who would like to be a golfer, will wonder at this. Many a game at billiards has been lost for the poetry of a fascinating cannon when the win was not the main object of a game; but in this respect billiards and golf are not alike. One is not, in golf, penalized for putting the soul and the poetry of the game into his shots, for they come of practice, and simply render one's strokes more perfect than they would otherwise be. So in the end it will be found that he who knows the game most thoroughly will have an undoubted advantage.

Therefore, it behooves every golfer to strive for the soul of golf.

And now, as we must for a little while leave the soul of golf, let us consider its body, that great, solid, visible portion which is the part that appeals most forcibly to the ordinary golfer. It is this to which the attention of players and writers has been most assiduously directed for centuries, yet it is safe to say that no game in the whole realm of sport has been so miswritten and unwritten as golf.

This is very strange, for probably there is no other game that is so canvassed and discussed by its followers. The reason may possibly be found in the fact that golfers are a most conservative class of people, and that they follow wonderfully the line of thought laid down for them by others. This at its best is uninteresting; at its worst most pernicious.

Another contributing cause is the manner in which books on sport are now produced. A great name, an enterprising publisher, and a hack writer are all that are now required. The consequence is that the market is flooded with books ostensibly by leading exponents of the different sports, but which are, in many cases, written by men who know little or nothing of the subject they are dealing with. The natural result is that the great players suffer severely in "translation," and their names are fre-

quently associated with quite stupid statements—statements so foolish that one, knowing how these things are done, refrains from criticising them as they deserve from sympathy with the unfortunate alleged author, who is probably a very good fellow, and quite innocent of the fact that the nonsense alleged to be his knowledge is ruining or retarding the game of many people. This is a most unscrupulous practice that should be exposed and severely condemned, for it must not be thought that it is confined to any one branch of sport.

While we are dealing with the slavish following of the alleged thought of the leading golfers of the world, we may with advantage consider a few of the most pronounced fetiches which have been worshipped almost from time immemorial, fetiches which are the more remarkable in that they receive mental and theoretical worship only, and are, in actual practice, most severely despised and disregarded by the best players; but unfortunately the neophyte worships these fetiches for many years until he discovers that they are false gods.

Perhaps one of the silliest, and for beginners most disastrous, is the ridiculous assertion that putters are born and not made. In the books of a very famous player I find the following words: "It happens, unfortunately, that concerning one department of the game that will cause the golfer some anxiety from time to time, and often more when he is experienced than when he is not, neither I nor any other player can offer any words of instruction such as, if closely acted upon, would give the same successful results as the advice tendered under other heads ought to do. This is in regard to putting."

Now this idea is promulgated in many books. It is, in my opinion, the most absolute and pernicious nonsense. The best answer to it is the fact that the writer of the words was himself one of the worst putters, but that by careful study and alteration of his defective methods, he became a first-class performer on the green. Also it will be obvious to a very mean intelligence that there is no branch of golf which is so capable of being reduced to a mechanical certainty as is putting.

The importance of removing this stupid idea will be more fully appreciated when one remembers that quite half the game of golf is played on the green, leaving the other half to be distributed amongst all the other clubs. It is well to emphasize

this. A good score for almost any eighteen-hole course is 72. The man who can count on getting down in an average of two is a very good putter. Many professionals would throw away their putters if they were allowed to consider it down in two every time. This gives us 36 for putts. With this before us we cannot exaggerate the pernicious effect of the false doctrine which says that putting cannot be taught, that a man must just let his own individuality have full play, and similar nonsense; whereas the truth is that one might safely guarantee to convert into admirable putters many men who, from their conformation and other characteristics, would be almost hopeless as golfers. I must emphasize the fact that there is no department of the game that is so important as putting; there is no department of the game more capable of being clearly and easily demonstrated by an intelligent teacher, and there is no department of the game wherein the player may be so nearly reduced to that machine-like accuracy which is the constant demand, and no small portion of the charm, of golf.

Another very widely worshipped fetich, which has been much damaged recently, is the sweep in driving a ball. Trying "to sweep" his ball off for two hundred yards has reduced many a promising player to almost a suicidal frame of mind. Fortunately the fallacy soon exasperates a beginner, and he "says things" and "lets it have it." Then the much-worshipped "sweep" becomes a hit, sometimes a very vicious one, and the ball goes away from the club as it was meant to. It is becoming more widely recognized every day that the golf-drive is a hit, and a very fine one—when well played.

Perhaps the most pernicious fetich that has for many years held sway in golf, until recently somewhat damaged, is that the left arm is the more important of the two—that it, in fact, finds the power for the drive. Anything more comical is hard to imagine. There is practically nothing in the whole realm of muscular exertion, from wood-chopping to golf, wherein both arms are used, that is not dominated by the right, yet golfers have for generations quietly accepted this fetich, and it has ruined many a promising player. The votaries of this fetich must surely find one thing very hard to explain. If we admit, for the sake of argument, that the left arm is the more important, and that it really has more power and more influence on the stroke than

the right, can they explain why the left-handed players, who have been provided by a benevolent Providence with so manifest an advantage, tamely surrender it and convert their left hand into the right-handed players' right by giving it the lower position on the shaft? If this idea of the left hand and arm being the more important is correct, left-handed players would use right-hand clubs and play like a right-handed player, with the manifest advantage of being provided by nature with an arm and hand that fall naturally into the most important position. I think that this consideration of the subject will give those who put their faith in the fetich of the left something to explain.

Almost from time immemorial it has been laid down by golfing writers that at the top of the swing the golfer must have his weight on his right leg. A study of the instantaneous photographs of most of the famous players will show conclusively that this is not correct. It is expressly laid down that it is fatal to sway, to draw away from one's ball during the upward swing; the player is specially enjoined on no account to move his head. A very simple trial will convince any golfer, even a beginner, that without swaying, without drawing his head away from the hole, he cannot possibly, if swinging correctly, put his weight on his right leg, and that at the top of his swing *it must be mainly on his left*—and so another well-worn belief goes by the board.

So it is with the exaggerated swing that for so many years dominated the mind of aspiring golfers to such an extent that many of them thought more of getting the swing than of hitting the ball. It is slowly but surely going.

The era of new thought in golf has dawned. It will not make the game less attractive. It will not make it any more exacting, for the higher knowledge cannot become an obsession. It sinks into a man, and he scarcely thinks of it as something beyond the ordinary game. It becomes an integral part of his game. It brings him into closer touch with the best that is in the game. He is able to obtain more from it than he could before. He is able to do more than he could formerly, for a man cannot get to the soul of golf except through the body, and, loves he not the body with the love of the truest of true golfers, he will never know the soul.

P. A. Vaile.

JUST WHAT DOES INDIA WANT POLITICALLY?

BY SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

THAT India is profoundly agitated and that the agitation is almost wholly political are to-day established facts which need no demonstration. Of course it has to be readily conceded that all Hindostan is not in a political ferment; it is only educated India that is agitating for governmental change. The masses may be feeling the pinch of poverty and may be economically distressed, but, as a rule, they are ignorant of the political issues and are not directly engaged in waging a war for securing administrative concessions and reforms from the English. The educated community in India, however, though in the minority when compared with the unlettered masses, is by no means a negligible quantity. For one thing, despite all aspersions, the educated Indians are the natural leaders of their unenlightened countrymen. What the enlightened East-Indian thinks to-day his uneducated confrère is apt to think to-morrow. Moreover, slowly but steadily the ranks of the illiterates are being thinned and those of the educated augmented; and all educated Indians, of whatever religion, caste or race, seem to have one factor in common—a desire for the political advancement of Hindostan. Naturally, it is to-day pertinent to ask: Just what does educated India want politically? The question is all the more appropriate in view of the fact that some of the East-Indians have gone to the length of making and throwing bombs when frenzied because of their political demands not being fairly fulfilled.

Speaking conservatively, every East-Indian capable of reading current literature is more or less an animated being. He is by no means the embodiment of nirvana—the nirvana that is the synonym of death, of ignominious fatalism. Within the

breast of this man rages passions. His face may not betray what fights are being fought in his inner consciousness; but do not mistake him to be unconscious or dead. He is alive—very much so. The passions that rage within him are not concerned merely with his individual uplift. Some of them, the more important of them, concern the community, the caste, the denomination if he is narrow-minded, or the nation if he is liberal and wide-horizoned. Invariably this man has political aspirations. The Indian educated community is vibrating with political longings and no East-Indian is minus such desires, no matter how weak and undynamic these longings may be.

Just what does educated India want politically? No single answer is possible. The enlightened Indians are themselves full of vim and energy and they are handling live issues; necessarily, therefore, all of them are not agreed on just what they want politically. A perfect agreement would be indicative of their lack of earnestness, since different elements enter into the personal make-up of the different East-Indians, and these elements, in many cases, are essentially heterogeneous. Furthermore, these men, with their checkered racial pasts and their diversified temperaments, never yet have been subjected to crucial experiences of a terror-striking nature that would merge their individualities into a communal entity. During the last century, at least, no outside attack has threatened their civil life and united them to expel the common foe. Even their home affairs have been handled by an alien people and the Indians have not had the sobering experiences of give and take which are the most pronounced features of political life, and probably the most active agents that coalesce unhomogeneous individuals into a community athrob with the same governmental passions. For these reasons, it is by no means a reflection on the educated Indians to say that they are divided as to their political planks.

Until a short time ago nearly all educated East-Indians were at one as to what they were seeking politically. They aspired to an autonomous India under the ægis of the English. Their highest ambition was to agitate and work to secure for Hindostan the same status in the British Empire that is enjoyed by Great Britain's colonies in various parts of the world. But since Japan's successful fight with Russia, and the consequent Asiatic awakening, the ambitions of some of the educated Indians have com-

menced to soar higher. An important section of enlightened natives now seek not only self-government under the tutelage of the English, but an independent India, governed by and in the interests of its own people, left absolutely unfettered to develop its own national civilization according to its own peculiar tastes and genius. Thus at present there are two political schools in India. Both are aiming for the abolition of the Indian administration as it is to-day conducted—"British Bureaucracy," they aptly term it—and for the installation of a popular rule in the land. But while one division of the political workers, popularly known as "Moderates," demands a representative administration without sundering the country's bonds from the British Empire the other section, the so-called "Extremist," is anxious to work toward the day when it will be possible to contemptuously cast aside the alien crutches upon which the "Moderates" desire to continue leaning forevermore.

While the Extremists wish Hindostan to be rid of the English, they want this sloughing-off process to take its natural course. They are all agreed to use no "unconstitutional" weapons in the fight that is to render the land independent of the Britisher. In fact, they do not at all believe in warfare. It is an evolutionary process that is to enable Hindostan to outgrow the necessity of leaning upon foreign support; and for this reason the use of force or doubtful means to effect the freedom of the country is absolutely interdicted.

There is a division of East-Indians, however, that goes farther than the "Extremist" or "Moderate." This political party is of the faith that England is in Hindostan for the purpose of exploiting it. This section of East-Indians is dead set against the so-called exploitation of the land by the aliens, and since the Britisher, according to their notion, is ruthlessly robbing the country, they advocate the freeing of India by any means, no matter how questionable. In fact, it is considered meritorious to overcome oppression by hook or crook, while non-resistance is denounced. This Indian party makes and throws bombs at the English officials and their relatives and justifies political assassination. East-Indians of such persuasion are called by some "Nationalists" and by others "Nihilists," "Terrorists" and "Anarchists."

Political fanaticism that expresses itself in bomb-throwing is

not an inherent trait in the Hindu. He has been taught by religion and tradition to be the antithesis of the terrorist. Nihilism is something the Hindu has learned from the Occidental. It is only during very recent years that the bomb movement has been inaugurated in Hindostan. Naturally, the number of those who advocate the freeing of their country from the foreign yoke, by any means, fair or foul, is extremely limited.

Even the ranks of those East-Indians who are working by peaceful methods for India's gradual liberation from the grip of the British are not well filled. Whatever the intrinsic merits or demerits of such an ideal, it is necessarily a remote goal, something far removed from the possibilities of the present or even the near future. There is a certain enchantment about this prospect, an allurement that all distant aims possess. For this reason those Indians who are emotionally inclined drift naturally toward this end. But the larger bulk of educated Indians, gifted with an eye for the practical, take for granted the British supremacy in India and bend their efforts toward slowly coming into virtual control of the administration. Such East-Indians, therefore, belong to the "Moderate" party.

Broadly speaking, the religious or racial bias does not deflect the enlightened Indian from entertaining this vision of an autonomous India under British suzerainty. Of course there is a rift between the Hindus and Mahomedans, the two largest sections, which comprise nearly all of the 321,000,000 of East-Indians, the Mahomedan being in the minority, there being four Hindus to every Moslem. While the educated Hindus and Mahomedans have separate political leagues and associations, while they have not come to realize that there exists between them a community of interest, and while they are, therefore, clamoring for preferential political treatment, still both the sects are working toward the same goal—Indian self-government under the ægis of the British. The Hindu may permit himself to be labelled a "Moderate"; the Mahomedan may not countenance being thus tagged; but the political aspirations of the two, upon being closely analyzed, present no material differences—both are anxious for the Indian to come into his own heritage, and, as a general rule, they are not in favor of sundering the British bonds.

In a word, a careful survey of East-Indian aspirations discloses three facts: First, the agitation is not local; it is India

wide: all provinces in all parts of the country have given birth to the agitator and show unmistakable signs of "unrest." Second, the agitation is not merely one—denominational. It is not the Hindu alone who seeks self-government, but the Mahomedan as well. The way in which the two go about agitating may not be identical; the volume of agitation amongst the two may not measure the same; but it is, nevertheless, true that the Hindu and Mahomedan educated communities alike are desirous of self-government and are fast tending toward that direction. Third, barring a negligible quantity of Indian irreconcilables, all East-Indian politicians are aspiring for self-rule under the protecting wing of Great Britain and they are in favor of working in a peaceful, legitimate manner to secure the desired change in the constitution of their government.

The liberal tendencies of England appear to be in favor of gradually substituting the native in place of the foreign administration of Hindostan. The appointment of a Hindu to the Supreme Executive Council in India, and of one Hindu and one Mahomedan to the Secretary of State for India's Council in England, and the recent enactment of the Indian Councils Bill of 1909, otherwise known as Lord Morley's Reform Scheme, which gives the majorities in the provincial councils of India to East-Indians, and also concedes some effective power in the Supreme Legislative Council of India, are unmistakable evidences of liberal England's desire to sympathetically treat the Indian aspirations for self-government.

While Lord Morley's reform scheme has been gratefully received in India, it very partially fulfils the ambitions of even the "Moderates" who are working for Indian autonomy under British supremacy. It has been accepted as only an initial instalment and not a complete and final fulfilment of the Indian desire for self-government. Educated India's attitude in regard to the changes initiated simply is: "Half a loaf is better than no bread." While this half-loaf has gone some way to allay the political unrest that has been India's characteristic feature during the last few years, it has not removed all the grievances of East-Indians and set their agitation at rest. So long as he does not receive the whole loaf, he will keep up his murmurings.

The Englishman claims that his chariness to install Indians in the highest governmental positions has been inspired by the

kindliest of motives — unselfishness. He professes to shoulder "the white man's burden" in India at great personal sacrifice, and ascribes his hesitancy to let the Indian replace him to the fear that the brown man's inefficiency to wisely manage his estate might involve the people of India in trouble and retard their progress. Actuated by such feelings, hitherto the policy of the English rulers has been to give the highest posts in the government service to their own countrymen and reserve the lower ranks for Indians. There are thirteen hundred and seventy positions carrying annual salaries of more than four thousand dollars. Only ninety-two of these posts are held by natives of India; fifteen of these are held by Eurasians, the rest, twelve hundred and sixty-three, being held by Englishmen. While there are sixty-five hundred Englishmen in the employ of the government in the civil departments and seventy thousand in the military department, there are one million four hundred thousand and one hundred and sixty thousand natives, respectively, in the civil and military departments. But while hundreds of thousands of natives receive a miserable pittance of two dollars or three dollars a month, there is no Britisher who receives less than thirty dollars or forty dollars a month. In fact, despite the largeness of the numbers employed, it is doubtful if the government bill for its native employees equals that of its foreign servants. It is this state of affairs that has brought discontent into existence in India. The only way in which this disaffection can be effectually removed does not lie in admitting East-Indians into the higher governmental appointments through a back door, but in throwing wide open the front gate so that, contrary to the present practice, the majority of the best-salaried positions will be held by the natives of the soil.

The highest posts in the administration not only mean the highest pay, they also mean that their occupants have the highest powers. As it is, all the executive authority is vested in the hands of Englishmen. Considered from the view-point of salary, the natives of India are mere drawers of water and hewers of wood: regarded from the standpoint of exercising control over their own affairs, the Indians are little better than slaves. The laws are made for the people of Hindostan by the English, the natives having a limited share in the lawmaking, even under the neo-Morleyan reform scheme. The taxes are levied on the

Indians by the English, the people of India having no voice in the taxation. The finances of Hindostan are spent by the English without the Indians exercising any control over their revenue which they have paid into the government treasury. The Indians do not have anything to say about their tariff. Even the universities of Hindostan are governmental affairs, in which the native is practically unrepresented.

It is the virtual reversal of this state of affairs for which the East-Indian is agitating. Indian autonomy essentially means this: and the agitation in India is fated to continue so long as the majority of the governmental positions carrying the higher salaries and the executive, administrative and financial authority are not held by the natives of the land. Educated Indians urge that they are capable of efficiently discharging the duties connected with the responsible governmental positions. The controversy about Indian autonomy rages around this claim. Plainly interpreted, India's political aspirations mean the substitution of native in lieu of the present-day alien administrative agency, East-Indians not objecting to run their government under the guidance of the British.

To aspire for an object is one thing: to deserve it is another. The question is not alone, "What does India want politically?" but also, "What are its claims for seeking the satisfaction of its political desires?" If the contingency should arrive that Great Britain be willing to give educated Indians just what they are agitating for, would they be able to efficiently manage India's governmental affairs without the co-operation of the English?

A careful examination of the annals of the land is bound to convince a thinking person that this query should be answered in the affirmative. In days gone by Indians possessed admirable genius for administering their governmental affairs. But if it be considered that, through a turn of the wheel of Fate, the natives of Hindostan irredeemably lost the capability for even a *partial* self-rule, it is only necessary to turn to the up-to-date native States of India to find a reply to the question: "Are Indians capable of efficiently filling the higher ranks in the government of British India?"

The State of Baroda will serve as an example, for its ruler, the Gaekwar, is an enlightened and travelled man and intensely interested in the uplift of his subjects. He has associated with

himself capable Indians to help him advance the interests of those who are under his rule. The State of Baroda is a part of the Central-Indian Agency and has a population of two million, roughly speaking. The revenue of the State amounts to about five million dollars a year. The State is not large, but it is regarded all over India as a model State, for the ruler of Baroda, with the help of his Ministers, has, during recent years, carried out reforms such as separating the judicial from the executive functions; restoring the ancient system of local self-government in the form of the village communities; instituting compulsory primary education throughout the State; reforming the method of electing members of the Legislative Council; raising the age of marriage and consent; founding scholarships for industrial students to be sent abroad; and encouraging agriculture, industries and art.

It is easy to understand why this State is dear to the Indian heart when it is considered that, in introducing these measures, the Gaekwar is not copying the men who administer British India, but, on the contrary, he is setting the pace for the English. In British India the same magistrate has the power to arrest a man and sit in judgment over him—that is to say, the executive and judicial functions are not separated, as is the case in other civilized countries. While in British India the administration expends less than five dollars per one thousand of population for education, the Gaekwar of Baroda spends five dollars on every fifty-five of his subjects. While in British India one out of four villages has a schoolhouse, one million four hundred and eighty-one out of the two million subjects of the Maharajah Gaekwar have within their reach excellent school facilities. While in British India the Englishmen are still engaged in academic discussions regarding the Indians' ability to govern themselves, the Gaekwar has revived the old Hindu custom of government by the village *Panchayat*—village community—and thereby has afforded his people the opportunity to develop their capabilities for self-government by exercising their faculties in that direction.

Besides the reforms mentioned above, a model experimental farm has been established in Baroda. Here experiments are made with artificial manures and others that are locally available in abundance. Seeds of different kinds of cotton, tobacco, oil-seeds and foodstuffs, imported from various countries, are distributed

free to the agriculturists. This has proved most beneficial both to the cultivators as individuals and the country in general. Travelling instructors are appointed who go from village to village educating farmers in practical agriculture conducted along modern lines, encouraging the agriculturists to give up the old time-worn ways which to-day are found throughout Hindostan. One travelling instructor induced twenty-eight farmers to try forty plots with different crops, and as a result new crops have sprung up in the land which promise to become the staple products of the district. As a result of the agricultural awakening brought about through the efforts of the Gaekwar an agricultural association has been formed. The first agricultural show was held in March, 1907, an exhibition of implements and produce, the result of lessons learned from the Occident combined with the native skill of the Indian cultivator. The cotton-seed oil industry in Baroda is also showing favorable signs of progress.

A sanitary commissioner travels about through Baroda and delivers lectures on various sanitary subjects. Orphanages are conducted by the State and girls and boys, when they reach the marriageable age, are married to members of their caste at the expense of the State. These orphans are taught useful occupations, such as tailoring, carpentry, shoemaking, laundry work, weaving, sewing and drawing. In the different girls' schools of the State, embroidery, drawing, practical cooking and music are taught. In all the schools and kindergartens plain needlework is taught with materials supplied free by the State. Special classes for grown women have been established. These classes are held every afternoon for three hours, and writing, reading, keeping domestic accounts, needlework and embroidery are taught. Special provision is made by the State to give instruction in pictorial art, architecture, mechanics, technology, chemical technology, weaving, watch-making, pedagogy and commercial branches; and an evening school for artisans is accomplishing useful work. Sixty-one ginning factories, two weaving-mills, four dyeing factories, fifteen pumping-stations, one sugar-mill and one State bank have been established in Baroda, largely through the instrumentality of the Maharajah, who is a firm believer in State patronage and encouragement of industries and business.

In addition to inaugurating reforms, the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda is an exemplar, and his example, even more than his

beneficent reforms, is inspiring and elevating his people. The Maharajah is the First Gentleman of India and his royal consort, the Maharani, is the First Lady of the Land. She is an emancipated, modernized woman and helps her royal husband in his work for the welfare of the State. With her aid the Maharajah has instituted many social reforms. The seclusion of women has been done away with; the fabric of caste has been nearly torn to pieces. The State of Baroda counts more educated women than the same area in any part of British India.

During the last few years a momentous change has taken place in the character of the educated native. He has grown manly and desirous of depending upon his own initiative. With this end in view, he has commenced to gather together his resources and make a good display of them. He has already established a network of schools and colleges which are run on independent lines, some of them with the aid of the government, many others organized and conducted on the principle of "the gods help those who help themselves." Such scholastic institutions, "National Schools," as they are called, are fast becoming the order of the day and are rapidly gaining in prominence. So well are they distributed in different portions of India, and so ably are they conducted, that they are gaining votaries day by day and are proving a great power in the land.

Social, educational, industrial and political organizations initiated and conducted by the natives of India have for many decades been giving East-Indians increased capability to govern themselves. Tutelage to England, too, must have increased their capacity to administer their own affairs; for the Englishmen have iterated and reiterated that they were in India for the purpose of training the natives to look after their own affairs. A wave of democracy to-day is dashing against the entire Orient, and this of necessity must increase the desire of the East-Indians for an autonomous government. One hundred and sixty-two thousand public and private scholastic institutions are leavening five million five hundred thousand Indian pupils with a desire to rise superior to playing second fiddle to the foreigner. In the past few years the native of India has cast aside his abject, slavish state of mind. To-day the slogan of Hindostan no longer is "Good government," but "Self-government."

SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

THE LOGIC OF DREAMS.

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS.

In dreams we are always reasoning. That is a general characteristic of dreams which is worth noting, because its significance is not usually recognized. It is sometimes imagined that reason is in abeyance during sleep. So far from this being the case, we may almost be said to reason much more during sleep than when we are awake. That our reasoning is bad, often even preposterous, that it constantly ignores the most elementary facts of waking life, scarcely affects the question. All dreaming is a process of reasoning. That confusion of ideas and images which may be regarded as the most constant feature of dream mechanism is nothing but a process of reasoning, a perpetual effort to argue out harmoniously the absurdly limited and incongruous data presented to sleeping consciousness. Binet, grounding his conclusions on hypnotic experiments, has very justly determined that reasoning is the fundamental part of all thinking, the very texture of thought.* It is founded on perception itself, which already contains all the elements of the ancient syllogism. For in all perception, as Binet shows, there is a succession of three images, of which the first fuses with the second, which in its turn suggests the third. Now this establishment of new associations, this construction of images, which, as we may easily convince ourselves, is precisely what takes place in dreaming, is reasoning itself.

Reasoning is a synthesis of images suggested by resemblance and contiguity; indeed, a sort of logical vision, more intense even

* "Reasoning," says Binet ("*La Psychologie du Raisonnement*," p. 10), speaking without reference to dreaming, but in words that are exactly applicable to it, "is an organization of images determined by the properties of the images alone; it suffices for the images to be put in presence and they become organized; reason follows with the certainty of a reflex."

than actual vision, since it is capable of producing hallucinations. To reasoning all forms of mental activity may finally be reduced; "mind," as Wundt has said, "is a thing that reasons." Or, as H. R. Marshall puts it, "reason is a mode of instinct." When we apply these general statements to dreams, we may see that the whole phenomenon of dreaming is really the same process of image formation, based on resemblance and contiguity, which is at the basis of reasoning. Every dream is the outcome of this strenuous, wide-ranging instinct to reason. The supposed "imaginative faculty," regarded as so highly active during sleep, is the inevitable play of this automatic logic.

The syllogistic arrangement of dream imagery is carried on in an absolutely automatic manner; it is spontaneous, involuntary, without effort. Sleeping consciousness, though all the time it is weaving the data that reach it into some pattern of reason with immense ingenuity, is quite unaware that it is itself responsible for the arguments thus presented. In the evening, before going to bed, I glance casually through a newspaper; I see the usual kind of news, revolutionists in Russia, Irish affairs, crimes, etc. I see also a caricature of the Liberal Party as a headless horseman on a barren plain. During sleep these unconnected impressions revive, float into dream consciousness and spontaneously fall into as reasonable a whole as could be expected. I dream that by some chemical or mechanical device a man has succeeded in conveying the idea that he is headless, and is preparing to gallop across some district in Russia, with the idea of making so mysterious an impression upon the credulous population that he will be accepted as a great religious prophet. I distinctly see him careering across sands like those of the seashore, but I avoid going near him. Then I see figures approaching him in the far distance, and his progress ceases. I learn subsequently that he has been arrested and found to be an Irish criminal. A coherent story is thus formed out of a few random impressions.

All such typical dreams are syllogistic. There is, that is to say, as Binet expresses it, the establishment of an association between two states of consciousness by means of an intermediate state which resembles the first, is associated with the second, and by fusing with the first associates it with the second. In this dream, for instance, we have the three terms of (1) headless horseman, (2) revolutionary crime and (3) Russia and Ireland. The inter-

mediate term, by the fact that it resembles the first and is contiguous in the mind with the third, seems to fuse the first and the third terms, so that the headless horseman becomes an Irish criminal in Russia. In dreaming life as in waking life our minds are always moving by the construction of similar syllogisms, marked by more or less freedom and audacity.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of the instinctive and persistent efforts on the part of the sleeping mind to construct a coherent whole out of the incongruous elements that come before it; nearly every dream furnishes some proof of this profoundly rooted impulse. It is instructive, however, to consider the nature and the limitations of dreaming reason.

This rationalization and logical construction of imagery, it is necessary to realize, occurs at the very threshold of sleeping consciousness. The dreamer makes no effort to arrange isolated imagery; the arrangement has already occurred when the imagery comes to the focus of sleeping consciousness; so that this reasoning and arranging process is so fundamental and instinctive that it occurs in a region which may be said to be subconscious to dreaming consciousness. If it were not so our dreams would never be real to us, for even dreaming consciousness could not accept as real a hallucination which it had itself arranged. In this sense it is true that, to some extent, our dreams are often based on an ultimate personal and emotional foundation.

But this ingeniously guided and rationalized confusion of imagery by no means covers the whole of the reasoning process in dreams. This is a double process. It is first manifested subconsciously in the formation of dream imagery, and then it is manifested consciously in the dreamer's reaction to the imagery presented to him. Every dream is made up of action and reaction between a pseudo-universe and a freely responding individual. On the one side there is the irresistibly imposed imagery—really, though we know it not, conditioned and instinctively moulded by our own organism—which stands for what in our waking hours we may term God and Nature; on the other side is the Soul struggling with all its might, and very inefficient means, against the awful powers that oppose it. The problem of the waking world is presented over again in this battle between the dreaming protagonist and his dreamed fate. Both of these elements are instinctively reasoned out, consciously or subconsciously; both are

imperfect fragments from the rich reservoir of human personality. The things that happen to us in dreams, the pseudo-external world that is presented to sleeping consciousness—the imagery, that is, that floats before the mental eye of sleep—are a perpetual source of astonishment and argument to the dreamer. A large part of dreaming activity is concerned with the attempt to explain and reason out the phenomena we thus encounter, to construct a theory of them, or to determine the attitude which we ought to take up with regard to them. Most dreams will furnish evidence of this reasoning process.

Thus, to take a commonplace example, a lady dreamed that she was visiting an acquaintance who wished to send a small sum of money to a person in Ireland. She rashly offered to take it over to Ireland. On arriving home she began to repent of her promise, as the weather was extremely wild and cold. She began, however, to make preparations for dressing warmly, and went to consult an Irish friend, who said she would have to be floated over to Ireland tightly packed in a crab-basket. On returning home she fully discussed the matter with her husband, who thought it would be folly to undertake such a journey, and she finally relinquished it, with great relief. In this dream—the elements of which could all be accounted for—the association between sending money and the post-office, which would at once occur to waking consciousness, was closed; consciousness was a prey to such suggestions as reached it, but on the basis of these suggestions it reasoned and concluded quite sagaciously.

Again (after looking at photographs of paintings and statuary, and also reading about the theatre), I dreamed that I was in a theatre and that the performers were acting and dancing in a more or less, in some cases completely, nude state, but with admirable propriety and grace, and very charming effect. At first I was extremely surprised at so remarkable an innovation; but then I reflected that the beginnings of such a movement must have long been in progress on the stage unknown to me, and I proceeded to rehearse the reasons which made such a movement desirable. On another occasion, I dreamed that I was in the large *plaza* of a Spanish city (Pamplona possibly furnishing the elements of the picture), and that the Governor emerged from his residence facing the square and began talking in English to the subordinate officials who were waiting to receive him. The real

reason why he talked English was of course the simple one that he spoke the language native to the dreamer. But in my dream I was extremely puzzled why he should speak English. I looked carefully into his face to assure myself that he was not really English, and I finally concluded that he was speaking English in order not to be understood by the bystanders. Once more, I dreamed that I was looking at an architectural drawing of a steeple, of quite original design, somewhat in the shape of a cross, but very elongated. I attempted in my dream to account for this elongation and concluded that it was intended to neutralize the foreshortening caused when the steeple would be looked at from below.

There is, we here see afresh, a fundamental split in dreaming intelligence. On the one side there is the subconscious yet often highly intelligent combination of imagery along rational although often bizarre lines. On the other side is concentrated the conscious intelligence of the dreamer, struggling to comprehend and explain the problems offered by the pseudo-external imagery thus presented to it. One might almost say that in dreams subconscious intelligence is playing a game with conscious intelligence, offering it problems, and bidding it guess the solution. So that in the world of dreams, it may be said, we see over again the process which, James Hinton was accustomed to say, we see in the universe of our waking life: God or Nature playing with Man, compelling him to join in a game of hide-and-seek, and setting him problems which he must solve as best he can. It may well be, one may add, that the dream process furnishes the key to the metaphysical and even indeed the physical problems of our waking thoughts, and that the puzzles of the universe are questions that we ourselves unconsciously invent for ourselves to solve.

We can never go behind the fantastic universe of our dreams. The validity of that universe is for dreaming consciousness unassailable. We may try to understand it and explain it, but we can never deny it, any more than we can deny the universe of our waking life, however we may attempt to analyze it. Dreaming consciousness never realizes that the universe that confronts it springs from the same source as itself springs. I dreamed that a man was looking at his own house from a distance and on the balcony he saw his daughter and a man by her side. "Who is that man flirting with my daughter?" he asked. He produced a

field-glass, and on looking through it he exclaimed: "Good Heavens! it's myself!" Dreaming consciousness accepted this situation with perfect equanimity and solemnity. In the dream world there is indeed nothing else to do. We may puzzle over the facts presented to us; we may try to explain them; but it would be futile to deny them, even when they involve the possibility of a man being in two places at the same time.*

Only to a few people there comes occasionally in dreams a dim realization of the unreality of the experience. "After all, it does not matter," they are able to say to themselves with more or less conviction. "This is only a dream." Thus one lady, dreaming that she is trying to kill three large snakes by stamping on them, wonders, while still dreaming, what it signifies to dream of snakes; and another lady, when she dreams that she is in any unpleasant position—about to be shot, for instance—often says to herself: "Never mind, I shall wake before it happens."

This duality of dreaming consciousness is a manifestation, and the chief one, of what is called *dissociation*. In dissociation we have a phenomenon which runs through the whole of the dreaming life and is scarcely less fundamental than the process of fusion by which the imagery is built up. The fact that the reasoning of dreams is usually bad, is due partly to the absence of memory elements that would be present to waking consciousness, and partly to the absence of sensory elements to check the false reasoning which without them appears to us conclusive. That is to say, there is a process of dissociation, by which ordinary channels of association are temporarily blocked through exhaustion of the nervous elements, and the conditions prepared for the formation of the hallucination. It is, as Paris has argued, in sleep, and in those sleep-resembling states called hypnagogic, that a condition of dissociation leading to hallucination is most apt to occur.

* A somewhat similar mistaken self-detachment may even occur momentarily in the waking condition. Thus Jastrow ("The Subconscious," p. 137) refers to the "lapse of consciousness" of a lady student, who, while absorbed in her work, heard outside the door the shuffling of rubber heels such as she herself wore, and said, "There goes ——," naming herself. That delusion was no doubt due to the eruption of a dream-like state of distraction. As regards the visual phantasm of the self (which has sometimes been seen by men of very distinguished intellectual power), it may be noted that it is favored by the conditions of dream life. Our dream imagery is all pictural, sometimes even to dream consciousness, and to see oneself in the picture is, therefore, not so very much more remarkable than it is in waking life to come upon oneself among a bundle of photographs.

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Thus it is that though the psychic frontier of the sleeping state is more extended than that of the normal waking state, the focus of sleeping consciousness is more contracted than that of waking consciousness. In other words, while facts are liable to drift from a very wide psychic distance under our dreaming attention, we cannot direct the search-light of that attention at will over so wide a field as when we are awake. We deal with fewer psychic elements, though those elements are drawn from a wider field.

The psychology of "attention" is, indeed, a very disputed matter. There is no agreement as to whether it is central or peripheral, motor or sensory. According to the convenient distinction established by Ribot, there are two kinds of attention: *voluntary* attention and *spontaneous* attention, the first being artificial and acquired, a product of human evolution, and the second emotional and primitive, common to animals and children. Spontaneous attention is persistent during sleep, but voluntary attention is at a minimum. In some such way, it seems, whatever theory of attention we adopt, we have to recognize that in dreams the power of attention is limited.

Such a position is fortified by the conclusion of those who look at the problem not so much in terms of attention as in terms of apperception. Apperception, according to Wundt, differs from perception in that while the latter is the appearance of a content in consciousness, the former is its reception into the state of attention. Or, as Stout defines it, apperception is "the process by which a mental system appropriates a new element, or otherwise receives a fresh determination." Apperception is, therefore, the final stage of attention, and ultimately, as Wundt remarks, it is one with will. Apperception and will, as most psychologists consider, like attention, are enfeebled and diminished, if not abolished, in sleep.

In dreams, it thus comes about, we accept the facts presented to us—that is the fundamental assumption of dream life—and we argue about those "facts" with the help of all the mental resources which are at our disposal, only those resources are frequently inadequate. Sometimes they are startlingly inadequate, to such an extent, indeed, that we are unaware of possibilities which would be the very first to suggest themselves to waking consciousness. Thus the lady who wished to send money to Ireland is not aware of the existence of postal orders, and when she

decides to carry the money herself she is not aware of the existence of boat-trains, or even of boats; she might have been living in palæolithic times. She discusses the question in a clear and logical manner with the resources at her disposal and reaches a rational conclusion, but considerations which would be the first to occur to waking consciousness are at the moment absent from sleeping consciousness; whole mental tracts have been dissociated, switched off from communication with consciousness; they are "asleep" even to sleeping consciousness.*

The result is that we are not only dominated by the suggestion of our visions, but we are unable adequately to appreciate and criticise the situations which are presented to us. We instinctively continue to reason, and to reason clearly and logically with the material at our disposal, but our reasoning is hopelessly absurd. We perceive in dreams, but we do not apperceive; we cannot, that is to say, test and sift the new experience and co-ordinate it adequately with the whole body of our acquired mental possessions. The phenomena of dreaming furnish a delightful illustration of the fact that reasoning, in its rough form, is only the crudest and most elementary form of intellectual operation, and that the finer forms of thinking involve much more than logic. "All the thinking in the world," as Goethe puts it, "will not lead us to thought."

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

* A very similar state of things occurs in some forms of insanity, especially in the less profound states of mental confusion, when, as Bolton remarks, we find "certain associated remnants of former experience combined into a sequence according to the normal laws of mental association."

THE PUBLIC LANDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY MORRIS BIEN.

COMPARATIVELY few people are acquainted with the development of our public-land policy. How we began with the idea of disposing of the lands in large blocks for cash or its equivalent, in order to meet the expenses of the Revolutionary war and other governmental needs; and how we gradually reached the policy of so disposing of the lands, as to encourage settlement and home-making.

The official history of this process is to be found in many hundred official reports and thousands of statutes, from special laws granting certain individuals a few hundred acres to encourage the establishment of a ferry, to a great public statute like the homestead law under which nearly 80,000,000 acres of land have been patented, passing for the most part to actual settlers and home-builders.

Among the numerous reports on the public lands none is more comprehensive or reliable than the "Public Domain" which was prepared in 1880-83 by a commission appointed by Congress. From this report has been taken much of the statistical information given in this paper.

The public lands of the United States were acquired in various ways. By the Articles of Confederation, agreed to in Congress November 15th, 1777, and ratified by the several States in the four subsequent years, the Government of the United States of America was organized and pursuant to that act took possession and control of the unappropriated crown lands of Great Britain, as the successor of that Government. By the definitive treaty of peace, concluded September 3rd, 1783, Great Britain formally relinquished all its "propriety" (proprietary) and territorial

rights, leaving the ownership of the United States and of the several States undisputed.

During the existence of the Government under the Articles of Confederation, Congress on September 6th, 1780, passed a resolution recommending the surrender and cession by the several States of their waste and unappropriated lands, to aid in paying the public debt incurred by the war of the Revolution. These lands lay to the west of the present boundaries of the States.

New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut (in part) and South Carolina, in the order named, complied with this resolution and ceded their western lands to the United States prior to the organization of the Government under the Constitution in 1789. The lands of North Carolina and Georgia, and the remainder of the western lands of Connecticut were ceded afterward. The cost of the Georgia cession was $6,200,000. Texas ceded a large area outside its present limits on November 25th, 1850, which cost $16,000,000.

The other public lands were acquired by treaty and purchase: The Louisiana Purchase from France, April 30th, 1803; Florida from Spain, February 22nd, 1819; the southern half of the area west of the Rio Grande and the Rocky Mountains from Mexico, February 2nd, 1848, and December 30th, 1853; Alaska from Russia, March 30th, 1867.

There has been some discussion as to the origin of our title to what was known as the Oregon country, comprising the States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and the portions of Montana and Wyoming west of the Rocky Mountains. The question was whether our title was derived from the Louisiana Purchase or directly by discovery and prior possession. As the result of a discussion by the General Land Office in 1898, the map of the United States now issued by that office states that the title was established in 1846. The exact basis of our claim has apparently never been authoritatively decided.

The controversy with Great Britain regarding the northern boundary west of the Rocky Mountains was practically settled by the treaty of June 15th, 1846, except as to the extreme western end at its junction with the Pacific Ocean. The treaty of May 8th, 1871, provided, among other matters, that the decision of this point should be left to the Emperor of Germany, who decided in favor of the contentions of the United States, October

21st, 1872. Thus a period of nearly ninety years elapsed from the treaty of peace at the close of the Revolution before the location of the northern boundary was definitely settled.

The total area of the acquisitions by State cessions was about 500,000 square miles, or about 320,000,000 acres, at a cost of $22,200,000. The area acquired from foreign Governments, including the Oregon country, was about 2,400,000 square miles, or about 1,500,000,000 acres, at a cost of $65,957,389.98.

In addition to these costs, which include interest and settlement of private claims to 1880, the United States has paid more than $200,000,000 for extinguishing the rights of the Indians to these lands.

The Territory of Hawaii, acquired by treaty July 7th, 1898, and the cession of Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines from Spain, December 10th, 1898, do not fall within the limits of this discussion, as the disposition of the public lands therein (except in Guam) has been placed by Congress in the local governments. The payment for the Spanish cession was $20,000,000.

In forming new States from the territory obtained through these cessions from States and foreign Governments, Congress has required each new State to adopt an irrevocable ordinance that the State shall not tax the public lands nor pass laws to interfere with the primary disposal thereof by the United States.

The public lands of the United States were, in the beginning, regarded as an asset for the payment of the debt incurred in carrying on the war of the Revolution. Many plans for disposing of the lands were proposed and considered.

The earliest efforts were to sell the land in large blocks, and prior to the organization of our present Government Congress made three such sales.

The first was the sale to the Ohio Company. This was originally intended to cover two million acres at one dollar per acre, the land lying in the present State of Ohio on the Scioto and Ohio rivers. The area was reduced to 822,900 acres, and the sale was confirmed July 27th, 1787. The amount actually received was two-thirds of a dollar per acre, and payment was made in certificates of the public debt.

The second sale was to John Cleves Symmes, finally confirmed by the Act of May 5th, 1792. The lands lie in the present State of Ohio on the Ohio River, between the Great and Little Miami

rivers, near the site of Cincinnati. The tract was supposed to contain one million acres, but its actual area was 248,540 acres. This was sold at the same rate of two-thirds of a dollar, paid in certificates of the public debt and military land warrants.

The third sale was to the State of Pennsylvania, a tract now in Erie County, containing 202,187 acres. This was sold at the same rate, and paid likewise in certificates and military land warrants.

By the Act of March 2nd, 1799, those who had made contracts with Symmes for lands not lying within his purchase, as finally determined, were allowed to buy the lands contracted for at two dollars per acre, payable in certificates of the public debt. About 88,880 acres were sold under this law.

Practically the first Act of general character for the sale of lands was passed May 18th, 1796, and related to a tract in the present State of Ohio. This provided for a system of rectangular surveys substantially as now in use. Townships were laid off six miles square containing thirty-six sections, each being one mile square, and having an area of 640 acres. Alternate townships were to be subdivided into sections, while only the exterior boundaries of the others were laid out on the ground.

The subdivided townships were to be sold in tracts not less than one section, or 640 acres each. The other townships were to be sold in tracts not less than a quarter township, excluding the four middle sections which were reserved for future disposal, making blocks of eight sections each. Thus these lands were to be disposed of in tracts of 640 acres and 5,120 acres, respectively.

The sales were to be made to the highest bidder at a public sale, but no sale was to be made for less than two dollars per acre. One-half was to be paid within thirty days, and of this one-tenth was required at the time of sale, with one year's credit for the remaining half. The land was forfeited in case of failure to pay the balance. A discount of ten per cent. was allowed on one-half the amount, if the whole sum were paid within thirty days.

By the Act of March 3rd, 1797, passed the next year, the lands sold after that date could be paid for in evidences of the public debt.

The Act of 1796 remained in force for four years without pro

ducing very satisfactory results, only 121,540 acres having been disposed of.

The total area sold prior to the Act of May 10th, 1800, was 1,484,047 acres for $1,201,725.68, an average price of less than eighty-one cents per acre. This includes some small tracts sold before the organization of our present Government at the minimum prices of one dollar, and two-thirds of a dollar.

The Act of 1796 established the office of Surveyor-General with substantially the same duties as that officer now exercises. The sales were made under the supervision of the Secretary of the Treasury. The smaller tracts were sold under the direction of the Governor or Secretary of the Western territory and the Surveyor-General at Cincinnati or Pittsburg according to districts defined by the Act. The quarter-township tracts were sold by the Secretary of the Treasury at Philadelphia, then the seat of Government.

The Act of May 10th, 1800, made further provision for the sale of lands in the present State of Ohio, modifying in several important particulars the Act of 1796.

Four land districts were designated each under the administration of a Register and a "Receiver of Public Monies" with substantially the same functions as at present. Their offices were established at Cincinnati, Chilicothe, Marietta, and Steubenville. Provision was also made for a Receiver at Pittsburg. Thus by 1800 there had been established substantially our present system of the surveys of the public lands under the supervision of a Surveyor-General for a specified district, and a system of sale by a Register for each land district, not necessarily the same as the Surveyor-General's district, and the receipt and accounting for funds by a Receiver of Public Moneys for each district. New land offices were opened and new offices of Surveyor-General were established from time to time as they became necessary.

Under the Act of 1800 the lands were offered at public sale in sections and half-sections for not less than two dollars per acre, payable in cash or in evidences of the public debt. One-fourth of the price was to be paid within forty days, one-fifth of that, or one-twentieth of the whole, was required at the time of sale. The other three-quarters were payable in two, three and four years, respectively, with interest at six per cent. per annum. A discount of eight per cent. per annum was allowed for advance

payments. Provision was made for forfeiture and resale in case of default. The lands remaining unsold after having been offered for sale could be purchased at private sale for two dollars an acre.

The Surveyor-General was authorized to lease the lands reserved for future disposition, in sections and half-sections, for terms not exceeding seven years. The Act also provides that any person who has erected or has begun to erect a grist-mill or sawmill upon the lands to be sold was "entitled to the pre-emption" or preference right, to purchase the section on which it was located at two dollars per acre.

Before 1789 deeds for the lands sold were executed by the Board of Treasury, corresponding to our present Treasury Department, or by the loan commissioners, agents of this board. After that date all patents for the lands sold were executed by the President, countersigned by the Secretary of State, and recorded in his office. It is to be noted that in a few cases, Congress had made grants of lands in such terms that patent was not required, title passing directly by virtue of the Act.

By the Act of April 25th, 1812, the General Land Office was established in the Department of the Treasury. To this office were transferred all the duties relating to the survey, sale, and patenting of the public lands previously performed by the Secretary of War and the Secretary and Register of the Treasury.

All patents for lands were to be issued in the name of the United States under the seal of the new office, signed by the President and countersigned by the Commissioner of the General Land Office.

To relieve the President of the great burden of personally signing the large number of patents issued, Congress, by Act of July 4th, 1836, authorized the President to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a secretary whose duty it would be to sign land patents in his name. This statute continued in effect until July 19th, 1878, when the President was authorized to designate an executive clerk to perform this duty, instead of submitting a nomination for confirmation by the Senate.

The General Land Office became part of the Department of the Interior when the latter was organized, March 3rd, 1849.

After the Act of 1800 the sales of public lands continued without material change in system but with gradual improvements in

detail. As each new area was opened to sale, the existing system was extended to it providing for sale at public auction with the right of purchase at private sale after the period of public offering, usually three weeks, part payment in cash and the balance in four years.

Prior to the Act of March 26th, 1804, the lands were offered for sale in not less than half-sections (320 acres). By that Act the survey and sale of lands in quarter-sections (160 acres) was authorized. Before that time payment of surveying expenses and patent fees had been required, but was discontinued by that Act.

Payments for lands in evidences of the public debt were authorized by all the general land laws until the passage of the Act of March 3rd, 1803, which provided that in the purchase of the lands in Mississippi Territory, being the lands lying south of the State of Tennessee, such payments could not be made. The Act of April 18th, 1806, discontinued such payments as to all public lands thereafter sold.

The Act of April 24th, 1820, made a radical change, however, requiring immediate payment in full for all sales made from and after July 1st, 1820. The credit system had been demoralizing. Congress had been constantly importuned to extend the time for payment, and acts for this purpose were passed at nearly every session. The privileges of these acts were limited to persons who had purchased not more than 640 acres. After 1820 such Acts were passed nearly every year until the passage of the Act of May 23rd, 1828, which provided for the issue of certificates to represent the money paid for land which had reverted to the United States because of failure to complete the payments. These certificates were receivable in payment on the purchase of other lands within the same State or Territory.

This Act was followed by the Act of March 31st, 1830, and the Act of July 9th, 1832, providing for further relief in such cases, closing the long series of enactments for the relief of credit purchasers.

The total amount of land sold under the credit system was about 19,400,000 acres for about $47,700,000. This was scaled down by the operation of legislation, by reversions and by relinquishments to about 13,600,000 acres, and the receipts were about $27,900,000, an average of a little more than two dollars per acre.

The Act of April 24th, 1820, made other important changes than requiring cash payments. It provided that from and after July 1st, 1820, all public lands should be offered for sale in half-quarter sections, or eighty-acre tracts. This had not been previously permitted except in six designated sections of each township, authorized by the Act of February 22nd, 1817. When disposed of at private sale the purchaser had the option of buying as much as a section (640 acres). The Act of 1820 also fixed the minimum price, whether at public or private sale, as $1.25 per acre. The Act also provided that public sales should be kept open for two weeks.

By the Act of April 5th, 1832, the sale of quarter-quarter sections, or forty-acre tracts, was authorized.

In pursuance of the early policy for the sale of the public lands in large blocks every effort was made to prevent settlement on the lands prior to purchase.

June 15th, 1785, Congress, under the Articles of Confederation, passed a resolution forbidding settlement on the public domain. Other warnings were given in various ways. The Act of March 3rd, 1807, prohibited such settlements under penalty of forfeiting any right or claim that the settler may have, and the President was authorized to use the civil and military forces to remove such persons from the lands. An exception was made in favor of settlers prior to the passage of the Act who, upon application to the local land office, could obtain permission to occupy the lands as tenants at will, but must remove from them when a sale was made.

March 25th, 1816, a similar privilege of temporary occupation on application was given to all who had settled upon public lands prior to February 1st, 1816. The right to make such application was to continue for one year from the date of the Act. March 3rd, 1817, Congress extended this time to March 3rd, 1818, and on April 20th for another year.

Meanwhile the difficulty of preventing settlement prior to sale, and the gradual abandonment of the idea of obtaining a large revenue from the sale of the lands, due no doubt to the increasing prosperity of the nation, induced the policy of encouraging settlement and home-making upon the public lands. Pre-emption entries based upon settlement were accordingly authorized from time to time for certain specified areas.

The first right of pre-emption or preference right was given by the Act of March 2nd, 1799, in favor of those who had made contracts with Symmes or his associates for lands which were not included in the area patented to them. This right was not based upon settlement, and the Act of May 10th, 1800, was the first to give such a right based upon occupation of the land, namely, to those who had erected or had begun to erect a grist-mill or a sawmill in the Ohio country before the passage of the Act.

From time to time Acts were passed providing for pre-emption rights within certain areas and subject to varying conditions. By 1830 a large part of the public land was comprehended within the operation of these Acts.

On May 29th, 1830, the first pre-emption Act of general application was passed, allowing entry by those who had settled on the land before that date and remaining in force for one year.

April 5th, 1832, "all actual settlers, being housekeepers upon the public lands," were allowed the right to enter, within six months after the passage of the Act, a tract not exceeding eighty acres, to include their improvements. By various subsequent enactments these provisions were continued in force until the passage of the general pre-emption Act of September 4th, 1841.

This Act provides that "every person being the head of a family, or widow, or single man, over the age of twenty-one years, and being a citizen of the United States, or having filed his declaration to become a citizen," who since June 1st, 1840, has made, or shall thereafter make settlement in person on surveyed public land and shall live upon and improve the same, may enter not exceeding 160 acres at the minimum price of $1.25 per acre. No person was entitled to make more than one such entry, nor could any one make such entry who was the owner of 320 acres of land.

In 1853 and 1854 the right of pre-emption on unsurveyed lands was extended to a number of the States and afterwards by the Act of June 2nd, 1862, to all unsurveyed public land.

The passage of the pre-emption Act and the change in sentiment regarding the public lands rendered less important the early system of disposing of the lands at public sale.

Soon after the passage of the pre-emption Act, the Commissioner of the General Land Office was, by the Act of August 3rd,

1846, authorized to offer for sale isolated or disconnected tracts which had not previously been offered without the formality and expense of a proclamation by the President, which had previously been required.

In the course of time the practice of disposing of lands at public sale gradually died out, and now such sales take place only for isolated tracts and in certain other exceptional cases.

From August 14th, 1854, to June 2nd, 1862, there was in force a law providing for a modification in the price of lands taken under the pre-emption Acts known as the Graduation Act. Its purpose was to reduce the price of the public lands to actual settlers and cultivators. The price of all lands which shall have been in the market for ten years or upwards was fixed at one dollar per acre, when this period had reached fifteen years the price was reduced to seventy-five cents per acre, and so on, by graduation of twenty-five cents for each five years till the period had reached thirty years, after which the price was twelve and one-half cents.

The pre-emption law remained in force until March 3rd, 1891, when it was repealed.

The feeling that the public lands should be retained for home-makers acquired more and more strength, until in 1852 it became a national political issue. In that year the Free Soil Democracy incorporated in its platform for the Presidential campaign this declaration:

> "That the public lands of the United States belong to the people, and should not be sold to individuals nor granted to corporations, but should be held as a sacred trust for the benefit of the people, and should be granted in limited quantities, free of cost, to landless settlers."

This question held the public attention, was discussed and debated and remained a political issue before the people for ten years.

A homestead bill was passed by the House of Representatives in 1859, but after being voted on by the Senate several times failed to pass.

In June, 1860, after much discussion in both Houses, a homestead bill was agreed upon and presented to President Buchanan, who on June 23rd, 1860, vetoed the bill.

The provisions of the bill may be summarized as follows:

Any citizen of the United States who is the head of a family,

and any person of foreign birth residing in the country who has declared his intention to become a citizen, may enter and settle upon not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres of public land, and, after residing upon it for five years, shall receive patent for the land.

The bill also contained a cession to the States of all public lands within their limits which remain unsold after having been subject to sale for thirty years.

The veto message states that the proposed cessions to the States would involve a present donation to them of 12,229,731 acres and would from time to time transfer to them other large bodies of land.

President Buchanan stated a number of objections to the bill. His principal point was that the bill was unconstitutional because it made a donation of the public lands to the States and to individuals, holding that the power given by the Constitution to dispose of the public lands did not include the power to give them away. The President objected because of the injustice to the early settlers who had braved the hardships and dangers of frontier life and had paid $1.25 per acre for their lands; also because it would depreciate the value of the land warrants of old soldiers, which were given for their services in fighting the battles of their country.

An effort was made in the Senate to pass the bill over the veto, but the necessary two-thirds vote in its favor could not be obtained.

In the political campaign of that year the free-homestead law was an important feature of the discussions of Lincoln and the other candidates.

Soon after the opening of the extra session called by President Lincoln to convene July 4th, 1861, on account of the troubled conditions in the South, a new homestead bill was introduced in the House of Representatives on July 8th, and it was promptly taken up at the opening of the regular session in December. There was vigorous opposition, and the bill did not pass the House of Representatives till February 28th, 1862. The bill was amended in the Senate and passed by that body on May 5th. The two Houses soon after agreed upon a form of bill, and it was finally passed by both Houses on May 19th and approved by President Lincoln on May 20th, 1862.

The Act as passed differs in only one important particular from the bill which was vetoed, namely, in the omission of the proposed cession of lands to the States.

The homestead law has now been on the statute-books for nearly fifty years, substantially as originally enacted. It is regarded as the basis of our land laws and was the most successful of our land policies. The constitutionality of the Act does not seem to have been seriously questioned in the courts.

As settlement pushed Westward it became evident that a very large part of the public domain was arid or semi-arid, and that new agricultural conditions must be met by legislation.

The first attempt was by means of special legislation passed March 3rd, 1875, for the sale of desert lands in Lassen County, California, in tracts of 640 acres, at a price of $1.25 per acre. The land was to be reclaimed by conducting water thereon within two years.

This Act was a departure from the policy of the homestead Act in two features: first, in not requiring residence on the land and, second, in allowing an individual to take four times the limit of area fixed in the homestead law.

March 3rd, 1877, the Desert Land Act was passed and applied to practically all the States and Territories in which desert land is found. The principal difference from the former Act was in allowing three years for reclamation instead of two.

The Act of August 30th, 1890, limited the amount of land which any one could acquire under any or all the public-land laws to 320 acres, which, of course, limited desert-land entries to 320 acres. This limitation is still in force. The Act of March 3rd, 1891, provided more in detail as to the requirements of reclamation and demanded, for three years, annual proof of an expenditure of one dollar per acre in the reclamation of the land and in permament improvements thereon, but patent could be obtained in less than three years upon proving an expenditure of three dollars per acre; the entryman was also required to cultivate one-eighth of the land.

The lack of residence requirement and the ease with which proof of expenditure could be obtained opened the way for much fraud under this Act, and the amount of land permanently improved under it is disappointingly small.

The opportunities for irrigating lands on a scale which could

be handled by a few individuals were comparatively few; and experience showed that irrigation companies which did not also own or control the land to be irrigated were seldom financially successful.

Congress has not been willing to give individuals or corporations control of large areas as was necessary for the success of the more extensive and costly irrigation enterprises. The limit of individual development was soon reached, however, and some new plan became necessary.

On March 20th, 1888, Congress had authorized a thorough study of the water-supply of the Western States where irrigation is needed, and on October 2nd of that year made an appropriation for the selection of reservoir sites which, when designated by the Director of the Geological Survey, were to be held reserved until further action of Congress. The following year another appropriation was made for continuing the work; after that no further appropriation was made. The reservoir sites which had been reserved, numbering several hundred, are still to some extent available for use by the Reclamation Service, although some have been taken by private parties under the general Act of February 26th, 1897.

The general Act of March 3rd, 1891, providing for right-of-way over the public lands for ditches and reservoirs for irrigation purposes, was the outgrowth of the Irrigation Survey.

August 18th, 1894, Congress passed what is known as the Carey Act which provides for turning over to the desert-land States any lands which they may irrigate or cause to be irrigated. The amount is limited for each State and Territory to one million acres with an extension recently made to two million acres each for Idaho and Wyoming.

The usual plan is for the State or Territory to make a contract with a corporation by which the latter is to build the works and may make certain charges for the water right, the State selling the lands at a nominal price.

This plan did not, however, meet some of the more difficult conditions, and on June 17th, 1902, Congress went a step further, completing the policy initiated by the Irrigation Survey of 1888-90, and appropriated the proceeds from the sale of public lands in the arid and semi-arid States for the construction of irrigation works. Under this Act the Reclamation Service was

organized and has constructed a number of large irrigation systems and has now under irrigation nearly one million acres of land. The cost of construction is repaid by the water-users; and these repayments, together with the annual receipts from the sales of public land, constitute a revolving fund to be used indefinitely in continuing this work.

There is a large portion of the public lands which would be arable but which will never be irrigated either because there is not sufficient water-supply or because the physical conditions make it impracticable to bring water to the land.

A considerable area is valuable for grazing purposes, and for some years there has been an effort to secure a comprehensive system for permitting the use of such land, in the large areas necessary for their proper utilization, under suitable regulations.

By the Act of April 28th, 1904, homestead entries of 640 acres were allowed in a certain portion of Western Nebraska, presumably for the purpose of encouraging small cattle farms. Strong efforts were made to secure a 640-acre homestead law for other areas, but thus far without success.

A 320-acre homestead law applicable to the greater part of the arid region was passed February 19th, 1909, for the purpose of encouraging settlement on non-irrigable land, assuming that the entryman would be able to support himself by raising crops by the so-called "dry-farming" methods and by cattle-raising on a small scale. The "dry-farming" methods of raising certain crops in the arid region without the artificial application of water have been successful in certain localities and under certain conditions. We must await the results developed by this Act before we can determine whether it meets the situation.

The problems presented in regard to the grazing areas are difficult, and the more logical method of treatment requires a complete classification of the public lands to determine the grazing areas and a comprehensive study of the conditions, upon which could be based a systematic method of dealing with them.

This completes a review of the laws concerning the settlement and disposal of public lands for agricultural purposes. The laws regarding the disposition of mineral lands, coal, timber and stone lands, are not directly connected with the subject of this paper and do not involve so great an acreage. The lands disposed of by donations for military and other services, grants to

railroads and grants to States for various internal improvements, involve a large area, and the history of the laws concerning them forms a chapter by itself. There have also been very large grants to States for educational institutions and for various administrative purposes.

The following table compiled from the report of the Public Lands Commission appointed by ex-President Roosevelt shows the principal methods in which the public lands have passed from the ownership of the United States, and the status of the lands remaining, brought down to June 30th, 1904:

DISPOSITION OF THE PUBLIC LANDS.

Purpose.	*Acres.*
Private land claims, donations, etc	33,400,000
Wagon-road, canal and river improvement grants	9,700,000
Railroad grants	117,600,000
Swamp-land grants	65,700,000
School grants to States	69,000,000
Other grants to States	21,600,000
Military and naval land warrants	61,000,000
Scrip issued for various purposes	9,300,000
Allotments to individual Indians	15,100,000
Mineral lands	1,700,000
Homestead entries	96,500,000
Timber-culture entries	9,700,000
Timber and stone entries	7,600,000
Cash entries, including entries under the pre-emption desert and other acts	276,600,000
Rights-of-way	300,000
Forest reserves	57,900,000
Reserved for public purposes	6,700,000
Indian reservations	73,000,000
Entries pending	39,500,000
Unappropriated public land	837,639,840
Total (including Alaska)	1,809,539,840

The latest report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office shows that the area of unappropriated public land (including Alaska) on June 30th, 1909, was 731,354,081 acres.

The tendency of our land policies has been toward the principle that home-making upon small areas should be encouraged and that the disposition of tracts in excess of 160 acres to each individual should be allowed only upon special terms of improvement as in the desert-land Act and the new 320-acre homestead Act. In any event, no person may acquire through the public-land laws more than 320 acres.

Under the Reclamation Act the special opportunities afforded by irrigation have caused Congress to authorize the limitation of

entries to areas ranging from 10 acres to 160 acres, depending upon the amount which the Secretary of the Interior finds to be required for the support of a family.

The history of our public lands and the policy applied to their disposition divides itself into three distinct periods.

The first period is characterized by the desire to dispose of the land in large tracts and to secure as great and rapid a return as practicable.

In the second period the desire for return becomes less important, and the encouragement of settlement is the main feature.

In the third period the proceeds of the sales of the lands is entirely subordinated, and the main desire is to secure the establishment of homes on comparatively small tracts.

These lines of policy have been worked out with comparatively few backward steps, and the present tendency favors the homestead idea. The important present problem, however, is the policy to be adopted in regard to the large tracts suitable for grazing and not suitable for subdivision into small tracts for homes.

The present trend is apparently toward the establishment of small cattle farms to be held by individuals. Whether this can be worked out in practice remains to be seen. If this should not be successful the general opinion seems to favor the leasing of the grazing lands in comparatively large areas under suitable regulations, the public retaining the title indefinitely.

The future development of the public-land policy will probably be guided more directly by scientific study of the lands and their possibilities than has heretofore been the case, which leads to the certainty that the ultimate solution will be for the best interests of the public.

MORRIS BIEN.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN ITALY.

A REJOINDER.

BY ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

My article in the North American Review of July, "The Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy," has been honored by a reply in the August number from the pen of the Rev. S. M. Vernon, D.D. A rejoinder is, I believe, in order. It will be brief. The question, "The Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy," is not so important to the general public that a discussion of it be allowed to task overmuch the pages of the North American Review: nor, indeed, has the good Doctor given room for anything else than the briefest kind of a rejoinder. Not one of the charges I made has he seen fit to answer: not one of my statements with regard to the methods put into vogue by Methodism in Italy has he striven to disprove. The whole article, from first to last, is beside the question — an *ignorantia elenchi,* as logicians would say—an attempt to mislead the reader through a belabored evasion of the point at issue. Charges had been made with full bills of particulars. Has Dr. Vernon taken direct hold of one single charge, to strip it of semblance of credibility, or otherwise show it to be inapt or irrelevant? Not he, indeed. The charges —he hides them from view in clouds of vague and captious verbiage, or totally brushes them aside, substituting in their stead new questions, better fitted, he may think, to his pen, but altogether alien to the controversy in hand. Dr. Vernon's tactics are those of the skilled sophist: they win victory if the sophistry into which they are woven is not detected and exposed.

By the way, Dr. Vernon leaps into the arena a free lance, unsummoned, unauthorized by the Board of Bishops, to whom my

article in the July number of the REVIEW was addressed. Why the reply has not come from the Bishops, I do not divine. Dr. Vernon seemingly invites them to speak: he says: "In so far as the venerable prelate refers to the expression from the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church concerning Methodism in Italy, I shall not follow him, leaving an answer on those points to the discretion of those to whom the matter belongs." Dr. Vernon is known as one ever ready to break a lance with the Catholic Church: I willingly accept him as my antagonist, provided, however, that coming into the place properly belonging to the Board of Bishops he take up the case exactly as it is between them and me, facing straight the issue, as it has been made, without turn to right or to left.

The methods pursued by the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy—this the issue. The Board of Bishops made loud proclamation of "the moral integrity" of those methods, and challenged opponents to give "details of specific acts" supposed to justify a contrary estimate. In response, I enumerated, in abundant wealth, "details of specific acts" to which, I maintained and still do maintain, there attached no shadow of moral integrity. Was I or was I not correct in my statements of "specific acts"? This the question to be answered by him who would give reply to my article: this the question to which Dr. Vernon has not replied.

My statements as to the methods made use of by the Methodist Church in Italy remain, I contend, firm and unimpaired, one and all, unshaken, even in a single instance, by arrow or spear from the pages of Dr. Vernon's article.

I am entitled to dismiss at once, as irrelevant and biasing the question, the latter half of Dr. Vernon's article—his references to the Inquisition, to illiteracy in Italy, to indulgences and relics, to supposed miracles in Bethlehem and Jerusalem, to alleged conditions, moral and religious, in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico or in Italy itself. What, I ask, have all such references to do with the issue—the methods of the Methodist Church in Italy? Let things be as bad as Dr. Vernon is willing to imagine among Catholics in one country or in another, yesterday or to-day—will this change into righteousness the unrighteous doings of other people, Methodists or non-Methodists? Dr. Vernon must remember that we have just one issue before us: until my state-

ments are proven or disproven, the rules of logic forbid racing over new fields, lest the main topic be lost sight of.

I confess it is under severe pressure of self-restraint that I do not at once take up the several matters which Dr. Vernon, in spite of their irrelevancy, drags into the controversy, in order that, whatever his failure to extricate from their straits his co-religionists of Italy, he may in retiring from the arena allow himself the satisfaction of thinking he has at least imprinted a few black marks on the face of Catholicism. It were so easy to sift his anti-Catholic allegations into misinformations, misrepresentations, misapplications of facts to principles, of practices to theories. Glad, indeed, I shall be, so soon as we are through with Methodism in Italy, to discuss with the good Doctor, whenever and wherever it be pleasing to him, the several matters he now brings up against the Catholic Church, or such other matters as he may choose—with the sole restriction that it be one thing at a time.

Misinformations, misrepresentations—even now I must note a few samples—giving as such those of his strictures upon Italy which, in his saying, made imperative the coming of Methodism into Italy.

Before the arrival of Methodism, according to Dr. Vernon, "the Bible was excluded from Rome." Only one excuse may be offered for this outrageous violation of the truth: to Dr. Vernon's mind, the Bible is not the Bible unless dressed up in Methodist binding. Before the arrival of Methodism, very likely the Methodist version of the Bible, whichever that be, had no admission into Rome: but the Bible, known to Christian ages, was in Italy in all the languages of the learned, and no less in that of the common people. Will Dr. Vernon dare tell us that before the arrival of Methodism the "Vulgate," translated into Italian by Monsignor Martini, was not in circulation in Rome and elsewhere in Italy—was not offered for sale in every book-store in the Peninsula? The Bible, in the language of the people, not in circulation in Rome and elsewhere in Italy before the arrival of Methodism! In 1778, the Pope, Pius VI, prefacing with his blessing an edition of the Bible in Italian, wrote to the translator: "You judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures." In 1858 the publishing-house of the Congregation of the Propaganda put

forth, at a price of fifteen lire (three dollars), a splendid edition of the Martini Bible in twenty-three volumes, and later printed several popular editions, to be sold at smallest cost. Let Dr. Vernon question the bookstores, surviving in Rome from olden days, those of Saraceni, Martinetti, etc., and learn whether, long before the arrival of Methodism, they were not accustomed to have on their counters the Bible in Italian, in all forms, at all prices. Those the open facts: and yet, in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Dr. Vernon writes that before the arrival of Methodism "the Bible was excluded from Rome." Wonders do not cease!

Again: according to Dr. Vernon, before the arrival of Methodism there was in Italy "the almost entire suspension of the preaching of the Gospel in the Roman Catholic churches of that unfortunate country." I pass by the doleful epithet "unfortunate": Dr. Vernon, in applying it to Italy, only means that the country was outside the Methodist fold. In response to his allegations as to the suspension of the preaching of the Gospel, I need for the moment do no more than ask Dr. Vernon to glance through the volumes of printed sermons from some of the more famed preachers who were filling Italian pulpits while Methodism was meditating its entrance into Italy—Ventura, Alimonda, Belzofirere, Stocchi, etc., etc., and then bid him say whether or not the Gospel, in its fulness, was not being preached in the Catholic churches of Italy?

And again: according to Dr. Vernon, "the last census of Italy says that of all the States of Europe Italy has the largest number of men without any religious profession!" Now the last census of Italy says nothing of the kind: it makes no comparisons between Italy and other States of Europe. The census simply says that in a population of 35,000,000 there were registered as having no religion 23,315—an insignificant figure. It is for Dr. Vernon to quote the religious census reports of other States of Europe, and, if he chooses to do so, as far as it is possible, the religious census report of the United States, and then tell us in exact figures how Italy fares in unreligion in comparison with other nations. I doubt whether Dr. Vernon has ever seen the official figures of that last census of Italy, upon which, nevertheless, he bases his arraignment of that country for religious unbelief. Equally exact is he, no doubt, in his special reference to the city of Rome. "It is undoubtedly true," the Doctor says,

"that Rome itself—contains in its borders more sceptics and infidels than any city of its size in the world." Proof should be given of this charge.

I pass to the several subterfuges, through which my venerable antagonist fain would escape my statements of "specific acts," marked as worthy of censure in the methods of the Methodist Italian propaganda.

Away with Everett S. Stackpole! Says the distinguished Doctor Vernon: "The Archbishop displays a fatal weakness in the foundation (Dr. Stackpole) upon which he chooses to build." But with or without Dr. Stackpole, other stones there are in the foundation, upon which to raise a giant structure of insults and misrepresentations, of calumny, fraud and venality. There still remain Bishop William Burt, the "*Cenni Storici*," the "*Evangelista*," friend and ally of the "*Asino*." I refer the reader to my quotations from those uncontroverted "authorities."

But must I let go of Dr. Stackpole? According to Dr. Vernon, Dr. Stackpole has never been recognized as a Methodist "authority" by any other being than Archbishop Ireland; instead of being a Methodist "authority" he is repudiated by all Methodist authorities as unfair and unjust to the mission. Dr. Vernon's play on the word "authority" enlivens the controversy; I pass it by. That the book—"Four and One-Half Years in the Italy Mission"—is an injury to the mission, I readily grant; that it is unfair, I steadfastly deny. Nor does its subtitle—"A Criticism of Missionary Methods"—put an *a priori* censure upon its contents. Criticism comes from friend as well as from foe; it is doled out reluctantly or willingly. Dr. Stackpole's "Criticism" was given with deep regret—only for truth's sake—and throughout he is most friendly to the mission, its purposes and labors—censuring "the methods" only with a view to their amendment. It is convenient to repudiate Dr. Stackpole, when through dint of sincerity and love of truth he has offended his Methodist friends. A repudiation of him was not quite so easy before his book had been written, when, with might and main, he was working to plant Methodism in Italy. At one time "The Christian Advocate" had said of him: "Dr. Stackpole's sincerity is so manifest that his faith is contagious and full of inspiration." Praise most exuberant had been lavished upon him by such "Methodist authorities" as Bishop J. H. Vincent, Professor John

S. Sewall and Rev. Daniel Steele. While in Florence, in 1891, President of the Theological School, he received a visit of a week's duration from Bishop Vincent; and the Bishop under his own signature gave, in the "New Christian Advocate," a pen-picture of the host. The Bishop writes: "Dr. Stackpole, who is an intense believer in the most intense type of Methodism and a loving disciple of the devout Daniel Steele, labors most faithfully to promote the spiritual life, to train the heart and conscience. He endeavors to interpret the most practical and experimental portions of the Scriptures, in the every-day chapel service and in the students' class-meeting on Saturday nights. One of the most refreshing religious meetings I have attended for years was this same Saturday-night class." A rather reliable "Methodist authority," this Dr. Stackpole, if we confide in Bishop Vincent. Nor with Bishop Vincent's certificate of good character before me shall I believe that Dr. Stackpole was cut short in his work and ingloriously removed from Italy by the Bishops of the American Episcopal Church, unless other proof than the word of Dr. Vernon, spoken in the heat of controversy, be forthcoming. To what extent the book, "Four and One-half Years," is to be taken as a "report" the declaration of Dr. Stackpole explains: "We have tried during our stay in the Italy mission and in the preparation of this book to fulfil the duty to which we were called and to give the Church the benefit of one more intelligent American judgment as to plans and methods of work in evangelization among Roman Catholics." To those words Dr. Stackpole adds the following: "The reader must judge whether the criticisms herein contained are hasty and judicious. The statements of facts can easily be confirmed by abundance of testimony." Dr. Stackpole's statements are so plain, so open to investigation, that, if false, they can be upset with the turn of the hand. Let Dr. Vernon grapple with one single statement and prove it unworthy of belief: then shall we allow him to repudiate his colleague as an "authority" unworthy of credence. An objection brought by Dr. Vernon against "Four and One-half Years" might, at first sight, have had some weight had it not been most graciously forestalled by the Board of Bishops. The book was written sixteen years ago. But the date matters not. The Bishops tell us that the methods of the mission in Italy "are the same to-day that have been pursued from the beginning." No; the leopard

has not changed his skin: Methodism in Italy is to-day as bad as it was yesterday—to-day, under its guiding star, the Rev. Mr. Tipple, somewhat worse, more bold and more offensive.

As an offset to my list of disreputable men, ex-Waldensians and ex-Catholics, chosen by the Methodist Church as its theological students and preachers, Dr. Vernon names five converts to Methodism who, he vouches, were not only above reproach, but were eminent in learning and in virtue, whether before their conversion or later during their ministry as apostles of their new faith. Of those one was converted from Waldensianism; four from Catholicism. I give the record of one of those famed "converts," Count Enrico di Campello. Di Campello was a canon of St. Peter's in Rome. Unbridled ambition and intolerable levity of conduct brought to him serious and repeated admonitions from superiors. He turned Methodist and was at once inducted into the Methodist pulpit. He aimed for high proselytism, but failed ingloriously. Soon he had done with Methodism. In 1904, he begged for readmission to the Catholic Church. After three months of penitential exercises in the Spanish-American College, he made public abjuration of Methodism with every sign of deep sorrow and firm purpose of amendment. Reconverted to Catholicism, he wrote a "Statement of Methodism in Italy"—another "Four and One-half Years." I commend the "Statement" to Dr. Vernon: it mercilessly shatters the aureole which the "Conversion" of Di Campello was supposed to have woven around the brow of Methodism. Verily Dr. Vernon is rash in his gift to Methodism of sages and heroes: more and more plain it is that he writes of Italy with scant information of Italian happenings.

If bad men from Catholicism were on hand to be picked up from Catholicism, what, Dr. Vernon asks, but Catholicism had made them bad? Were the inference true, what defence is there in it for Methodism? If men are bad, whatever the cause, does Methodism establish "the moral integrity" of its methods by taking them to its bosom and exhibiting them as apostles of a "pure Gospel"? Strange logic, this of Dr. Vernon! But no; they were not made bad by Catholicism. They became bad in Catholicism despite Catholicism, and being bad they were rejected from Catholicism, or conscious of the uncongeniality of its atmosphere, they rushed from it of their own accord. The

cleanest garden occasionally grows weeds: honor to the garden that casts the weeds across the wall: shame and disgrace to the neighboring bit of soil to which they are welcomed.

The Pope, we are jocosely told, should have paid no attention to a cartoon in the "*Evangelista,*" cartoons being "a harmless way of expressing one's feelings towards those who have the presumption to hold religious opinions that cannot be approved." I do not imagine that the Pope lost much sleep over cartoons in the "*Evangelista*" or in its congener, the "*Asino*": the Vatican ramparts are too stoutly built to yield a breach to anxiety under pailfuls of mud. Yet the Pope, a gentleman, if nothing more, should not be expected to accept as gentlemen the throwers, or to open to them as friends the gateways of his palace. "Unjust attack," Dr. Vernon says, "is the good man's opportunity and often his richest asset." Perfectly true—in the present instance, it is an honor to the Pope that his enemies are the editors of the "*Evangelista*" and of the "*Asino.*" Again: "The epithets hurled at Jesus Christ called forth some of His best utterances." Perfectly true—as, for instance, when the Master, whip in hand, chased the money-changers from the temple or hailed the Pharisees and the Sadducees as "a brood of vipers."

I copied from the "*Nazione*" of Florence a list of books bearing repulsive titles, exhibited in the window fronts of the Methodist bookstores in Rome. But, retorts Dr. Vernon, the writer had not looked into the contents: he had not opened or read the books. Singular remark, this! The title promises unclean contents: therefore, the clean man must forthwith investigate the contents. "I suppose," says Dr. Vernon, "the Methodist bookstore in Rome, like the Methodist bookstores in this country, does a general book business, buying and selling according to the demands of trade within such limits as seem proper for a religious bookstore." Verily, does not Dr. Vernon place on a low level the moral standard of Methodist booksellers and Methodist book-readers both in Rome and in America? He is correct, I admit, as to Methodists in Rome; not so, I love to believe, as to Methodists in America. I know of no Methodist bookstore in America that would challenge the attention of passers-by with such unhealthy bait as "*Le Infamie dei Papi,*" "*Le Lordure dei Pontifici.*"

Writing of my comments on Methodist schools in Rome, Dr.

Vernon shows a too cursory reading of those comments. They were not based upon gossip I had gathered up while loitering around "a female school." Dr. Vernon is decidedly funny: I have no time, no disposition to follow suit. My comments were based mainly upon official reports of those schools, as, for instance, the reports of the directresses of the Crandon Institute and of the Isabella Clark Refuge. Those directresses advertise their Institutes as "respecting the religious convictions of all"; they confess that the parents of their pupils earnestly object to sectarian teaching: yet they unblushingly boast of being able to train, on the quiet, the children intrusted to them into dalliance with Methodist doctrines and Methodist hymn-singing. Fraud and treachery! And the mention of my uncontroverted comments wrests from Dr. Vernon's lips an approving smile! By the way, stress is laid by Dr. Vernon on the fact that the grandchildren of "the old patriot," Garibaldi, were educated in Methodist schools, and that a Signora Garibaldi is to-day the directress of the Isabella Clark Refuge. Small gain to Methodist proselytism: the mother of Garibaldi's grandchildren is an Englishwoman, a Protestant from her earliest years.

I had said the purpose of Methodism in Italy is to proselytize Catholics, to assail "Popery" in its citadel. So had said Bishop Walden; so had said the "*Cenni Storici,*" one of the official Methodist publications; so had said the whole Methodist propaganda in loud words and in louder attempts at deeds; and so had said Italian public opinion, as far as it took notice of the propaganda. Not so, replies Dr. Vernon, quoting a communication from Professor E. C. Riley to the "Central Christian Advocate": "It is not true that the Methodist Church is guilty of insulting agitation and offensive proselytism which constitutes a real warfare against the Holy Father and the Catholic religion. The Methodists have their hands more than full with those who come to them believing nothing and seeking light." No warfare, no insulting agitation! Professor Riley had not read the "*Cenni Storici,*" the "*Evangelista*": nor had he heard the echoes of Dr. Tipple's wild harangues. "The Methodists have their hands more than full with those who come to them believing nothing and seeking light!" Hollowest of hollow boastings! Why, then, has not Methodism shown significant results from its forty years' propaganda? Why the need of padded "reports," and of loans

of hearers from other Protestant congregations to deceive visiting elders? Why souper-fashion payments in money and kind to the "*contadini*" of country village and the miserable residents of back street and alleyway in cities that they come now and then to shout in concert a Methodist hymn? Either Dr. Riley and Dr. Vernon write of things they wot not of, or they are consciously bent on throwing dust into the eyes of unsuspecting readers.

I have rehearsed, I think, all of Dr. Vernon's flutterings, by which he hoped to fill twelve pages of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, without for once touching upon the point at issue—the "details of specific acts" upon which I based my charges against "the moral integrity" of the Methodist propaganda in Italy. It is, perhaps, clever of him—to say so much without saying the thing needed to be said. But is it honest, straightforward logic?

The details of "specific acts" remain uncontroverted. The methods of the Methodist propaganda in Italy are—calumny and misrepresentation, fraud and deceit, padded reports, the luring of the poor by traitorous gifts—vapid boastings of success where failure is patent, opprobrious abuse of the Catholic Church and its Supreme Pontiff, avowed alliances with lawbreakers and anarchists. Those the methods with which a "pure Gospel" is introduced into Italy, by which the citadel on the Vatican hill is to be smashed into ruin! Well, there is a God in Israel. It is the honor of the Catholic Church that such methods as those put into vogue by Methodism had to be made use of in attacking it. Truth, spoken in calmness of mind, in loveliness of heart, it was felt, would not avail.

Efforts at self-expansion are legitimate in any organization; to preach its tenets is a right none will deny to any Church that believes it has a mission to humanity. But the methods by which self-expansion is sought must be such as to be approved of by God and by man. Dr. Vernon says the Paulist Fathers are propagandists of Catholicism: so they are; so are all priests and loyal servants of the Catholic Church. But I challenge Dr. Vernon to discover in Catholic propagandism a semblance, however vapory, of the methods of Italian Methodism. The American Board of Methodist Bishops once so forgot themselves as to write: "We now content ourselves with affirming the moral integrity of our missionaries and methods in Italy." The Bishops were

removed too far from the scenes they attempted to depict: they did not, we believe, know what was going on in Italy. The padded reports and the lurid messages of their missionaries written for the purpose of winning, *per fas et nefas,* smiles and money, had blinded them to the actual facts. The actual facts are now before them to be seen and pondered over.

As an American I protest against the Italian Methodist propaganda. The Methodist Church is installed in Italy as an American institution: it gives itself as the religion of America: it floats over its buildings the flag of America: it wraps around its doings the names and the prestige of America, as if all that is great and good in America were pre-eminently embodied in Methodism, as if, indeed, all that is great and good in America pre-eminently had its life spring in Methodism. The purpose is patent: it is to gain for Methodism a hearing under the cover of the flag of America, under the spell of the prestige of America. Meanwhile America suffers: its fair name is bound up with the fraud and deceit that constitute the stock in trade of the Methodist propaganda. Unjust all this to America: unjust all this to Americans, Catholics and non-Methodist Protestants. In America there is no State Church: no Church has the right to sail over foreign seas as the particular representative of America. Besides the Catholic, there are in America other Churches, loyal to America as was never John Wesley, possessed of equal rights, endowed with equal privileges: those Churches do not mean to be excluded from the map of America when abroad it is asked—which is the Church of America?

But why do I discuss before the public the methods of Methodism in Italy? Why not as Dr. Vernon advises—advising me to do with regard to things Methodist what it is not his wont to do with regard to things Catholic—quietly notify "the authorities of the Church" of the matters complained of, leaving to them to bring remedy as discretion might dictate? Judging from the temper of mind of the Board of Bishops evidenced in their pronouncement of May 19th, the prospect was slight that heed were to be given by "the authorities of the Church" to warnings and expostulations. What, however, is more to the point, so far as Catholics are concerned—the public discussion of Methodism in Italy was forced upon them. Respect for its dignity, a due sense of its responsibility as guardian of Catholic faith and

morals compelled the authorities of the Vatican to adopt certain rules in the granting of Papal audiences. Thereon the cry went out of Papal intolerance, Papal mediævalism, Papal obscurantism. The Papacy had again proved itself—this time beyond redemption—to be the everlasting enemy of liberty! Catholics in America were told that they were brought to bay either to repudiate the Papacy or to confess themselves traitors to American institutions. On the tongue of the Rev. Mr. Tipple, the agent of Methodism in Rome, the question against the Papacy had lifted itself to an international plane: the nations must rise in their might and rebuke the Vatican. Meanwhile Italian Methodists were guileless, innocent victims, mistreated for the Gospel purity of their preachings, the dove-like methods of their Christian apostolate! The Pope was the wrong-doer: with him political motives ruled supreme: the Methodist propaganda had been made his footstool in his quarrel with the Quirinal! Were the spiritual sons and soldiers of the Papacy to remain silent, to speak no word of defence in its behalf? It was too much to expect: they were in duty bound to speak: they have spoken.

JOHN IRELAND.

AMERICAN POLICY IN THE FAR EAST.

BY BRITANNICUS.

THE course of American policy in the Far East has for many years been followed in Europe with a certain perplexity. That the United States has definitely enrolled the integrity of China and the principle of the open door among the objects of its diplomatic solicitude is by now pretty well understood. But how much weight is to be attached to this development is a question which Americans themselves, perhaps, could hardly answer with any precision and which European statesmen and publicists find frankly bewildering. The uncertainty is very largely due to the fact that nobody knows whether the diplomatic activities of the State Department represent a settled national policy or merely the views and whims of individual Secretaries of State. Mr. Hay, Mr. Root and Mr. Knox in the past twelve years have all formulated proposals and written despatches that seemed to commit the United States beyond escape to a leading rôle in the drama of Far-Eastern politics. Their countrymen to all appearances have applauded and supported them. It has, I should judge, sincerely gratified Americans to see their statesmen acquitting themselves with such distinction and success in competition with Oriental and European diplomats; and what one may call the sentimental sincerity of the American attachment to the open door I take to be beyond question. But diplomacy to be effective rests, and can only rest, on the implication of force. "If anything is to be done in the world," the Kaiser once declared, "the pen will be powerless to carry it through, unless backed by the might of the sword." Is American diplomacy in the Far East the diplomacy of the pen, or of the pen backed by the sword? Are Americans sufficiently interested in the fortunes of China or of Manchuria to contemplate the pos-

sibility of war? Is there any conceivable development in the Far-Eastern situation—short of an organized and deliberate attack upon American lives or possessions—that could induce American opinion to sanction the use of force? Does American diplomacy in the Far East belong to the sphere of *Real-politik,* or is it rather to be described as a series of more or less astute adventures in the art of bluffing? Is there not an unwritten mandate imposed upon Mr. Knox, as upon his predecessors, by the public sentiment of the United States—a mandate to the effect that he may spill ink, but must not think of spilling blood? All the world knows that America would rush to arms to punish or prevent a violation of the Monroe Doctrine. But although the Far East of recent years has been as much a preoccupation of American diplomacy as South America, can any one assert that it stands on a similar footing of actuality or that if, for instance, Japan were to close the door in Manchuria to-morrow Americans would feel irresistibly compelled to go to war? Another Boxer rising endangering the lives and properties of American residents in China, an invasion of the Philippines by an Oriental Power—in such contingencies as these American action could be predicted with every confidence. But apart from these extreme developments, and taking the Far-Eastern situation as it is to-day, is there anything in the effort to save Manchuria from drifting from its Chinese moorings and to prevent its political and commercial monopolization by Russia and Japan, or in the struggle for railway and mining concessions, of which not only Manchuria, but all Northern China, is to be once again the international battle-ground, or in the intricate political competition that is interwoven with the fight for trade, or in the "racial" issue or the naval issue, or in the prospect that Korea must pass finally, formally and completely into Japanese hands—is there anything in all this, or can anything be imagined as arising from all this, that American opinion would regard as a legitimate *casus belli?* The doubts that obtain under this head are the chief factor in the perplexity with which, as I began by saying, American diplomacy in the Far East is regarded in Europe. Nobody quite knows what fighting value, if any, should be attached to it, or whether Mr. Knox's prolific pen bears any correspondence to the material preparations or the national will power and determination that would be necessary to enforce the policies that

flow from it. Is America in the Far East just amusing herself by playing at *Weltpolitik* or does she mean business? The objects of her diplomacy—to stave off the dismemberment of China and to preserve throughout the Far East an equality of commercial opportunity—are sufficiently clear. But how far is she ready to go to attain them? It is possible that even Americans are not yet in a position to answer that question with any definiteness. So far as an outsider can judge, they have not yet thought the matter out. In Europe, at any rate, among those who know the United States best, while American good-will is everywhere recognized as an asset of real value, the general opinion seems to be that Mr. Knox's diplomatic activities in the Far East are of a kind that can be countered and, if need be, resisted, without any serious risk of a more than verbal embroilment with the country he represents.

But while a readiness to fight is the ultimate touchstone of all diplomacy, and while a Power that shirks or overlooks the possibility of the final arbitrament of war is necessarily placed at an enormous disadvantage in the event of a real crisis, the ordinary business of international bargaining is carried on without much reference to the actual or potential power of the negotiators. The United States, through her character, the unselfishness of her aims and the moderation of her statesmen, has powerfully affected Far-Eastern developments during the past decade. Throughout the Boxer crisis Mr. Hay set the whole world a rare example of humane, pertinent and equitable diplomacy; he more than made up for the indifference and remissness of his predecessors in the State Department by taking a firm and definite stand in favor of the open door and the territorial integrity of the Celestial Empire; it was he who before the Russo-Japanese war did more than any other statesman to elucidate the realities of Russia's control over Manchuria; and it was through American intervention and on American soil that the Tsar and the Mikado concluded their treaty of peace. Up to the end of 1905, indeed, Europe was able to forecast American intentions and policies in the Far East with some exactitude. The United States was regarded as a Power which, itself indifferent to territorial aggrandizement at the expense of any Asiatic State, was resolved to protect China against partition, to insist on equal access to all the markets of the Far East, and to act as peacemaker among the nations. It

was thoroughly in accordance with these aims that Mr. Roosevelt should have remitted to China a portion of the Boxer indemnity —a stroke of policy as shrewd as it was chivalrous—and that just before the last Presidential election the United States should have formally entered, by means of an agreement with Japan, into the league of international peace which had gradually formed round the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. But concurrently with these developments other tendencies began to appear in American policy. In the first place, the admiration for Japan, which had taken a practical financial form during her struggle with Russia, quickly gave way, when the war was over, to an attitude of suspicion and complaint. Japan, it appeared, got almost as much upon American nerves as Germany upon British nerves; and the Americans suddenly concluded that Hawaii and the Philippines, if not the Pacific coast itself, were in danger of a Japanese raid, that American traders were being shut out of Manchuria and Korea, and that Japanese ambitions, political, commercial and naval, would one day necessitate a war for the mastery of the Pacific. These apprehensions were all for a time brought to a head by the mannerless, if rational, prejudice of California against the admission of Japanese immigrants; and the relations between the two peoples, though not between the two Governments, took on a temporary but undoubted acerbity. Even to-day, when the immigration question is in process of settling itself, a sentiment of hostility in American thoughts about Japan is very evident, and all over the United States there appears to be an uneasy consciousness that the future is likely to increase rather than diminish the chances and causes of friction between the two nations. There can, at any rate, be little doubt that American diplomacy to-day has acquired an anti-Japanese point, and that, as compared with five years ago, the misgivings entertained by the United States in regard to Japanese aims and policy, and the estrangement which has set in between the two peoples, must be reckoned as new factors in the Far-Eastern situation.

In the second place, these misgivings and this estrangement seem to have embraced not only Japan, but Japan's ally, and to have affected to an appreciable extent the popular American attitude towards Great Britain. Americans apparently resent the Anglo-Japanese alliance as ministering to Japanese "arrogance,"

as an act, almost, of treachery to the white race, and as placing Great Britain in a highly equivocal and unsatisfactory position in the event of trouble between the United States and Japan. A dozen years ago the State Department at Washington cheerfully threw on Lord Salisbury's shoulders the burden of defending the open door. To-day Americans conceive the state of affairs to be precisely reversed. They believe that Great Britain allows herself to be overridden by her inexorable ally, that she looks on in fatuous and supine complacency while Manchuria is converted into a Russo-Japanese province, and that, so far from assisting, she positively thwarts the endeavors of the United States to make the open door a reality. Mr. Schiff's tirade of last March, in the course of which he impartially belabored Great Britain, Russia and Japan, was regarded in Europe as a visible sign that in the Far East Great Britain and the United States were at the parting of the ways. Since then the wrangle over the Hankau-Szechuan loan and Great Britain's prompt rejection of Mr. Knox's scheme for the internationalization of the Manchurian railways have served to confirm the American belief that the Anglo-Japanese alliance means the sterilization of British policy and the abdication of British enterprise in the Far East. So far as I can judge, I do not think it is putting it too strongly to assert that a portion, at any rate, of the distrust and resentment with which Americans have watched the course of Japanese policy since the war falls upon Great Britain; that the State Department at Washington no longer counts upon Downing Street as an auxiliary in the struggle for the open door; that so far as American diplomacy is opposed to Japan, it is opposed also to the Anglo-Japanese alliance; and that the masses of Americans, whenever their attention is called to Far-Eastern affairs, find fresh confirmation for their suspicion that Great Britain is not "playing the game."

The third factor to alter the position of affairs since the Russo-Japanese war is the steady growth of American friendship with China—a friendship that Europe, with equal cynicism and ignorance, diagnoses as the resultant of the famous Chinese boycott of American goods. As the only Power whose interests on the Asiatic mainland are purely commercial, the United States has always stood high in Chinese regard; but to-day it is not too much to say that the Celestial Empire leans almost exclusively

on American support, and recognizes in the United States her best guide and well-wisher. If she has any champion at all in her efforts to maintain her sovereignty over Manchuria intact, that champion is America. If she has in the whole world a single sincere friend who would gladly see her strong, united and progressive, that friend is America. It is from America that China will receive the ablest and most disinterested assistance in converting herself into a modern State, just as it is from America that she has already received the most persistent encouragement in her campaign against opium. To direct Chinese advancement from the abundance of her own experience in matters of education, government and commerce, to be the tutelary genius of that vast, nerveless, disjointed but aspiring Empire, and to protect her by a vigilant diplomacy from the encroachments of her powerful neighbors—such is the high rôle to which America, more or less unconsciously, seems destined to be called. Side by side, at any rate, with American alienation from Japan there has proceeded an American *rapprochement* with China; and no European statesman doubts to-day that it is one of the objects of American diplomacy in the Far East to guard China and befriend her, to play her off as much as possible against Russia, Great Britain and Japan, and to reap a legitimate reward in a harvest of railway, mining and industrial concessions.

The three factors I have enumerated as forming the new American policy in the Far East—namely, a scarcely veiled antagonism to Japan, a suspiciousness both of Great Britain's attitude and of her effectiveness in regard to the open door, and an increasing intimacy and confidence in Chino-American relations —have to be reinforced by two other factors of not less weight and consequence. The first is the formal adoption by the American Government in the Far East, as in South America, of the German plan of pushing private trade by every artifice of official and diplomatic assistance. Mr. Taft's endorsement of this device has been often proclaimed, and his insistence upon American participation in the Hankau-Szechuan loan proved that he meant what he said and was determined to act upon it. So long as he is in the White House, and probably for much longer, one may, therefore, take it for granted that American financiers, contractors and concession-hunters and merchants in the Far East will enjoy the resolute backing of their Government, and that all

the knowledge and helpfulness possessed by an alert and highly trained consular and diplomatic service will be placed freely at their disposal. This is a development of very considerable moment because the motive power behind at least three-fifths of the international rivalries over China and Manchuria is the competition for trade. But of equal or even greater importance in shaping the course of American diplomacy at this juncture is the fact that the State Department is presided over by Mr. Knox. In place of the insight and imagination and the unvarying courtesy of Mr. Hay, and of the lucid, patient intelligence of Mr. Root, the world has now to reckon with Mr. Knox. The world, or, at any rate, the world of European diplomacy, has not, I am bound to confess, found the change at all to its taste. In his handling of both South-American and Far-Eastern affairs, Mr. Knox, to the surprise of all who remember him as a grave Constitutional lawyer, has shown a tendency to revert to the hectoring tone and the half-baked impulses that characterized the diplomacy of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Sherman as markedly as they did not characterize the diplomacy of Mr. Hay and Mr. Root. Although he has only been in office for some eighteen months, it is safe to say he has made more mistakes and occasioned more unnecessary and futile trouble than could be charged against his two predecessors during a whole decade. From the Crane episode to the squabble with Russia over the taxation imposed on American citizens by the Russian Railway Company at Kharbin, and onwards to his egregious proposals for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways, Mr. Knox has not once intervened in Far-Eastern affairs without receiving a rebuff, and exposing himself and his country to the laughter and amazement of the world.

The supreme instance of his heedlessness or incapacity was to be found, of course, in his astounding scheme for internationalizing the Manchurian railways. Feeling apparently that the various pledges and conventions that purport to regulate the status of Manchuria were hardly worth the paper they were written on, that Japan was exploiting Southern and Russia Northern Manchuria as though Chinese sovereignty were no more than a convenient fiction, that the door which it was promised should remain open had, in fact, been effectually closed on the outside world, that all forms of development to which Russia and Japan

objected had to be abandoned, that Great Britain was indifferent and China helpless and that Manchuria was rapidly lapsing into a Russo-Japanese preserve, Mr. Knox suggested that the Manchurian railways should be neutralized by sale to China, that the operation should be financed by the five leading Powers, and that the management of the lines should be placed under joint international control. In this way alone, argued Mr. Knox, could equality of commercial opportunity be guaranteed beyond question and Manchuria saved from becoming the cockpit of an international struggle for concessions and privileges. As a matter of mere theory, every one, I think, will agree that it would be better for the tranquillity of the Far East if Manchuria could be taken out of politics. But every one also must recognize that of all the dreams that ever beguiled the fancy of statesmanship this one is surely the least likely of realization, and that its first contact with the realities of the situation would shatter it to pieces. What are those realities? They are, first, that Russia and Japan but a few years ago waged the most terrible war of modern times, largely for the control of the railroad built by Russia under the Chinese concession of 1896; that by the Treaty of Portsmouth that control was divided between them, Russia retaining the northern section in her own hands and ceding the southern portion between Changchun and Port Arthur to Japan; and that since then both Powers have given abundant evidence of the importance they attach to the settlement thus obtained. Mr. Knox's proposals, therefore, while of interest to all Powers with a commercial or political stake in the Far East, peculiarly concerned Russia and Japan. Yet the American Secretary of State omitted to sound either Government in advance before springing his scheme upon the world. Without a moment's warning he launched a programme that contravened not only the Treaty of Portsmouth, but also the Convention with Japan by which the United States bound herself to observe the *status quo* that Mr. Knox now proposed to upset. That in itself was sufficiently startling. But the full inanity of Mr. Knox's adventure could only be revealed by referring to the material issues affected by it. Russia since the war by an immense effort has double-tracked the Trans-Siberian line. Mr. Knox invited her to surrender her control over the Northern Manchurian section, a section some eight hundred miles long, forming the final and vital

link in the Russian chain of connections with the Pacific. Without that link Vladivostok is left in the air, the heart of Siberia, whither Russia is transplanting her surplus population at the rate of a million souls a year, is laid open, the Amur Valley and all the maritime provinces are held on sufferance, and the Russian advance across Asia ends in a fatuous *cul-de-sac*. To ask St. Petersburg, under such circumstances, to abandon her rights of ownership and administration in the Northern Manchurian railway was like asking Great Britain to neutralize the Channel Islands or the United States to renounce its interest in the Panama Canal. For other but not less compelling reasons Japan is and must be equally tenacious of her hold over the line from Changchun to Port Arthur; and the American suggestion that she should vest it in an international board ominously recalled to her the intervention of France, Russia and Germany which robbed her of the fruits of her victory over China. I need say nothing as to the financial aspects of Mr. Knox's scheme or of the probability of its adoption. It never stood a moment's chance of acceptance. It was courteously but summarily rejected by both Tokio and St. Petersburg, and their refusal even to discuss it necessarily carried with it the refusal of the British, French and German Foreign Offices. Even now, after six months of inquiry and reflection, the world has failed to discover a single intelligible principle behind Mr. Knox's *émeute*.

None the less, it has had one important result, a result that a foreseeing American Secretary of State would have done anything rather than help to bring about, a result that is hardly less disastrous to the purposes of American diplomacy than a defeat at sea. In the first week of July the text of a new Russo-Japanese Agreement was published. By the terms of this memorable compact Russia and Japan agree to co-operate in all that concerns the working of their respective railways in Manchuria and to refrain from all rivalry that would prevent the attainment of this object. Both Powers agree to maintain the *status quo* in Manchuria as it has been established by the Treaties and Agreements not only between Russia and Japan, but also—a far-reaching provision, this—between either of these Powers and China. Furthermore, in case anything occurs to endanger the *status quo* the contracting Powers bind themselves to discuss together the measures necessary for its maintenance. Now there were doubtless

many influences at work to bring the antagonists of five years ago into the amicable relationship of which this new agreement is the proof. The recolonization of Manchuria by the Chinese, the absurdity of wasting time and energy on futile contentions over minor matters when both Russia and Japan had tacitly agreed not to renew the major struggle, and the necessity which Russia since the Balkan crisis of eighteen months ago has felt of concentrating in Europe—all this played its part in framing the Convention of July. But no one can doubt that Mr. Knox's proposals powerfully and, indeed, overwhelmingly contributed to the same end. Equally menacing the interests of Russia and Japan, they naturally predisposed those Powers towards concerted action.

I have tried in this article to elucidate the aims and motives of American policy in the Far East as they appear to a foreign and friendly onlooker. If I were to criticise them and to attempt an estimate of their relation to actual facts, I should have a great deal more to say. It would then, for instance, be necessary to show by irrefutable figures that the open door is not being violated in Manchuria by either Russia or Japan, that Great Britain is not by any means as weak or indolent in her Far-Eastern policy as she appears to be to Americans, and that most of the suspicions and apprehensions entertained by Americans are the product of imperfect information. That Manchuria is dominated throughout its length and breadth by Russia's and Japan's rights of ownership in the railways, and that the sheer force of economic pressure is slowly separating the province from China, is true enough. But only a miraculous transformation in the character and material organization of the Celestial Empire, or a war successfully waged against both Russia and Japan, can check the inevitable *dénouement*. The true policy for the United States is to avoid irritating where he cannot hurt and formulating proposals that it is impossible for her to carry out, to recognize that single-handed she can effect nothing, that Germany dare not and China cannot help her, and that her interests will best be served by a policy of cordial co-operation with the Powers in whose hands lies the decisive control of Far-Eastern events.

BRITANNICUS.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

ART.

One must affirm—it is difficult to say whether with more regret or pleasure—that Mr. Huneker offers us, in his "Promenades"* the best American book of contemporary art criticism. The book covers a wide field, sums up a great deal of information and expresses no little justness of opinion. The best of mid-century art is represented with some earlier work, Watteau's, Chardin's, the great Spaniard's and Botticelli's. Mr. Huneker has a temperamental fondness for the Spanish as for the eighteenth century in France. He has a highly cultivated taste for sick souls, unwholesome themes and scandalous characters. There are those who would not serve the devil if it were God's command. Botticelli, he means to do well by, but how can he when he so visibly hankers after the unction of Memling's virgins and openly sympathizes with those connoisseurs who find "evidences of a profounder and more naïve faith in the angular loveliness of the Flemish painters than in all the religious art of Italy and Spain"? It is something, however, to have the discussion of art conducted by one who knows the primitives as well as the *revoltés;* who is familiar with the Russian novelists and the rest of the uncomfortable Northern souls; who is as much at home in literature as art. The wide swathe makes the point of view likelier, the opinions weightier. The opinions here are strictly current opinions, but, as a rule, of the best current. The utter injustice to Manet is borrowed, along with much else, from last year's young French criticism. The difficulty is that with all his borrowing Mr. Huneker does not stop long enough to understand as, for example, where he falls foul of Mr. Berenson for asserting Velasquez's

* "Promenades of an Impressionist." By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

impersonality and of Mr. Ricketts for praising his distinction. Indeed, the whole passage on pages 110 and 111 is what we call in logic a *non sequitur*. It says, in effect, that Mr. Berenson should not have called Velasquez impersonal, because a critic of Spanish art asserts that Morelli's methods are unsound. Any one who understands Morelli's methods knows them to be as applicable to a painter's later manner as to his earlier and to our own day equally. Who has not walked through the annual Academy marking the pupils of Chase, the friends of Sargent? In respect of distinction, there again, as with impressionism, the word has a special significance and stands for a thing apart. If the author of this book does not recognize distinction when he sees it, so much the worse for him. It is quite possible to be a clever journalist and never once encounter it.

However, this book, with its wealth of biographical data, its candid reference to sound authority, is one the amateur cannot spare. It is amusing and more useful than excellent. For, when all is said and done, the book is prejudiced, flippant and sometimes vulgar—too vulgar for citation. It is full of *bon mots manqués*. As the jokes too often belong to a less delicate age than our own, so the epigrams are too often but wrestings from another man's wit, and the stories come in as *mal à propos* as those of the black-faced interlocutor at the end of the minstrel show. Often, indeed, they have the same brassy flavor. The style is harsh and ill tuned. The author translates, with utter nonchalance, whole passages at a time from French critics and sometimes neglects to translate. "The plucked music of a guitar" is candidly nonsense. The phrase "Goya *stems from* Caravaggio" is a violence to the English tongue, though the writer doubtless had in mind the German "*stammt her.*" "*Doublé de*" means lined with and should not come out as "Voltaire doubled by Rabelais"; nor is a red-chalk drawing a *sanguine; luxure* is not luxury; nor is *décor* decoration, but stage-setting; and *canopé* is a sofa and not a canopy, as the author fancies; and what is one to say to a writer who translates *l'anonyme, Gaddiano* as Anonyme Gaddiano? It is like Mr. Anon, who writes so many poems! The English is lax and slipshod throughout and falls down repeatedly in grammar and diction. Only trees, not men, are "umbrageous" safely. Slang cannot take the place of idiom, nor incoherence and loose constructions,

of style, and this the overworked journalists of to-day must learn again as they learned it once in the days of Lamb and Hazlitt. Otherwise we must set in a plea that our art criticisms shall not be written by our Sunday journalists.

It is a matter for great gratulation that Duret should be made accessible in translation. This book* is not so large as to be unwieldy, nor so dear as to be unpurchasable. It offers a large page that says a great deal, and about forty pictures that are surprisingly satisfactory. Modern reproduction, applied to the canvases of impressionists, simply does not reproduce. Too often it merely belies and belittles; at its best, as here, it can but faintly suggest. When the new method of painting is more firmly established; when a few generations have been brought up to see color as alone Manet, by special and divine gift, saw it, then some mechanical way will be devised to record such visual images.

This book furnishes an excellent and sober introduction to the theory of modern painting and the personality of the great Frenchmen of the generation just past. M. Duret knew them all. He sets Manet very high, higher than do most of the younger critics, and recognizes him as the master of them all and shows him in his habit as he lived; peace-loving, yet tempestuous; modest, but conspicuous; absorbed in the personal vision and yet inaugurator of a great movement.

The English of the translation is English and reads like fresh and living thought.

This last collection of critical essays by Camille Mauclair,† on modern painting, chiefly recent, and such allied arts as decoration, electric lights, stage-settings, sculpture, architecture in iron and the beauty of ironclads, is full of material for thought. The tradition of sound criticism remains unbroken in France; even while we in England have only special pleading and specious partisanship or mere irresponsible opinion, M. Mauclair is modern enough in feeling and attitude. He has been the friend, the historian, the apologist of the impressionists, these many

* "Manet and the French Impressionists." By Theodore Duret. Translated by J. E. Crawford Flitch, M.A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1910.

† "*La Beauté des Formes.*" Par Camille Mauclair. Paris: Librarie Universelle, 1909.

years, and he has that clearness and justness of vision which in any age we term classical; and this we assert even though he stands for Strauss's music and Sorolla's paintings.

We find him laying repeated stress on a serious, intellectual art, insisting on the reality of the categories "beautiful" and "ugly"; and again we note the admirable antithesis of "exact" and "true." To know that exactitude is something less, often something quite other than truth, to love beauty in its purity, to adhere as in the very title of his book to the beauty of forms as completely conceived and harmonized—this is to be in the main current of all the best that has been thought and felt in the world.

Mr. Carmichael* is one of those Englishmen who, like a canny lover, does not talk too much about his Italy. Now and then he prints a few desultory pages, which gives the sense of a pleasant, easy temperament as bland in its serene charm as the Tuscan air. It is easier to find those who praise Mr. Carmichael than to come at his books, yet nobody should miss his translation of "The Holy Converse of St. Francis with the Lady Poverty, His Own True Love." In this present volume he discusses the beginnings of the Immaculate Conception in Art, with a delightful pomp of learning and an impressive array of living scholars and ecclesiastics just indicated behind him; he takes a fall out of the seventeenth-century sort of thing for which Murillo set the fashion—the wax-doll creature with her eyes rolled up, her decorations like flowers of gems and muslin, her savor of stale scent. One could wish that while he was on the matter he had given an appendix to another curious presentation of the Blessed Virgin that occurs rarely indeed, but in one case at least, under the attribution of Pier di Cosimo, who painted one of the Immaculate Conceptions that Mr. Carmichael treats of—to that form of altar-piece in brief which can only be catalogued as a Virgin Annunciate, but which fits very ill that category; the Blessed Virgin stands between two saints in ecstatic adoration and the Dove is descending upon her. But the Angel Gabriel is away. Is this really an Annunciation in its symbolic aspect? Certainly it is not in any historical sense. Or is it a tentative presentation

* "Francia's Masterpiece." By Montgomery Carmichael. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1909.

of her as conceived Immaculate in the mind of God before time was? Some scholar and connoisseur must pronounce, and who so fit as Mr. Carmichael?

Sir Walter Armstrong* is a bold man and an impassioned. Only incredible courage could have let him undertake to compress all the art of three kingdoms into 312 small clearly printed, thickly illustrated pages; and let it be said hastily that they are admirable pages, every one, and that the arts are therein compressed. Only inconceivable passion could carry him through such superb claims for the race that he holds a brief for; and by the way, while he is all for the Celts, the British are very near his heart. It is not enough, though it is entirely Irish, to insist that Whistler's art was mainly British, in spite of his American birth, French training and anti-English pose. Nor is it enough to urge that English ivories may be distinguished by their having "more sobriety of conception and earnest simplicity of expression" than the Continent affords. (It is surely a slip of the pen which affirms on page 140 that the casket in the British Museum is not of ivory, but of the bone of the whale—"whale's bone" to our ancestors meant the walrus tooth.)

In England's behalf he likewise possesses himself of Meryon's art, though he writes the word quite wrongly with an accent. Charles Meryon got his name from an English father, but he got nothing else. He is Baudelaire's kin and Gérard de Nerval's. As soon might the Gothic of Notre Dame or Impressionist painting be handed over to the British Isles. The author flings in his net and all is fish that comes to him. "The art of wood-engraving may almost be claimed as an English invention—as practically in Italy and Germany it was a delicate mechanical process at the service of an art." This is midsummer madness! And to feel the admirable quality of the book many discounts must be made.

When some three or four years ago Mr. Berenson† finally published the long-awaited volume on the North Italian Painters, every one savoring to the full, its refined and penetrating addi-

* "Art in Great Britain and Ireland." By Sir Walter Armstrong. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

† "A Sienese Painter of the Franciscan Legend." By Bernhard Berenson. New York: The John Lane Company, 1909.

tions to his theory of æsthetics was still unsatisfied and looked forward the more keenly to what should come next. That fourth volume on Italian Painting was only the close to the quartette of indispensable handbooks. Nowhere have sounder words been written on the æsthetics of painting than the series embodies—nowhere in English, perhaps, any so important. But they are too few. To express the principles is only a part of any demonstration; it remains as well to deduce the consequences, to illustrate and distinguish, to establish and amplify. When a man stands at his ripest hour, with his mind at its best and happiest, then he should offer his best and profoundest thought. The day of little books is past; the time of postscripts has not come. But still Mr. Berenson teases our expectations, and instead of his *magnum opus* reprints a little special study of a very minor painter. To be sure, this unassuming volume hides grave matter; not only does Mr. Berenson reconstruct exquisitely a charming figure that Mr. Langton Douglas discovered for us so few years ago, and reproduce lovely pictures that he himself discovered, he modifies and more than half unsays certain dogmatic utterances of ten or fifteen years ago on the supremacy of Florentine painting and the hopeless inferiority of line to mass. He would hardly, we may judge from this, again dismiss so cursorily the rare genius of Matteo di Giovanni and his mates and forerunners at Siena. And, furthermore, he now deliberately fills out an aspect that the handbooks had left untouched and supplements them superbly with the indication of all that he might discuss in a strictly religious art. Still, this is a mere hint, an adumbration. We caution Mr. Berenson not to dally too long before he offers the firm reality of the great book he owes his generation.

FICTION.

In a charming old-fashioned poem a little girl who has been by night to watch the fairies at work reports that she saw "the drops of water made and the ears of the green corn fill." So one feels in reading "Celt and Saxon";* here one has a book in the making hewn out like Michael Angelo's last sculpture,

* "Celt and Saxon." By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910. (By courtesy of "The Forum" and Mr. Mitchell Kennerley.)

but wanting yet the nicer chisel strokes from the great master's cunning hand. It is rather like meeting Richmond Roy in undress and looking at Diana Warwick in her bones. The novel is there, but not the style. It is not quite the same thing wanting the shifting lights, the dazzling, prismatic play of color and reflection; the divers colored web and the divers colored mind that we did not treasure enough when we had it.

To-day it seems like the unfinished window in Aladdin's palace. Not all the jewels of earth, nor all the earthly craftsmen can fulfil the rich commencement. There is a wealth of situation and a world of character. Patrick, who catches our keenest affection in the first sentence; his brother Philip, who is destined, we divine, to win it away from him; the princess with whom we are all in love, as aforetime with Amelia and Diana; the red-haired heiress who promises to capture us when Beauchamp's bride and Harry Richmond's had left us cold, and thereby to mark her creator's finest triumph over human nature in the cause of right reason—all these cross the stage and then vanish into thin air. Apart from the dramatic quality of the book, it is full of weighty matter, political and social. It is of to-day as completely as "Tono-Bungay" and much more vitally. What the "Egoist" did for man in the family, it promises to do for man in society. We are no longer at the first building of railways or at the Italian Resorgimento, splendid as such issues were; we are deep in the Irish question and organized charity and the problems of overgrown private wealth. We need sorely the wise counsels from a man wiser than his generation if for but two reasons: that he believed in the intangible and the impossible and kept his ear to the ground. Earth never counsels wrong to the fine ear! And what was Meredith's? From the very first chapter, when Patrick approaches the hills under a thunderous sky, there are bits of description as splendid as anything Richard saw or Carinthia Jane, where genius for a moment smelted the ore in the first heat. But more often the metal is not fused, lies all unready for working. The chapter on John Bull, for instance, sound in its wisdom, is tough of fibre and indigestible. Con's foolery wants aërating. Yet here and there the phrase flashes as of old, where, for example, Rodney hung "between gouty blood and luminous brain," or, "wore on his drawn eyelids and tightly drawn upper lip a look of lambent pugnacity,

awake to the challenge, indifferent to the challenge and disdainful of the antagonist." With the wit goes the old-time ripe wisdom: "Women must take the fate of marketable fruit till they can earn their own pennies and then they'll regulate the market." There spoke out the friend of women candidly and kindly. Or, again, an ironic phrase is transcribed from the philosopher's notebook: "Degeneracy is the critical history of the arts."

Yet throughout the incompleteness of the work is felt, and it approves what many lovers of English have long believed, that Meredith's style is as proper to our genius as Virgil's to the Latin and is as excellent in kind. In this novel we have all of Meredith except what some have called the crabbed perversity and some the injudicious prodigality of his style. Lacking this, it seems somewhat of a wraith. There is a neat and comely mind which presents always an ordered loveliness, and its danger is that it may at times run thin. But there is a rich, big, gross sort of mind, splendid and terrible, declining sometimes upon bathos, mounting often to a pride of chase where it can attain and overlook the grand style. Its beauty "hath ever some strangeness in the proportion." Its danger is of clinging too close to clay, Antæus-like, or building up complications too intricate of "cycle on epicycle, orb on orb." Donne's genius was of this sort and so was Meredith's. If obscure it is that they are darkened with excess of light. It is the same Northern strain in the blood that banded the façades of Lombard churches with wild beasts, that carved the capitals of rock-based Benedictine abbeys with gross, grotesque and terrible imaginings, that poised the gargoyles to spy down upon cities from cathedral towers and set the drolleries of the *misereres* under every stall of the choir; this very strain determined Meredith's style, though the other part of him, the Celt, breathed pure fire into the mass, the breath of the finer spirit of life that taught him love and song and landscape.

Meredith's genius was akin to the green and fertile earth, with its rich yield of corn and wine, its capricious and wayward blossoms, its pebbly ways and russet briers. But still more was it like the wind, the cloud-dispeller, the tonic, "that bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof and knowest not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth—even so is every one that is born of the spirit."

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD,
the well-known author, is now a resident of Washington, although much of her life has been passed in Europe. Her writings include "The Knight of the Black Forest," "Little Venice," "The Moving Finger Writes," and "The Letter D." The poems published in this issue of the REVIEW are incidental songs from the long poem "Baldur the Beautiful," now in press.

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was born at Hartford, Connecticut, February 8th, 1878. He is a graduate of Columbia University, which institution gave him both his A.B. and A.M. degrees. He has occupied several important editorial positions. His editorial work has included several volumes of *belles lettres,* notably the "Contemporary Men of Letters" series, and he is the author of "William Cullen Bryant" in the "English Men of Letters" series. He is a contributor to magazines and this REVIEW.

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was born at Padstow, Cornwall, England, fifty-eight years ago. Coming to America in his boyhood, he was trained for the Methodist ministry at Wesleyan University and Drew Theological Seminary. After six years in the pastorate of Methodist Episcopal churches in Brooklyn, he was transferred to Italy, where he was prominently identified with the Methodist mission for eighteen years, at first in Milan and Florence, but chiefly since 1890 in Rome, where he was a leader in the evangelistic and educational propaganda of his church. For his services to Italian education King Umberto, in 1903, conferred upon him the Order of the Cavalliere di SS. Maurizio Lazzaro. In 1904 he was elected a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, his residence being fixed at Zurich. He has general supervision of all the Methodist mission work in Continental countries, including Italy.

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FRIGGA.

FROM "BALDUR THE BEAUTIFUL."

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

GREAT Mother-Heart, one with infinity,
And old when stars were young,
Though all the gods together sang of thee,
The best were still unsung.

The surge of myriad seas is in thy veins.
Thy rhythmic pulses beat
Harmonious with Heaven's eternal strains.
Its winds are in thy feet.

Ruthless as Fate thou art; a fierce typhoon
When worlds thy path defy;
Yet tender as the touch of summer moon
Where sleeping lilies lie.

Oh, love transcendent, vast as breadth and length
Of space beyond the spheres,
And mighty with the garnered grace and strength
Of all the mingled years!

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As o'er the land 'twixt widest east and west
The wings of Day are spread,
So life lies folded to thine ample breast,
Nourished and comforted.

FRIGGA'S DIRGE.

FROM "BALDUR THE BEAUTIFUL."

WEEP, weep for Baldur dead!
For light, for beauty sped!
For fairness from all fair things fled!
Gone is our summer with its flush of flowers,
Its purpled plains,
Its sunset stains.
Gone are its brooks, that babbled in green bowers,
Its misted dawns, its scented dews and showers,
Its rainbowed rains—
The glory of its golden hours
Endarkened wholly.
Gone, gone our light of life and love!
No more the iris-breasted dove,
Melodiously melancholy,
Croons o'er its plaint within the curtained grove.
No daring wing the distance cleaves.
No moth its gossamer shroud unweaves.
No wind-awakened, lisping leaves
Whisper their pleasure o'er and o'er
As Day unbars her lattice door,
Night swooning at her knee;
No more the sunbeam's glittering ball
Rebounds from silver shield and wall,
Drops from the dome o'er Gimli's Hall,
Or flashes from the sea.
No more! no more!

Evil hath laid its curse
Across our universe.
Lost is the god whom we implore.
Gloom and despair
Foul fruitage bear,
And ice sheets cover
The stark worlds over.
Unstarred our eves; unsunned our noons;
Silent our skalds; forgot our runes;
Daytime and night are one.
Adown the desperate years
We call with steadfast tears.
No bitterer Hel can be
Than Heaven, missing thee,
Baldur—our life! our sun!

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

THE NEW POLITICS.

THE ISSUES.

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN.

To a superficial view there is little in the present state of our public affairs to suggest the notion of any marked transition. There are no wars or rumors of wars; even the prophecies and forebodings of that sort of excitement seem to lack conviction. They are but mildly lugubrious, and yield few shudders. Peace reigns—and prosperity, which is tamer still. Nor is there any "malice domestic" that looks particularly threatening. Sectional jealousies, though occasionally stirred, do not leap into flame. Party feeling, as between the two great parties, has seldom been so weak. Exciting and dramatic personal rivalries are equally wanting. There is nothing, for instance, to compare with the long confrontments of Jefferson and Hamilton, of Clay and Jackson, of Douglas and Lincoln. There is, indeed, a vigorous and heated struggle between two factions in one of the great parties, and the two wings of the other great party may soon follow suit and favor us with a set-to; but neither division has as yet gone far enough to produce changes that can be regarded as clearly revolutionary.

But great changes in the political life of a people do not always come violently, dramatically. Some of the greatest have come, like those in nature, quietly. There is, I believe, a feeling among thoughtful men that such a change is in fact coming over our political life to-day; and very good reasons may be given for this view.

Twenty-two years ago, Mr. Bryce, coming to the end of his "American Commonwealth," had this to say about the future:

"America, in her swift onward progress, sees, looming on the horizon and now no longer distant, a time of mists and shadows, wherein dangers

may be concealed whose form and magnitude she can scarcely yet conjecture. As she fills up her Western regions with inhabitants, she sees the time approach when all the best land will have been occupied, and when the land now under cultivation will have been so far exhausted as to yield scantier crops even to more expensive culture. Although transportation may also have then become cheaper, the price of food will rise; farms will be less easily obtained and will need more capital to work them with profit; the struggle for existence will become more severe. And while the outlet which the West now provides for the overflow of the great cities will have become less available, the cities will have grown immensely more populous; pauperism, now confined to some six or seven of the greatest, will be more widely spread; wages will probably sink and work be less abundant. In fact, the chronic evils and problems of old societies and crowded countries, such as we see them to-day in Europe, will have reappeared on this new soil."

More than eighty years ago—that is to say, sixty years before Mr. Bryce's forecast—Macaulay, who never saw America, writing a reply to John Stuart Mill's essay on government, and controverting Mill's view that monarchies and aristocracies are always more rapacious than democracies, introduced this striking passage:

"Despots, we see, do plunder their subjects, though history and experience tell them that, by prematurely exacting the means of profusion, they are in fact devouring the seed-corn from which the future harvest of revenue is to spring. Why then should we suppose that the people will be deterred from procuring immediate relief and enjoyment by the fear of distant calamities—of calamities which perhaps may not be fully felt till the times of their grandchildren? . . . . . .

"The case of the United States is not in point. In a country where the necessaries of life are cheap and the wages of labor high, where a man who has no capital but his legs and arms may expect to become rich by industry and frugality, it is not very decidedly even for the immediate advantage of the poor to plunder the rich; and the punishment of doing so would very speedily follow the offence. But in countries in which the great majority live from hand to mouth, and in which vast masses of wealth have been accumulated by a comparatively small number, the case is widely different. The immediate want is, at particular seasons, craving, imperious, irresistible. In our own time it has steeled men to the fear of the gallows, and urged them on the point of the bayonet. And, if these men had at their command that gallows, and those bayonets, which now scarcely restrain them, what is to be expected? Nor is this state of things one which can exist only under a bad government. . . . Therefore, the better the government, the greater is the inequality of conditions; and the greater the inequality of conditions the stronger are the motives which impel the populace to spoliation. As for America, we appeal to the twentieth century."

The Twentieth Century is upon us. Mr. Bryce named thirty years as the period which, in the opinion of the best judges, still intervened between the America he was writing about and the coming of the time when Americans would find themselves confronted with the questions which had already long beset older and more crowded countries. That period is not yet exhausted; but the pace of our American advance has been accelerated. I think we can hardly doubt that certain new public issues which within the last two or three years have come very swiftly to the front are such as both Mr. Bryce in 1888 and Macaulay in 1829 foresaw that we should ultimately have to face; that they have come to stay; that the present time *is* therefore transitional—much more truly so than many periods which have seemed so mainly because they have been disturbed and exciting. We are not yet, it is true, an old society or a crowded country. But—the frontier is gone. With the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, the famous Senate Committee on Territories becomes a committee on Alaska alone. We are in the situation of a man who, though still very young, has nevertheless reached maturity and come into full possession of his estate; of an estate vast indeed—vaster than that of any of his neighbors—but yet of a vastness no longer incalculable, no longer uncalculated, and which is also appreciably impaired by the waste and extravagance of his youth. We face, therefore, the duties and responsibilities of maturity, of a more careful development and husbandry of our great demesne. The time of boundless anticipation is past. We have, instead, a sure sense of strength, but with it comes also, at last, the sense that even our strength, and our capacity for growth, have their limits. There is as yet no real pinch, no hemming in, no severe pressure or congestion; far from it. But the certainty that these things are in the future is at last borne in upon us by facts and by wise warnings. That is enough, like the young man's first vivid confrontment with the mere knowledge of his limitations, to change our mood. Were we asked if our characteristic cheerfulness and hopefulness is not damped, we might still reply, "Not a jot, not a jot!" But we are indisputably taking up, and ought to be taking up, certain of the problems of "old societies and crowded countries"; and the coming of these new problems, these new issues, has somewhat changed the aspect of certain others which, even with us, are old.

There is much to hearten us as we enter upon the new epoch. As we turn to the questions, new and old, which now confront us, we can feel that certain other questions, certain whole classes of questions, in fact, which have at other times sorely tried free governments, do not now confront us at all. There are, for instance, the political troubles which have sprung from differences in religion—the very bitterest in history. It surely may be counted an immense triumph of democracy that these have for us practically ceased to exist. And it is so, too, with certain other fundamental things. Besides religious freedom, we have freedom of speech and of the press. Some very serious evils have, it is true, appeared in the press. It is badly commercialized. Its tone is frequently very low, and one does not, as a rule, find it governed by any high sense of responsibility. But it is still, as a whole, an invaluable safeguard. Whatever problems we have to face, we can discuss them with very great freedom. We obey Milton's injunction concerning Truth: "Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps." In that alone is an immeasurable security and hope. To say that we are also free from the political troubles and perplexities that spring from differences of race would be going too far. But I think we may say that those troubles and perplexities are to-day less acute, less threatening, less hampering and depressing, than they have ever been before. The sin and blunder of slavery is ended—is even, let us hope, atoned for. The mistake and wrong of Reconstruction is undone. Much, very much, remains to be done by way of adjustment, arrangement, education, justice; but the temper in which we consider these things is vastly improved. I believe that most thoughtful men, if they should examine their own minds concerning this entire matter, would confess themselves more hopeful to-day than they have ever been—more hopeful than, a few decades ago, it seemed possible that they would ever be.

We can, therefore, turn to our new issues exceptionally free-handed, and with the good spirit that comes of substantial progress in free government.

The new issues all have this much in common: They are all at bottom economic, and economic in a very strict derivative sense of the word—all questions of national housekeeping, of the safeguarding, the development, and the distribution of our im-

mense national inheritance. John Sherman said long ago that nine-tenths of the legislation of peace is the legislation of finance, and if finance be taken in its fullest meaning that is truer to-day than when he said it. I am not sure that it has not also always been true; but the rapid and revolutionary development of the means, and the swift widening of the scale, of production and transportation—the marvellous extension of the principle of combination into every branch of industry and business—this change has transformed bewilderingly the entire field with which economic legislation must deal. It is not merely that we are approaching "the problems of old societies and crowded countries." Those problems have taken on for us new aspects, aspects hardly known elsewhere, and a truly American vastness of range. We can and should profit by a close study of European and Asiatic experience. The way we are at last coming to study that experience is perhaps the most convincing, as it is the most natural, manifestation of our changing temper. But the guidance we can get from the older countries, however valuable, is limited. There are things we must work out for ourselves—in which we must ourselves be guides and pioneers; for the new industry, the new ways in business and finance, are much farther advanced with us, and much more firmly established, than with the older peoples.

The particular new issue on which we can get the most guidance from Europe, and which is therefore the simplest of all, is that of conservation. To call that issue a question would be a misnomer. It is not a question at all — unless there is a question between economy and extravagance. To state it should be, so far as public opinion is concerned, to answer it. No one, I suppose, would have the hardihood to affirm that we ought to waste our patrimony instead of husbanding it, or that we ought to consume those natural resources which, like the forests and the soil's energy, are capable of self-maintenance and of increase, faster than they can be restored. The only question should be of ways and means, and concerning these it will be some time before we exhaust the enlightenment to be got from European experience. The very recent date of the beginnings of scientific forestry among us is perhaps the best illustration of how much we can learn and must learn from that experience—and of how amazingly we have

neglected it. It is hardly twenty years since Mr. Pinchot and the other pioneers began their work in this country; but in Germany, in France, in Switzerland, the care and culture of the forests have been a national concern for centuries. Their systems were thorough and elaborate before ours was begun. The German forests are valued at half a billion dollars. The French forests yield annually an average of two dollars the acre. Those of Switzerland are, if anything, even more carefully conserved and cultivated. With us, there was actually no law whatever providing for forest reservations until 1891. In the matter of the national conservation of the use of water-power, we have in the example of Switzerland a still more admirable—a practically perfect—object-lesson. There is not a considerable waterfall in the Alps whose force is not carefully calculated. Already a great part of the light and heat and power used by the Swiss people is supplied by government from this source.

Concerning these things, therefore, there is hardly a question; but there is an issue; there is a conflict, a struggle; and the violence and magnitude and difficulty of it are greater than anywhere else in the world. That is so because nowhere else in the world are private interests so well organized or so powerful, and nowhere else have they had such opportunities to acquire control of the various means of wealth. There is thus an issue, more and more sharply defined, between the permanent public weal and the selfishness of individuals and groups. The mere wastefulness of the public itself, culpable as it has of course been, does not seriously threaten to turn into that spoliation by the people which Macaulay apprehended; but the accumulation of vast wealth by a few, which he also predicted,—that has come, and on a scale beyond his wildest dream. There has also come a massing together of both great and little accumulations, and an organization of capital and industry under a few heads, which he apparently did not foresee at all, so that the struggle is not so much against the appetites and immediate desires of the mass of the people as it is a struggle on behalf of the people against the combinations. To take an instance which at once suggests itself, the lumber kings were not so slow as the rest of us to see how rapidly the country was being deforested. Mr. Pinchot did not need to take violent measures to arouse them to the situation. Mr. Pinchot, in fact, taught them nothing on the

subject. They had already looked ahead, and were buying timber lands everywhere. Whether or not a similar concerted effort has been made to monopolize the country's water-power has been questioned; but it can hardly be questioned that, law and usage remaining what they are, the same forces which have made for monopoly and against competition in other things—in steel, in mineral oil, in anthracite coal, and the rest—will accomplish this huge monopoly as well.

The swift and universal rise of prices from which we now suffer will be really a blessing if it shall serve to awaken us completely to the actual state of industry and exchange among us. Our awakening to the necessity of economy, of conservation, important as it is in itself, is still but a part of the greater awakening to the true extent of the changes that have come about in our industrial life; it is but a rubbing of the eyes to what we shall see when we are fully aroused. The field is so vast that only a superficial glance at the main features of the new order is here possible; but sometimes the swift eye-sweep will yield enlightenment not to be won by a minute and piecemeal observation.

The most striking and important fact—a fact which is in a way inclusive of the whole matter—is this: Competition, as we have known it in the past, the kind of competition on whose existence and continuance our law and usage concerning industry and concerning property are largely based, is breaking down. From many industries it has already practically disappeared. Take any one of dozens of articles of general consumption, and thorough investigation will very likely disclose that real and vital competition no longer prevails in its production or in its transportation or in its wholesale or even its retail distribution. From whomsoever one buys it, one is really patronizing a trust or other combination. A combination of manufacturers makes it, a combination of common carriers fixes the charges for transporting it to the market, the original combination names the terms on which the retail dealers may handle it—the main condition frequently being that they shall not handle competing products at all—and the ultimate consumer is lucky if a combination of the dealers themselves does not fix the minimum price at which he can buy it. That such combinations of mere retailers exist in the great centres, and that there exists also the control or owner-

ship of groups and chains of shops by the manufacturers themselves, has for some time been known. If our present investigations of prices go deep enough and far enough, I am sure they will also disclose such combinations in the smaller communities as well. The dependence of ordinary shopkeepers on the trusts or other combinations which supply their particular wares—such, for instance, as that of the butchers on the meat trust—is so wide-spread that in this respect the old law of competition has been, in large measure, not merely nullified but reversed. Instead of individual manufacturers competing for sales to individual shopkeepers, who in turn compete among themselves for the consumers' favor, we have the shopkeepers compelled to restrict their business to the products of a group of manufacturers and taking their revenge by themselves combining against the consumer. The consumers, in fact, seem to be the only industrial group which has so far failed altogether to combine.

Illustrations are so abundant that one hesitates which to choose. Perhaps the tobacco business, since it was one of the first to yield to the principle of combination, will do as well as any other; but what is true of that business is true of so many others that it is necessary, in justice, to emphasize that it is taken merely as an illustration—that nothing invidious is meant by the choice.

The history of that business since the principle of combination, the trust principle, was first applied to it exhibits plainly all the features of the new order which have been mentioned, except, possibly, the voluntary combination of the retail dealers in particular communities. There was first practically unlimited competition among the manufacturers, then the union of several companies in a corporation stronger than any of its rivals; then the sort of competition that never lasts, and which led simply to successive absorptions of all sorts of independent concerns by the original combination, the names of the various independent brands being, however, frequently retained; then the invasion by the trust of branches of the business in which it had not originally engaged; then—or perhaps sooner—the taking of measures for the control of the retail trade, such as the setting up of chain stores and the practical compelling of retail dealers to handle only the trust's wares. Other means to overcome competition were doubtless employed, but these were the chief. And they

have been so effective as to leave the consumer in large measure at the mercy of the combination. If he insists on buying a particular brand of tobacco formerly manufactured by independents, he is very likely to find either that it is no longer manufactured at all or that it is now really manufactured by the trust—in which case the quality of the product has very probably been changed. Of course, some independent concerns are still doing business, and it is always possible to obtain their wares if the consumer prefers them and is willing to take the trouble to use the mails. The monopoly is not complete. But in respect of by far the greater part of the demand for tobacco in all its various forms it has almost come to the point where the men in control of the bulk of the business can say to the consumer: "You can no longer choose for yourself what you will have. You must take what we supply."

Again let me repeat that I have mentioned this business merely as an illustration. Many other industries that would serve equally well as illustrations instantly come to mind. In fact, what does not come promptly to mind, what is getting harder and harder to find, is the industry, the business, of which what is true of this one is not either already true or plainly by way of becoming true. One can scarcely pick up a paper without encountering the announcement that the same principle has been extended in some form to some new field. A combination of "general" stores in certain cities, and a practically nation-wide combination of bakeries, are the freshest instances. It is impossible not to feel that the tendency is so universal as to mean unmistakably a new industrial order.

What does the change mean for the individual, not as consumer, not as in any sense a mere observer or outsider, for that can be the lot only of a number so small as to be negligible, but as a part and member, an industrial unit, of the new order, the new system? Clearly, it means, and it must continue to mean until the system is somewhat modified in the interest of the individual, less independence, a narrower range of opportunity. There is no reason to believe that it means on the whole less comfort or a lowered standard of living. The contrary is more probably true. The economies in most of the combinations doubtless outnumber and outweigh the losses, not from the point of view of the producers only, but from that of the entire community

as well. Neither does the change mean that the man of ability and ambition cannot rise. He can. A policy of promotions for merit is plainly to the interest of every great business. The great combinations have almost universally adopted that policy, and they follow it far more consistently than government does. That is a principal reason why they are so well served. But that these things are so does not rid us of the fact that the coming of the new order has meant a real loss of independence, of industrial freedom, to the great mass of individuals. Their chance to rise is a chance to rise in but one way—by obedience to the laws of the systems to which they belong; and in the making of those laws they have had no voice. There is real independence only at the top; and to reach the top is beyond the hopes of any but a very, very few. In this respect the new order is, perhaps, more like the military system than anything else. Clearly, it is less democratic, less in accord with the democratic ideal, less conducive to the democratic spirit and temper, than the old.

But to get a fuller conception of the change, and how great it is, we must go higher. We must go to the source of initiative and control in business as it has come to be carried on in America; that is to say, to the men who direct the capital of the country. For the principle of combination has certainly not withheld itself from the sources of industrial energy any more than it has from particular industries. Of the announcements of mergers and combines which one sees so constantly, none are more significant than those concerning banks and trust companies in the great centres. To these there have also of late been added reports from the West of the formation of chains of banks in the smaller places, covering whole States or parts of two or three States—not the branch bank arrangement of England and Canada, but veritable bank trusts, controlling the main supply of capital for great regions. I suppose it was the insurance investigations of a few years ago that first revealed how it has been possible for a few great capitalists to get control of the accumulated savings of hundreds of thousands of people of small means. Those investigations did not, however, lead to any comprehensive plan for arresting the process. It has not stopped, but gone on. According to a recent estimate, a single great banking concern is charged with the practical direction of some six billion dollars, variously invested—in manufactures, in banking, in transporta-

tion, in mines, in many other ways. To say that we already have a dominant, all-controlling money trust would be going too far. But it is not too much to say that the forces of the age make for such a consummation, that, our law and usage remaining as they are, that also is fairly sure to come about.

The possibility, taken with the vastness of our extent and our wealth, is staggering. Four centuries ago, the Medici were masters of Florence because they were supreme there in finance; but Florence at her best was but a city of perhaps one hundred thousand inhabitants, with a territory far smaller than that of our average single State. If, therefore, the Medici could make themselves so great a place in history, and play so great a part in the life of their time, what might not they do who should establish even a like control over the limitless industry, the incalculable opulence, of America? In the presence of such power, how could democracy survive? Such power could go far to corrupt the press. Less power has, in fact, already gone far to corrupt the press. Less power has already corrupted Legislatures; has suborned executives; has reached even the courts. But these indirect and vile ways are not the only ways, perhaps not the most truly effective ways, in which such power would work to the undoing of democracy. When we shall have substituted the new order for the old *régime* of competition and free individual initiative in all the great industries, when every one of them shall be organized into a single system under a single-headed control, and there shall be set above them all the money-lenders, the financiers, themselves brought into an equal solidarity, we will have gone far to deprive democracy of the very air which it must breathe to live. We will have denied to the mass of individuals the use and practice of self-dependence, self-direction, the wont and exercise and habit of freedom, without which they cannot fit themselves either to win it or preserve it.

Here, I repeat, is but the merest glance at the new conditions; the merest flirting aside of the curtain. But it may, I think, be sufficient to enable us to formulate the chief of the new issues. We are confronted, let us say, with the problem of adapting the democratic principle to conditions that did not exist when our American democracy arose in the world: that is to say, to a field no longer unlimited, to opportunities no longer boundless, and to an industrial order in which competition is no longer the con-

trolling principle, an industrial order which is, therefore, no longer democratic, but increasingly oligarchical, which may even become, in a way, monarchical, dynastic. To save itself politically, democracy must therefore become aggressively industrial; it must somehow extend itself into that field. Plainly, therefore, "*laissez-faire*" can no longer be its watchword. That was the watchword of the *régime* of competition. Democracy's task is twofold; it must secure for the State, the public, the people, some kind of effective, ultimate control over the natural sources of all wealth; and it must also secure, in an industrial system no longer controlled by competition, protection and opportunity for the individual.

That twofold task and battle will not be easy. Democracy, in fact, has never faced a harder, a more complicated struggle. Ere she come through it victorious, she will have need to call upon the names of all her saints, to hearten herself with the memories of the deeds of all her heroes. For privilege, driven from the Church, hurled from the throne, has here in America made her seat and stronghold in the market-place, and fortified it with such a skill and energy as were never before spent in her service. We may hope that if it be taken it will prove her last. But we cannot feel that it will be easily taken; we cannot even hope to take it by the methods of our past fighting against oppression.

That ancient warfare must, in fact, be begun all over again, and with new tactics, new strategy. In the presence of the overshadowing new issue, many of the old issues will be altered, reshaped. The old struggle over the tariff will be less and less a mere matter of conflicting sectional issues, less and less a matter of contrary economic theories, more and more a part and phase of the great struggle between democracy and privilege in industry. The old constitutional questions, many of which we have fondly thought forever settled, will reappear in new forms, and many new ones will also arise. Instead of being at the end of the period of great constitutional controversies, we are at the beginning of a new set of such controversies, deeper and more difficult than any that have come before. The rights and powers both of the States and the nation must be scrutinized afresh. We shall be lucky, indeed, if we can stop with mere constitutional decisions and adaptations and changes. Before the

end, we may well have to go back farther still, and find for the common law itself, if not new principles, at any rate, new formulas. For I doubt if we shall end before we have revised many of what we have thought our fundamental conceptions of property and of human rights.

I doubt, indeed, if Democracy alone is in danger, if Democracy alone is the sole matter of the argument, the true stake of the contest. They that enlist in the new war, though they begin as defenders of Democracy only, may find before the end that they are in truth fighting in a still holier cause and can take their inspiration from a still greater name. Liberty, to save herself and all her immemorial winnings, must come herself into the field. And she cannot come as when, in the past, she has come to lift up peoples abased by kingly or aristocratic oppression or crushed by armies or yoked with the yoke of priestly bigotry. Coming now to lift up a people bowed down before the face of wealth, she must take on a new aspect, cry new invocations, learn new ways of warfare. She must get new weapons and a new armor. It may even be that she must wear a new face and form, and find for herself some other beauty than that with which, for so many ages, she has won to her hard service the noblest of mankind.

William Garrott Brown.

THE TWO PRAGMATISMS.*

BY VERNON LEE.

". . . The first part of the essay, however, is occupied with showing that, if Truth consists in satisfaction, it cannot be any *actual* satisfaction, but must be the satisfaction which *would* ultimately be found if the inquiry were pushed to its ultimate and indefeasible issue. This, I beg to point out, is a very different position from that of Mr. Schiller and the pragmatists of to-day . . . Their avowedly undefinable position, if it be not capable of logical characterization, seems to me to be characterized by an angry hatred of strict logic, and even some disposition to rate any exact thought which interferes with their doctrines as all humbug. . . It seems to me a pity they should allow a philosophy so instinct with life to become infected with seeds of death in such notions as that of the unreality of all ideas of infinity and that of the mutability of truth, and in such confusions of thought as that of active willing (willing to control thought, to doubt, and to weigh reasons) with willing not to exert the will (willing to believe)."*

In the following pages I shall try, in vulgar parlance, to show up what is nowadays being rather pressed upon our acceptance than offered for our inspection, under the ambiguous name of "Pragmatism." I would therefore premise that I am by no means attacking all the ideas connected with the doctrine so called, nor even the bulk thereof. The peculiarity of Pragmatism is (as I hope to demonstrate) its tactics of advancing untenable propositions and falling back upon received ones; its shuffling the principle which is hard to accept in a handful of principles we have willingly accepted; its medium-like device (for only successive metaphors can illustrate habits so Protean) of slipping a hand out of the seemingly unbroken circle of concatenated thought, in order to produce all manner of new and desirable

* Charles S. Peirce, "Hibbert Journal," Vol II, No. 1 (Oct., 1908), pages 111, 112.

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manifestations. And, for this reason, two-thirds of all that Pragmatists adduce is not only a re-statement —sometimes a really improved and enlarged re-statement—of their opponents' views, but embodies, most admirably stated, the very arguments those opponents have used against them. Indeed, as we shall see, the name of Pragmatism is now taken by a doctrine which the inventor of that name, the much-quoted and little-read Charles Sanders Peirce, forestalled only to denounce and demolish it.

The result of all this is that I wish to premise that I am attacking, not certain books, with two-thirds of whose contents I concur; still less certain writers from whose analytic talent (in the case of Mr. F. C. Schiller), from whose wide-sweeping genius (in the case of Professor W. James) I have derived so much advantage; least of all, the whole mass of doctrine labelled Pragmatism. I am attacking the views which put Pragmatism and Pragmatists in opposition to every other existing or conceivable philosophy. Or, rather, I am attacking a particular temperament which, imported into philosophy from wholly different fields of thought, tests truth by the standards of worldly practicality, of moral edification, and of religious sentiment, and thereby passes off as *true* what may be merely useful or inspiriting delusions, merely practically serviceable, emotionally satisfying, or morally commendable, figments.

For, at the bottom of this kind of Pragmatism, which the more illustrious of its two promoters has associated with the expression "Will-to-believe"*—at the bottom of Will-to-believe Pragmatism

* Professor James seems anxious to withdraw the expression "will-to-believe"—telling us ("Pragmatism," page 258) that he "unluckily" gave that name to an essay of which the critics (presumably the present writer in a "Fortnightly" article, reprinted in "Gospels of Anarchy") neglected the meaning in order to "pounce down on the title." Professor James, in the same place, now defines the subject of that essay as the "Right-to-Believe." "Right to believe," in plain English, usually means the existence of an intellectual alternative, *i. e.:* "In the face of So-and-so's evidence, I have the right to believe that what happened was this." Or else the absence of coercion by the State: "in this country, people have the right to believe as they choose": *i. e.*, differences of opinion are tolerated by the laws and customs. What Professor James argued for in that "Will-to-Believe" essay was the expediency, the occasional personal or moral advantage (exemplified by the courage of men who *believe* they can resist brigands, and the difference in our conduct due to religious belief) of accepting a hypothesis on other than intellectual grounds. Of these he wrote ("Will to Believe" page 9): "It is only our dead hypotheses that our willing nature is unable to bring to life again. . . . When I say 'willing nature,' I do not mean only such deliberate volitions as may have set up habits of belief that we cannot

there exist the psychological recognition of the inevitable presence, and the moralist's recognition of the occasional utility, of ideas, of opinions, of beliefs, which have not passed muster as *true;* the recognition that conduct is frequently based, and can sometimes be based with advantage, on what has not yet been tested as true, on what has not stood the test of truth, or what it is only wished should be true: viz., hypotheses, assumptions, misconceptions, misstatements, ambiguities, delusions and deceptions, a large proportion of which appears inevitable and perhaps indispensable in the life of the individual and of the race. The recognition and partial rehabilitation of this particular *not-true* element would show the superior acumen and superior sincerity of modern psychology and of modern ethics. Indeed, the progress of mental science and of utilitarian morals might culminate in some bolder Nietzsche proclaiming that truth is by no means the one thing requisite; that life has been rendered liveable, and morality itself floated and ballasted only by a fortunate output of figment.

But the "Will-to-Believe" Pragmatists are not bolder than Nietzsche. They are, on the contrary (as persons concerned with practicality should be), most remarkably attached to consequences, to workable systems and moral edification, and, for the benefit of these, they are most conspicuously careful of not coming into open collision with established prejudices. Now, while *truth* is by no means always necessary for advantageous and commendable practice, *untruth* or *non-truth* (under any of its varieties and synonyms furnished forth by the invaluable Roget) happens to be hampered by a tiresome and paradoxical peculiarity: its utility, nine times out of ten, depends upon hiding its own status and keeping up the credit of truth. A hope is not a hope, a fear is not a fear, once either is recognized as unfounded. An ambiguity is acceptable only if it is accepted in one of its ambiguous meanings. A delusion is delusive only so long as it is not known to be

now escape from. I mean all such factors of belief as fear and hope, prejudice and passion, imitation and partisanship, the circumpressure of our caste and set." This "willing nature" is, presumably, what Professor James referred to in his title "Will-to-Believe." And as the only change made in his subsequent books is the addition of "truth" as well as "belief" being dependent on such action of our "willing nature," I consider it fair to continue to designate his particular kind of Pragmatism by that ex-title of his, "Will-to-Believe," which I always take in the sense of "willing nature" as defined in the above passage.

one. A mistake can be built upon only so long as it is not suspected; and that consoling, encouraging, sometimes salutary and edifying figment which Ibsen christened "Vital Lie" can be life-enhancing or life-saving only when it is mistaken for a "Vital Truth."

The psychologists and moralists who, under the name of Pragmatists, are teaching the unavoidable presence and the practical benefits of a Will-to-Believe, have therefore veiled in judicious silence the disconcerting, the dangerous, the immoral fact that error, delusion and deception, when born of human needs and purposes, are occasionally efficacious in directing human decisions, in regulating human conduct and in making human life possible. The Pragmatists have refused to proclaim the *value of what is possibly not true,* and they have applied themselves to identifying *that which possesses value* with *truth* itself. This they have done by laying hold of a philosophical principle to which its earliest formulator, Mr. Charles Sanders Peirce, had given the name of "Pragmatism"; and by converting this principle, by endless moves revoked whenever detected, into the very thing which that proto-Pragmatist had invented Pragmatism to expose, disprove, confute and reduce forever to silence.

Let us follow this process, and in so doing obtain, not merely a knowledge of the chief peculiarities of Will-to-Believe Pragmatism, but an insight also into the "Will-to-Believe," the Pragmatistic temper of mind and methods.

Professor James heralds his exposition of the pragmatic principle by telling us that, although only formulated by Mr. Peirce in the article entitled "How to Make Things Clear," it has been tacitly applied by the chief masters of British thought. He writes ("Varieties of Religious Experience," page 443):

"The guiding principle of British philosophy has in fact been that every difference must *make* a difference, every theoretical difference issue in a practical difference, and [that] the best method of discussing points of theory is to begin by ascertaining what practical difference would result from one alternative or the other being true. What is the particular truth in question known as? In what facts does it result? What is its cash-value in terms of particular experience? This is the characteristic English way of talking up a question. In this way, you remember, Locke talks up the question of personal identity: 'What you mean by it is just your chain of particular memories,' says he. *That is the only verifiable part of its significance.* All further ideas

about it, such as the oneness or the manyness of the spiritual substance on which it is based are, therefore, void of intelligible meaning, and propositions touching such ideas may be indifferently affirmed or denied. So Berkeley with his 'Matter.' The cash-value of matter is our physical sensations. That *is what it is known as,* all that we concretely verify of its conception. That, therefore, is the whole meaning of the term 'Matter'; any other pretended meaning is mere wind of words. Hume does the same thing with Causation. It is known as habitual antecedence, and as tending on our part to look for something definite to come. Apart from this *practical meaning* it has no significance whatever and books about it may be committed to the flames, says Hume."

Throughout this quotation we are shown the pragmatic method applied to ascertain the contents of a thought as a preliminary to testing that thought's truth. Professor James represents Locke and Berkeley and Hume as refusing to discuss severally Human Identity, Matter and Causation, except in so far as each of these words can be translated into terms of experience. Pragmatism is being employed, as the title of Mr. Peirce's famous article has it, "to make our ideas clear." The expression "practical difference" means in this connection *difference in the facts, in the experience, implied in the definition:* so when we say that the concept "match," implying the property of igniting, *cæteris paribus,* on friction with a specified surface, we verify whether a certain object is a match by rubbing it, *cæteris paribus,* against such a surface and watching whether it does or does not ignite. "Practical difference" refers to our real or imagined experiment, and the "cash-value in terms of experience" means the translation of an abstract statement into such inferred results as will by their happening or not happening declare whether that abstract statement is in the particular relation to objective reality which we designate as *truth.* The pragmatic method, as Professor James represents it as practised by these philosophical worthies, is based upon the recognition that the idea of a thing implies *qualities in the thing,* and that the *qualities of a thing* are a convenient name given to our prevision of *how that thing will, under specified circumstances, act.* The *practical difference* referred to is a difference in the mode of proceeding *of the thing discussed;* whether or not there ensues a *practical difference* in the action of ourselves or other folk, in the action of any except that *particular discussed thing,* is a totally separate question. The "Pragmatic Principle," as exemplified in Professor James's account of its

application by Locke, Berkeley and Hume, is, therefore, neither more nor less than the formula of scientific thinking, in contradistinction to such discussion of mere meaningless words as has been not unfairly reproached to "metaphysics." Thus understood, the "Pragmatic Principle" of Mr. Peirce, the formula of "cash-value in experience," would, no doubt, have interested the philosophers already mentioned, and those others, particularly the Mills and Bain, whom Professor James enumerates as having been pragmatical without knowing it. It would have interested also that most suggestive and genial man of science, the writer of William James's great "Psychology" and of so many invaluable *obiter dicta* even in the works intended to convert us to the Will-to-Believe. But when it comes to that particular Professor William James who has distinguished himself by the invention of the "Will-to-Believe," there seems no reason for his feeling particularly attracted, but rather (as we shall see later on) for his being particularly alienated, by the "Pragmatic Principle" and the "Cash-value in terms of experience" when interpreted in the above manner. For, the Pragmatic Principle and, more particularly, its Cash-value formulation are open also to another interpretation.

"Practical difference" may also be taken as meaning difference in the actions or habits of human beings, difference such as concerns practical persons in contradistinction to thinkers and investigators—for instance, educators and legislators, bent upon directly furthering prosperity and good behavior. Or, in other words, "practical difference" may be taken in the sense of implying such practice as is no longer the *test* of an opinion, but the *application* of an opinion once accepted, whether previously tested or not. The two meanings of "Practical Difference" are very near together, indeed in continual intercommunication, since everybody must admit that "practical difference," implying safe and desirable decisions about conduct, often follows upon the recognition of such "practical difference" between ideas as we have previously spoken of; nay, that though some of our *practical differences in conduct* happen to be due to our *not* knowing the *practical differences between what is and what is not true,* as when (so Professor James often urges) we *wager,* we *take risks* in which the gain is great and the loss trifling; yet the majority of our *practical* decisions are undoubtedly founded upon ourselves

or some one else having "made ideas clear" and tested suppositions by actual or supposed experiment. Indeed, the two meanings of "practical difference" are in such close proximity that the thought of even "the maker clear of our ideas," of even Mr. Peirce himself, has occasionally wavered between the two.

Since, in that very article "How to Make Our Ideas Clear," we come upon the following ambiguous developments of that ambiguous expression "practical":

"To develop its meaning we have . . . simply to determine: what habits it produces; for what a thing means simply is simply what habits it involves" (page 292).

"What then is belief? . . . it involves the establishment in our nature of a rule of action, or, say, for short, *a habit*" (page 291).

"The essence of belief is the establishment of a habit, and different beliefs are distinguished by the different modes of action to which they give rise" (page 291).

"There is no distinction of meaning so fine as to consist in anything but a possible difference of practice" (page 293).

It is this ambiguity in Mr. Peirce's words, if not in his thought, which probably commended the "Pragmatic Principle" to Professor James.

It is the object of the following pages,* not to discuss the intrinsic merits of the "Pragmatic Principle," but to expose the "development or transmogrification" of the Pragmatism of

* This article had been already begun when Mr. Peirce published the following passage in an article in the "Hibbert Journal," (Oct., 1908): "In 1871, in a Metaphysical Club in Cambridge, Massachusetts, I used to preach this principle as a sort of logical gospel, representing the unformulated method followed by Berkeley, and in conversation about it I called it 'Pragmatism.' In December, 1877, and January, 1878, I set forth the doctrine in the 'Popular Science Monthly'; and the two parts of my essay were printed in French in the '*Revue Philosophique*,' vols. VI and VII. Of course, the doctrine attracted no particular attention, for, as I had remarked in my opening sentence, very few people care for logic. But in 1897 Professor James remodelled the matter, and transmogrified it into a doctrine of philosophy, some parts of which I highly approved, while other and more prominent parts I regarded, and still regard, as opposed to sound logic. About the time Professor Papirie discovered, to the delight of the Pragmatist school, that this doctrine was incapable of definition, which would certainly seem to distinguish it from every other doctrine in whatever branch of science, I was coming to the conclusion that my poor little maxim should be called by another name; and accordingly, in April, 1905, I renamed it 'Pragmaticism.' I had never before dignified it by any name in print, except that, at Professor Baldwin's request, I wrote a definition of it for his 'Dictionary of Psychology and Philosophy.' I did not insert the word in the 'Century Dictionary,' though I had charge of the philosophical definitions of that work; for I have a perhaps exaggerated dislike of *réclame*."

"How to Make Our Ideas Clear" into the Pragmatism of the Will-to-Believe and of the Making of Truth. And, while doing this, we shall incidentally afford the reader an example of the application of the Pragmatic method itself. Like Locke asking the meaning of "Human Identity," like Berkeley asking the meaning of "Matter," like Hume asking the meaning of "Causation," we humble people will, in our turn, ask the meaning of "Practical Difference," and test it by examining whether the attitude toward *opinion and truth* taken up by Mr. Peirce is the same attitude as that taken up toward *opinion and truth* by Professor James and Mr. Schiller, or whether the difference in the resulting attitude does not prove a corresponding difference between the "Pragmatic Principle" as intended by Mr. Peirce, and the "Pragmatic Principle" as employed by Mr. Peirce's ostensible disciples:

"Consider what effects, which might conceivably have practical bearings, we conceive the object of our conception to have. Then *our conception of these effects* [italics mine] *is the whole of our conception of the object.*" "A figment is the product of somebody's imagination; it has such characters as his thought impresses upon it (A). That whose characters are *independent of how you or I think* [italics mine] is an external reality." (A) "Thus we may define the real as that whose characters are *independent of what anybody may think them to be.*" (B) "These minds do not seem to believe that disputation is ever to cease; they seem to think that *the opinion which is natural for one man is not so for another,* and that belief will consequently never be settled. In contenting themselves with fixing their own opinion by a method which would lead another man to a different result, (A) *they betray their feeble hold of the conception of what truth is.* On the other hand, all the followers of science are fully persuaded that the processes of investigation, *if only pushed far enough, will give one certain solution to every question* to which they can be applied. . . . *Different minds may set out with the most antagonistic views,* but the progress of investigation carries them *by a force outside* of themselves to one and the same conclusion. (A) This *activity of thought by which we are carried, not where we wish, but to a fore-ordained goal, is like the operation of destiny.* No modification of the point of view taken, no selection of other facts for study, no natural bent of mind, can enable a man to escape the predestinate opinion. This great law is embodied in the conception of truth and reality.

(A) "The opinion which is fated to be *ultimately agreed to by all who investigate* is *what is meant by truth,* and the object represented in this opinion is the real. (A) That is the way I would explain reality." "But it may be said that this view is opposed to the abstract

definition which I have given of reality, inasmuch as it makes the character of the real to depend on what is ultimately thought about them. But the answer to this is that, on the other hand, reality is independent, not necessarily of thought in general, but only of what you or I or any finite number of men may think about it; and that, on the other hand, though the object of the final opinion depends on what that opinion is, yet (B) *what that opinion is* does not depend on what you or I or any man thinks." (C) "Our perversity and that of others may indefinitely postpone the settlement of opinion; it might even conceivably cause an arbitrary proposition to be universally accepted as long as the human race should last. Yet even that would not change the nature of the belief which could alone be the result of investigation carried sufficiently far; and if, after the extinction of our race, another should arise with faculties and dispositions for investigation, that true opinion must be the one which they would ultimately come to. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, and *the opinion which would finally result from investigation does not depend on how anybody may actually think*" [italics mine]. "A person who arbitrarily chooses the proposition he will adopt can use the word 'truth' only to emphasize the expression of his determination to hold to his choice."*

These quotations from "How to Make Our Ideas Clear" (to which might be added others from the essays constituting the first and third instalments of the series "Illustrations of the Logic of Science") display Mr. Peirce's attitude of mind regarding the relations of "truth" with what Professor James calls our "willing nature"—and which it is convenient to call by his essay title "Will-to-Believe." The following quotations display the attitude on this subject of the two chief philosophers who have accepted Mr. Peirce's principle and name of Pragmatism. I letter both sets of quotations, in order to facilitate the comparison between them.

Schiller: "Studies in Humanism," page 18:

(B) "Two men, therefore, with different fortunes, histories and temperaments, *ought not* to arrive at the same metaphysic . . . each should react *individually* on the food for thought which his *personal life* affords, and the resulting differences *ought not* to be set aside as void of ultimate significance." (Italics in the original.)

Schiller: "Axioms as Postulates—Personal Idealism," page 59:

(A) "What we have seen to be untrue, viz.: that there is an objective world given independently of us and constraining us to recognize it."

* C. S. Peirce, "Illustration of the Logic of Science: II. How to Make Our Ideas Clear" ("Popular Science Monthly," New York, Appleton & Co., No. LXIX, January, 1878, pages 286 to 302).

Schiller: "Studies in Humanism," page 189:

(A) "He (the Pragmatist) thinks that the coerciveness of 'fact' has been enormously exaggerated by failure to observe that it is never sheer coercion but always mitigated by his acceptance."

Schiller: "Studies in Humanism," page 208:

(A) (Pragmatic truth) "is fluid, not rigid, temporal and temporary, not eternal and everlasting; *chosen, not inevitable;* born of passion and sprung (like Aphrodite) from a foaming sea of desires, not 'dispassionate' nor 'purely intellectual'; incomplete, not perfect; fallible, not inerrant; absorbed in the attaining of what is not yet achieved; purposive and struggling towards ends."

Schiller: "Axioms as Postulates—Personal Idealism," page 120:

(B) "What are these mechanical explanations which have so successfully occupied the fertile field of science? They are devices of our own . . . ideals conceived by our intelligence to which we are coaxing reality to approximate."

Schiller: "Studies in Humanism," page 12:

(C) ". . . The human reason is ever gloriously human . . . it mercifully interposes an impenetrable veil between us and any truth or reality *which is wholly alien to our nature.*"

William James: "Pragmatism," page 273:

(B) "On pragmatic principles we cannot reject any hypothesis if consequences useful to life flow from it. Universal conceptions . . . have indeed no meaning and no reality if they have no use. But if they have any use, they have that amount of meaning, and the meaning will be true if the use squares well with life's other uses."

William James: "Pragmatism," page 76:

(B) "But in this world . . . certain ideas are not only agreeable to think about, or agreeable as supporting other ideas that we are fond of, but they are also helpful in life's practical struggles. If there be any life that it is really better we should lead, and if there be any idea which, believed in, would help us to lead that life, then it would be really *better for us* [italics *sic*] *to believe in that idea, unless, indeed, belief in it incidentally clashed with other, greater vital benefits.* (Italics *sic.*)

(B) "What would be better for us to believe! This sounds *very like a definition of truth.* [Italics mine.] It comes very near to saying what we *ought* [italics *sic*] to believe! And in *that* definition none of you would find any oddity. Ought we ever not to believe what it is *better for us* to believe? And can we then keep the notion of what is better

for us and what is *true for us* [italics mine] permanently apart? Pragmatism says no, and I fully agree with her!"

William James: "Pragmatism," page 204:

(A) "You can say of it either that: it is useful because it is true; or that it is true because it is useful. *True* is the name for whatever starts the verification process;* useful is the name for its completed function in experience."

William James: "Pragmatism," page 73:

(B) "If theological ideas prove to have a value for concrete life, they will be true, for pragmatism, in the sense that they are good for so much."

William James: "Pragmatism," page 299:

(A) "On pragmatic principles, if the hypothesis of God works satisfactorily in the widest sense of the word, it is true."

(B) "Now, whatever its residual difficulties may be, experience shows that it certainly does work and that the problem is . . . to determine it so that it will combine with all the other working truths."

William James: "Pragmatism," page 200:

(B) "Pragmatism asks its usual question: Grant an idea or a belief to be true, it says, what concrete difference will its being true make in any one's actual life?"

Schiller: "Humanism," page 260 *et seq.*:

(B) "In the end the world is human experience, and a world which we neither did nor could experience would not be one we need argue or trouble about.

"What would be our attitude towards the world in which the ultimate significance of our ideals was denied . . . and in which the hope of happiness was nothing but a delusion?"

Schiller: "Humanism," page 199 *et seq.*:

(B) "Knowledge is power, because we decline to recognize as knowledge whatever does not satisfy our lust for power."

"It follows that ultimate reality must be absolutely satisfactory."

(A) "There is a serious fallacy in the notion that the pursuit of truth could reveal a chamber of horrors in the innermost shrine. . . .

* C. S. Peirce: "How to Make Our Ideas Clear," page 289: ". . . the action of thought is excited by the irritation of doubt, and ceases when belief is attained; so that production of belief is the sole function of thought." This shows that for Peirce *doubt* "is the name of what starts the verification process"—*truth* what ends that process when it has been properly carried through. Note Professor James's implying that *we know truth* before embarking on the process of ascertaining it!

(B) "If this were true we should decline to believe it and to accept it as true. And even if we could be forced to the admission that the pursuit of truth necessarily and inevitably brought us face to face with some unbearable atrocity . . . [C] as soon as the pursuit of truth was generally recognized to be practically noxious, we should simply give it up."

(C) "If its misguided votaries persisted in their diabolical pursuit of truth regardless of the consequences, they would be stamped out as the Indian Government has stamped out the Thugs. . . . The thing has happened over and over again. All through the Middle Ages most branches of knowledge were under black suspicion as hostile to human welfare. They languished accordingly."

Schiller: "Axioms as Postulates—Personal Idealism," page 122:

(B) "There is no intelligibility without conformity to human nature, and human nature is teleological . . . A world which can be 'fully explained' but only in mechanical or barely intellectual terms, is *not* fully intelligible, is *not* fully explained.

"An intelligent reader may perhaps gather . . . why the personality of God should be esteemed an indispensable postulate. Is immortality a postulate? At present we are too profoundly ignorant as to what men actually desire in the matter, and why and how to decide what they ought to desire."

William James: "Pragmatism," concluding sentence:

(B) "Between the two extremes, of crude naturalism on the one hand and transcendental absolutism on the other, you may find that what I take the liberty of calling the pragmatistic or melioristic type of theism, is exactly *what you require.*"

Such, then, is the attitude towards Truth and the Will-to-Believe of Mr. C. S. Peirce, and such the attitude of Messrs. James and Schiller. Applying in this case that selfsame method for "making our ideas clear" which bids us test the meaning of an idea by the results of that possible meaning, we see that the Pragmatic Principle involved by Messrs. James and Schiller must differ from the Pragmatic Principle formulated by Mr. Peirce, inasmuch as the consequences not only deducible but actually deduced from the one, are in flagrant contradiction with the consequences deduced from the other. The contradiction amounts to this, that while Mr. Peirce makes *truth* into an intellectual imperative which sooner or later imposes itself (or would impose itself but for human "perversity") on *opinion,* Messrs. James and Schiller (besides constantly confusing "Truth" with

its objective co-relate "Reality") calmly identify *truth* with *belief*, and *belief* with *opinion*, and they test *truth* (which is itself belief's and opinion's standard) by the beneficial or agreeable, the useful consequences due to holding a given belief or opinion. The contradiction between the two attitudes toward truth can be *practically* tested by substituting the word "opinion" for the word "truth" in the quotations severally from Mr. Peirce and from his self-styled disciples. In the quotations from Mr. Peirce, this substitution results in nonsense: no one could mean that "opinion" [in original "truth"] "is that whose characters are independent of what anybody may think them to be," nor that "opinion" ["truth"] "is the fore-ordained conclusion of scientific investigation if pushed far enough"; nor that "opinion" ["truth"] "is produced by a force outside of ourselves and similar to destiny"; still less that "opinion" ["truth"] "crushed to earth shall rise again independent of what any one thinks," even if it have to await the coming of another race of human beings; least of all, that we may expect unanimity of "opinion" ["truth"] from individuals starting with different bias, character and methods. It is obvious, therefore, that, when Mr. Peirce speaks of *truth*, he does not mean the same thing as *opinion*.

But, if we perform this little experiment upon the quotations from Messrs James and Schiller, we shall find ourselves in front of a totally different "practical result."

So far from turning the sentences into nonsense, the substitution of "opinion" for "truth" will make them not only clear and reasonable, but frequently truistic and platitudinous: two individuals may, indeed, be expected to arrive at *opinions* as different as their lives and fortunes. Acceptance of an opinion is certainly different from coercion by fact. *Opinion* may, indeed, be "chosen, not inevitable" "temporary, not eternal"; "fluid, not rigid"; "passionate," not unbiassed; nor could anything be more appropriate than Mr. Schiller's simile of *opinion* rising, like Aphrodite, "out of a foaming sea of desire." We can all think of cases when human reason's "glorious humanness" has interposed a veil, merciful or otherwise, between mankind and *opinions* "alien to its nature"; and history does show (as Mr. Peirce remarks in the first of his articles on the "Logic of Science") no end of violent repressions of *opinions* which were deemed danger-

ous or odious. Professor James would be not less logical, but a deal more so, if he said that it is *opinion* which "starts the verification-process"; more logical, because that verification-process results in a *truth* which sometimes dispels an *opinion.* People much less subtle than Mr. Schiller have talked of "*making* up their minds," or "making themselves an *opinion*"; and no one, subtle or not, would deny that many *opinions* are *purposive.* And, finally, this very fluid, temporal, temporary, individual, biassed, passionate, human-made (even officially made) thing, *opinion,* can be arranged, tested, accepted, welcomed, scouted anathematized, on the score of being or not being useful, beneficent, conducive to life. For instance, basing ourselves on Lafcadio Hearn, we might quite admit that the *opinions* summed up under the title "Ancestor-Worship" had been (to quote Professor James's rather commercial phrase of recommendation) "exactly what was required" by the former inhabitants of Japan; but few of us would be ready to describe those "Ancestor-worship" opinions as "independent of what any one thought," and "foreordained to be ultimately arrived at by investigators despite all individual and temporary bias," as Mr. Peirce describes *truth.* For, so far from *opinion* being identifiable with *truth,* it frequently happens that an *opinion* may be extremely efficacious, practically and morally, and yet, on the contrary, *false.*

Now, it is exactly because *opinion,* while possessing all the characteristics attributed by Messrs. James and Schiller to *truth,* by no means always answers to Mr. Peirce's definition of *truth,* that we must set our face against the identification, even against the partial confusion of *opinion* with *truth:* the two words must be kept separate because they answer to separate, to occasionally overlapping but by no means equivalent, notions. And the tendencies leading to this identification of truth and opinion, leading to this testing truth by practical, moral, extrinsic value, are tendencies requiring to be checked, not because they exist in distinguished thinkers like Messrs. James and Schiller, but because they exist in all of us, and are such that all philosophy is not too much to keep them in order.

The "Will-to-Believe," the "consent of our willing nature," the "purposive making of truth" are labels for human instincts as universal as the instincts bidding us seek pleasure, repose and advantage wherever they can be got, and without consideration

for the pleasure, the repose, the advantage of other beings. Most of our thoughts, and probably the whole of our faculty for thinking, have arisen at the bidding of an interested purpose of a self-seeking will; and this accounts for many of the absurdities that have been thought, and perhaps for most of the vices of our methods of thinking. But, thanks to the pressure of universal and averaged purposes and interests upon individuals, thanks to the conflict of *opinions,* of *purposively made truths* and of *beliefs which are willed,* there has been evolved in our thinking nature a check, a counteracting force, to those interested motives and emotional preferences without which there would have been no thinking faculty at all. That check is the particular thing defined by Mr. Peirce as *truth.* That counteracting force is constituted by the taste, the passion, the instinctive and imperious respect for truth, which plays in our intellectual life the part played in our individual and social life by the instincts of justice and chastity. In the same way that our life as human beings would be laid waste without these other two great altruistic instincts, so also, were it not for the passion for truth, our intellectual life would have been perpetually jeopardized by the natural tendency to believe (or pretend to believe) whatsoever appeals to individual or momentary interests and preferences. Mankind has always wanted, perhaps always required, and certainly always made itself, a stock of delusions and sophisms, of *vital lies* or of *white lies.* Every human being's thought, consciously or unconsciously, tends to accommodate itself to some wish, some use, some habit. Every opinion tends to identify itself with truth. The *Will-to-Believe,* the purposive making of truth, are unceasingly at work. This is the reason why we have no use for the kind of Pragmatism which teaches the testing of truth by its utility, the identification of truth with opinion, which preaches this universal and ineradicable vice of all thinking on a self-assertive virtue.

VERNON LEE.

THE GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

BY JOHN WILLIAM PERRIN.

THE first forms of socialism in the nineteenth century were the offspring of two great revolutions that occurred in the eighteenth. That of Robert Owen came from the industrial revolution in England that followed the inventions of Watt, Crompton, Hargreaves and Arkwright revolutionizing the manufacture of textile fabrics. That of St.-Simon was the result of the revolution in the world of thought that occurred mainly in France through the influence of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau and the Encyclopædists. Neither of these was revolutionary in the ordinary sense; both were non-political. The aim of Owen was to complete the industrial revolution; that of St.-Simon was little, if anything, more than to further the work begun by the French Philosophers.

These types of socialism perished in the Revolution of 1848; and that which has succeeded them is both political and revolutionary. Its chief homes are no longer in England and France, but in Germany and Russia. The form that has grown to greatest numerical proportions is the German Social Democracy whose creed is the legitimate offspring of the democratic communism of the young Hegelians. It assumes the rôle of its anarchistic prototype in the first French Revolution and seeks the overthrow of all existing order that it may establish the social democratic state.

There is division among the Social Democrats as to the form of government to be set up in the Social State. Some favor a strong central government; but others exclude entirely the idea of a federation from their ideal, and adhere to the doctrine of Proudhon that "government of man by man, in every form, is oppression." They believe that "each man should be a law to

himself" and all supreme government abolished. While there is division on the question of government, the party is one in the belief that the new social order can come only by the subversion of all existing institutions. Therefore, it attacks the State, derides patriotism, opposes religion, seeks the destruction of the family and endeavors to set up communism in the whole life of the people. August Bebel, its most representative leader, has said: "In politics we are republicans, in economics socialists, in religion atheists." This is the gospel of chaos preached so successfully as to create the largest political party in the empire.

Socialism had little foothold in Germany before 1848. Six years earlier Professor Lorenzo von Stein had expressed the opinion that "Germany need not fear socialism, for unlike France and England she has no proletariat to speak of." But even then powerful influences were at work stimulating its development. There was already a socialistic philosophy derived chiefly from Hegel, but coming in part from Fichte. A reaction, too, had set in against the old political economy derived from the school of Adam Smith in England in the days when Hardenberg and Heinrich von Stein were attempting the economic upbuilding of the country after its conquest by Napoleon; and a few able propagandists, among them Karl Marx, had begun to preach the need of a new social order. When the revolution of 1848 came, the spirit of democracy and revolution that had been inherited from the first French Revolution was revived and intensified. The soil was now ready for the new seed, and when it was planted it grew to marvellous and alarming proportions.

In the first year after the revolution little was accomplished. True, Schulze-Delitzsh founded a number of co-operative societies, but his work, like that of Owen and St.-Simon, was non-political. What Schulze sought was the establishment of "reforms social rather than socialistic." His motto was "Self-Help," and his followers were artisans and small tradesmen who were willing to help themselves when once shown the way. By 1860 the co-operative associations had a membership of two hundred thousand, and in this year the different associations transacted a total of thirty million dollars of business and contributed almost a third as much as capital. The influence of Schulze was now at zenith, but immediately it began to wane. Two years earlier, in a congress of German economists at Gotha, he had allied him-

self with the capitalistic party. This estranged many of his followers, who turned to Lassalle, the opponent of the individualism advocated by Schulze.

The possibility of making socialism a working revolutionary force came only with the radicalism of Ferdinand Lassalle. He was of wealthy Jewish parentage and was born in Breslau. A man of brilliant parts, he was educated at the Universities of Breslau and Berlin. Humboldt called him "*Das Wunderkind,*" and when his "*Das System der erworbenen Rechte*" appeared in 1861 Savigny said it was "the ablest legal book since the sixteenth century." It was in 1862, the year following the accession of William I of Prussia, that he began his career of propagandism. On April 12th he gave a lecture before an Artisans' Association in Berlin, in which he, historically and philosophically, traced the development of society and the State. His argument was able and trenchant, and the day it was given has been called the birthday of German socialism.

Lassalle contended that the Revolution of 1848 had freed the fourth estate as the first French Revolution had freed the third. He urged workmen to organize for industrial freedom, and insisted that their only chance to improve their conditions in life was in productive associations that would give them the entire benefit of their labor. He claimed, too, that it was "the duty of the State to furnish these associations with capital, to insure justice to all members and to regulate the markets of the world." He defeated Schulze-Delitzsh before the workmen's unions at Leipsic and Frankfort and then organized the "Universal German Working-man's Association," destined to grow into the Social Democratic party.

Lassalle died August 31st, 1864, from the effects of a wound received in a duel. Bernhard Becker, his successor, was a failure, and for the next three years the "Universal Association" made very little progress. In 1867 Becker was succeeded by Jean Baptista von Schweitzer, a member of an old and wealthy family of Frankfort-on-the-Main. Von Schweitzer was a good administrator and believed fully in the doctrines of Lassalle, which he defended with ability and vigor. It was his aim, as Lassalle had intended, to guide the agitation along national lines; but in this he was thwarted by Wilhelm Liebknecht and August Bebel. Liebknecht had professed to be a disciple of Lassalle: Bebel orig-

inally had accepted the doctrines of Schulze-Delitzsh. Both were now under the influence of the international socialism of Karl Marx, and all their energies were used to prevent the workmen's unions which had sprung up since 1860 from attaching themselves to the national socialism of Lassalle. It was not long before they had formed a party favorable to their cause. Then it was easy to make the transition from the radicalism of Lassalle to the international revolutionary socialism of Marx.

The workmen's unions had been federated in 1863. Five years later the federation rejected the scheme of Schulze-Delitzsh as entirely inadequate and declared for international socialism. A year earlier (1867) Liebknecht and Bebel had succeeded in persuading a large majority of the members of the Universal Association to accept the international programme; and in 1869 the "internationalized" union, with the seceding members of the Universal Association, met at Eisenach and formed the "Social Democratic Working-men's Party." The programme set forth as the object of the party the establishment of the Free People's State. It combated with great energy existing social and political conditions, and stated that "the struggle for the emancipation of the working-classes is not a struggle for class privileges and prerogatives, but for equal rights and equal duties, and for the abolition of all class supremacy." A little later a party organ was adopted and the work of winning converts was actively begun.

Little was accomplished during the next two years. The Franco-Prussian War prevented the party's making any decided gains. Indeed, "the wave of patriotic enthusiasm that swept over the land nearly submerged the socialistic agitation": but when peace came the propagation of social democratic doctrines went on under most favorable conditions. War had brought business inflation; this was increased greatly in the first years that followed peace by the expenditure of the enormous French indemnity, which to many seemed an inexhaustible source of wealth. There was the wildest speculation and in the end business depression. Wages fell. Men were thrown out of employment. These were ready now to accept any social vagary that promised them a better future.

There were other reasons, too, why the party grew rapidly between 1871 and 1878. In 1874 the peace footing of the army

was fixed for seven years at 401,659 men. To support this vast armament the resources of the nation were being drained. In 1876 the imperial budget fixed the necessary expenses of the army at 252,099,350 marks; two years later this sum was exceeded by 97,797,473 marks. In 1875 Liebknecht's labors to bring the members of the Universal Association who had remained true to the principles of Lassalle since 1869 into the Social Democratic camp were crowned with success. In that year at Gotha the German Socialists were all united into one body.

The result of the business depression, increased taxation to support what was probably the costliest military system the world had ever seen, and the union of the socialist forces at Gotha is best seen in the election of 1877. In 1871 the party had cast 124,655 votes and returned but two members to the Reichstag. Now they elected twelve deputies and cast a popular vote of nearly a half-million. The situation was alarming, but repressive measures were not thought of until the logical outcome of socialism appeared in 1878 in two attempts to assassinate the aged Emperor. The first was by a youth of low character named Hödel, who boasted of his socialistic opinions. The second was by Dr. Karl Nobling. Hödel inflicted no injury upon the Emperor, but Nobling wounded him severely. Then the cry for repression came from all parts of the Empire. The Government introduced a bill to prohibit "the existence and formation of all organizations seeking to subvert the present State and society." The debate that followed is of historic interest. Bismarck prepared the way for an open avowal in favor of State socialism by frankly stating his economic and social beliefs. He declared that his hostility to Social Democracy had come from hearing "one of its leading members in an open sitting of the Reichstag express his sympathy for the Paris Commune." He alluded to the atheism prevalent among socialists and said that he would not care to live a day longer had he not what Schiller called "the belief in God and a better future." "Rob the poor of that, for which you cannot compensate them," he said, "and you prepare them for the weariness of life which shows itself in acts like those we have experienced." The Social Democrats were no less frank than Bismarck. Bebel declared that it was the wish of his party "to abolish the present form of private property in the instruments of production and means of labor as well as

in land." He twitted Bismarck for his association with socialists, and especially his friendship with Lassalle. He also mentioned Roscher, Rodbertus, Rau, Schäffle, Schmoller and others as political economists with socialistic leanings.

The bill became a law and a temporary success followed its rigid enforcement. In the election of 1881 the Social Democrats, while they still returned twelve deputies to the Reichstag, saw their popular vote sink from 493,288 in 1877 to 311,961. Now they began to work in secret. Socialist editors took advantage of the privileged nature of parliamentary reports and published in full the speeches made by Liebknecht, Bebel and other socialist deputies in the Reichstag. On two different occasions Bismarck attempted by vote to suppress the publicity of proceedings, but each time he was defeated.

In 1879 a secret conference was held at Währing. Here Johann Most, later the notorious anarchist of New York and Chicago, and Wilhelm Hasselmann, a native of Bremen, urged revolution outright. Later in the year it was voted by a congress held at Wynden, in Switzerland, to reject the revolutionary schemes of the anarchistic leaders and to adhere to the policy of "passive resistance" proposed by Liebknecht and Bebel; but the manifesto issued after the close of the congress contradicted this vote most flatly by declaring for the overthrow of the present "insane and criminal" State and social system. Even while the congress was voting its policy of "passive resistance," "The Social Democrat," the official organ of the party, was proclaiming the necessity of the subversion of all existing order to establish the social democratic State.

The assassination of Alexander II of Russia by Nihilists, March 13th, 1881, led Bismarck, on the urgent request of the Emperor, to lay before the European Powers the need of united action for the suppression of the forces of anarchy and destruction. Urged by Germany to take the initiative, Russia invited a conference of the Powers at Brussels. France conditioned her assent upon that of England. England declined the invitation and the conference was not held. All that came of Bismarck's efforts was the conclusion of an extradition and dynamite treaty between Germany and Russia.

About this time the Niederwald plot against the royal family was discovered. This aroused the authorities to greater vigilance

than ever. Numerous arrests were made, and at the trial in Leipsic, in December, 1884, two men were sentenced to death for participation in the plot. The Anti-Socialist law was prolonged till September, 1886, and greater police powers were given to local authorities. But these measures, rigorous as they were, failed to check the growth of the Social Democratic party, which now had considerable funds for the propagation of its principles from "The Social Democrat," whose circulation had greatly increased, though it was published out of Germany.

The result of the election of 1884 was very gratifying to the Social Democrats. They had made a vigorous campaign and demonstrated a strength that no one suspected. They gained 238,029 votes over what they polled in the election of 1881 and won twenty-four seats in the Reichstag. The Government now resolved upon a war of extermination, but, despite its vigorous efforts for suppression, the Social Democratic vote rose at the next general election in 1887 to 763,000. For a time now the situation was unchanged. This was due to the death of the old Emperor and the uncertainty as to the policy of his successors. In May, 1889, the most serious strike ever known in Germany occurred in the coal-mines of Westphalia and the Rhenish province. For a time it threatened to extend throughout the Empire, but in a few weeks it came to an end in a victory for the most part to the miners. The influence of this strike, the almost constant socialist trials and the agitation over the question of renewing the Anti-Socialist law added many recruits to the ranks of the Social Democrats. Bismarck's insistence that the law be prolonged led to differences between him and the young Emperor that resulted, in 1890, in his resignation as Chancellor. The law was not renewed and the exiled socialists swarmed back to Germany. Liebknecht became editor of the "*Volksblatt*" and the propagandists of the party became more active. In October of this year a congress was held at Halle. Here was reached the logical conclusion of the socialism enunciated at Eisenach when the party was formed. At Eisenach it was the democratic State that was still to the front when the union of the socialist forces occurred at Gotha, but at Halle the State had become a reactionary institution which it was right to destroy.

The election in 1890 proved the party to be the largest in the Empire. Its popular vote was nearly a million and a half and

its representation in the Reichstag had risen to thirty-five. Till now the party's vote had come from the cities and towns. This election gave conclusive evidence that considerable advance was being made in the country districts. Since 1890 the party has seen its most rapid growth. During the first half of the year 1893 the all-absorbing political question was the parliamentary struggle over the Army Bill. The Government introduced a bill to increase the peace footing nearly one hundred thousand men to make the army as strong numerically as that of France. The increased expense was estimated at sixty-nine million marks. The Social Democratic, National-Liberal and Radical parties united in opposition to the bill on the ground that present taxes were already unbearable and the people were not able to stand any increase. The Government was defeated and the Reichstag immediately dissolved. The new election was set for June 15th. The Social Democrats put all their energy into the campaign. They worked harder than any of the other parties and made greater gains in the popular vote. They succeeded in electing forty-four deputies, nine more than they had before the dissolution of the Reichstag.

In 1894 Prince Hohenlohe introduced an Anti-Revolutionary Bill; but this was defeated in the Reichstag, and then the Government, in its endeavors to check the growth of socialism, was compelled to employ rigorously such provisions in existing laws as it was believed would hamper the socialists. But this policy created more alarm in the Liberal party than in that which it was intended to repress. The legislative period for which this Reichstag was elected expired June 15th, 1898, and the new election took place June 16th. In the campaign that preceded the election the once powerful Liberal party played little part. It was now divided into many factions which were at war with one another. Chief interest centred in the propagandism of the highly organized Clerical and Social Democratic party. A letter of Graf Posadowsky of the Clerical party, urging that all parties of civil order unite in combating the Social Democracy, increased the energies and work of the leaders of the Social Democrats for victory. The letter was regarded as an expression of the views of the Government and seemed to "countenance agrarianism and higher protection by its references to aiding the producers by the settlement of difficult questions of international competition, and

to promoting the prosperity of the classes whose interests were most endangered—agriculturists and the middle classes." The Social Democrats set up a candidate in each of the three hundred and ninety-seven districts. They elected fifty-six deputies and cast a total of 2,107,076 votes. Two years later Wilhelm Liebknecht, the leader of the party, died. Since then August Bebel has been in command. In the election of 1903 the party sent eighty-one deputies to the Reichstag and increased its popular vote 903,695 over that cast in 1898. In the last election, that of 1907, while there was a loss of thirty-eight deputies, the popular vote increased nearly a quarter of a million.

THE GROWTH OF SOCIAL DEMOCRACY SINCE 1867.

	Popular Vote.	*Deputies.*
1871	124,655	2
1874	351,952	10
1877	493,288	13
1878	437,158	9
1881	311,961	13
1884	549,990	24
1887	763,128	11
1890	1,427,298	35
1893	1,786,738	44
1898	2,107,076	56
1903	3,010,771	81
1907	3,258,968	43

The fact that the party's representation in the Reichstag does not correspond proportionately with its popular vote prevents its being a very important factor in the enactment of legislation, except as it may by combination with other parties block proceedings. But even though it is not able to put its pernicious programme into the laws of the land, it must be regarded as a constant danger to social order. While its leader, Bebel, is a man of lower intellectual rank than Lassalle and Marx, he is nevertheless able, and is skilled in debate and the art of party management. The party is without doubt not only the largest but the most thoroughly organized and efficiently led revolutionary body that the world has ever seen. It is a constant menace, not only to Germany, but to the entire world. Its programme of democratic communism and the radical utterances of its leaders give ample justification to the remark made many years ago by the second Chancellor of the Empire that "it is the greatest danger which threatens the close of the nineteenth century and the opening of the twentieth."

JOHN WILLIAM PERRIN.

BARBEY D'AUREVILLY.

A FRENCH DISCIPLE OF WALTER SCOTT.

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

How many, I wonder, of those who perused the list of books included in the famous "Pigskin Library," noted, with the little shock of surprise and pleasure felt always at the sight of a familiar friend in an unexpected place, the title of Barbey d'Aurevilly's "*Le Chevalier des Touches*"? One has, of course, no real right to be surprised at any revelation of the scope of the reading of the distinguished pigskin librarian. Doubtless he has read as well "*L'Ensorcelée*," "*La Vieille Maîtresse*" and all the rest of those extraordinary books, of whose author a French critic has said that, if Balzac had written one of them, "*Les Diaboliques*," it would be regarded as the greatest of his works. If he has done so, he has enjoyed as rare and heady a draught of romance as may be drawn from the wells of modern literature. For, as the same critic, M. Remy de Gourmont, says:

"Barbey d'Aurevilly is one of the most original figures of the nineteenth century. It is probable that he will long excite curiosity, that he will long remain one of those singular and, as it were, subterranean writers, who are the veritable life of French literature. Their altar is at the bottom of a crypt, but the faithful descend to it willingly, while the temple of the great saints opens to the sun its ennui and its void. . . . Barbey d'Aurevilly is not one of those men who impose themselves on the banal admiration. He is complex and capricious. Some hold him to be a Christian writer . . . others denounce his immorality and his diabolical audacity. There is all of that in him: whence arose contradictions that were not solely successive."

It is owing to this *malentendu* that even in France he is relatively little read, and only in a circle whose opinions are not shaped by ecclesiastical authority and the official criteria of the libraries which have tended silently to suppress him. For the

public at large he has remained principally a fantastic figure who believed in the Devil—perhaps worshipped him—and who not only wrote a book about Beau Brummel, but exemplified the philosophy of "dandysme" in his own person to the delight of the Boulevards.

It is thus that Anatole France has portrayed d'Aurevilly as a fanciful memory of his own childhood, while he himself was still viewing the world framed by the door of an old bookshop on the quays of the Seine; and it is probable that this half legendary evocation by one who has in a high degree the fatal faculty of fixing values, will survive the efforts of the friends of the critic and novelist—he died as recently as 1889, though he was born in 1808—to establish for him a definite and recognized place in the literature of the last century. Two years ago the centenary of his birth was celebrated by the unveiling of a memorial in Paris, and by the publication of a special edition of his "*Voyageurs et Romanciers*" which contains an echo of the most famous incident of his career as a critic. "*Il ne m'est guères permis, à moi, d'écrire le mot d'idiot,*" he remarks in the course of a review, and a foot-note explains the reference to the fact that, at the very moment, the walls of Paris were plastered with *affiches* bearing the legend: "Barbey d'Aurevilly, Idiot." Such was the anonymous response to his attack on Victor Hugo for the commercial methods employed in the exploitation of "*Les Misérables.*" "*Ma couronne murale,*" was Barbey's counter-retort to this *affichement.* He was a vehement critic who conceived his calling as a kind of crusade against all that was tawdry and vulgar in contemporary life. Wanting in dignity, detachment, and coherence, his figure as a quixotic crusader and champion of Christianity in an atheistic age, fits in well with the fantastic legend which has stood in the way of his serious acceptance. Few outside of those who, headed by M. Bourget, may be said to form his cult, have cared to dive below the troubled surface of a man the vices and vanities of whose mind seem sufficiently attested by the titles of his works. Huysmans set the final seal on his diabolism when he penned the highly colored analysis of "*Un Prêtre Marié*" in "*A Rebours.*" It was thus, as a diabolist, that Mr. Gosse, in the spirit of a showman rather than of a critic, interpreted him to English readers through the medium of a study generally misleading and often inaccurate in detail. Even the poet, Mr. Sturge

Moore, who, in a brilliant article in the "New Quarterly," showed true penetration in detecting the traits of moral pathos and dignity that mark the physiognomy of Baudelaire, thought he could do the author of "*Fleurs du Mal*" no better service than by dissociating him from the vulgar *farceur,* d'Aurevilly.

Now it seems to me that this is essentially unfair. At least there was enough in common between the two men to enable d'Aurevilly to acclaim Baudelaire as a poet, while the latter recognized the "cult of truth, expressed with a frightful ardor," in d'Aurevilly. The difference between them consisted principally in the fact that one belonged to the younger, the other to the elder generation. Both were romantics, but both found individual forms for their romantic expression. In a sense, however, d'Aurevilly was the forerunner of Baudelaire in that ideal of frigid impassivity and correctness of demeanor which one associates peculiarly with the latter. His first novel, "*L'Amour Impossible,*" was a study in aristocratic repression, an attempt to portray a great passion in its effects upon those for whom the first principle of breeding is to betray no emotion. In the preface to an edition published years after he wrote: "The author, young then and of a horribly aristocratic taste, still sought for life in the classes of society that evidently no longer possess it. . . . At bottom they (his characters) were only two moral monsters and monsters through impotence—the ugliest of all, for whoever is powerful is only half a monster." Finding not only love, but the novel itself, impossible under such conditions, d'Aurevilly returned to the earlier romantic mood and manner at approximately the very moment when both Baudelaire and Flaubert were, in their different fields, subjecting themselves to a new and more rigidly impersonal discipline of expression. D'Aurevilly is anything but impersonal. He cannot keep himself out of his stories, all of which in their main actions express rather his idealized vision than his direct observation of life. His whole personality is flamboyant; and his style is like a flame flashing from a volcano that from time to time erupts and spurts streams of fiery lava in every direction. Hence is explained his lack of sympathy with the Parnassian poets. Baudelaire himself was very far from being a Parnassian. He put passion into his pursuit of the exotic, the macabre, the sinister and into his portrayal of delicate shades of corruption. This also was the

range of d'Aurevilly's subjects. Here in both is to be found the very essence of that "demoniac tendency" which Baudelaire notes as an essential characteristic in modern art. In him it remains resolved in its metaphysical state. In d'Aurevilly it takes a theological turn and produces the devil.

Personally, however, I feel that too much stress has perhaps been laid upon the diabolism of this writer. Whatever interest it may possess in itself, it has little to do with the actual *procédés* of his art. There is not one of his stories the design of which, however much it might justify acceptance of the devil as a factor in human affairs, in any way absolutely requires his interposition as a kind of infernal *deus ex machinâ*. That is, you may take the devil or leave him, as you like. The author is merely engaged in painting human passions and their effects, and while he may hold his own opinion as to the origin of the element of corruption they contain, you may have yours, and he will take no unfair advantage of you or attempt to convert you to his cult. In "*La Vieille Maîtresse*," where Mr. Gosse makes much of the diabolical machinery, no other magic is needed than the ascendancy of a seductive and determined woman over a man of good intentions, but weak and sensual. As for Barbey's choice of subjects, it must always be remembered that he was a romantic writer. For him, as for Byron, the criminal was fascinating because of his force and strange distinction; also because he was at war with society and set at naught the conventional moral code. Powerful, he was "only half a monster." In him something of the passion and self-reliance of the primitive man is displayed, and he may readily be made to seem heroic, superhuman. It was such a sentiment that made Stendhal in Italy welcome manifestations of atrocious crime because they proved that that country could still produce "characters." D'Aurevilly's books abound in Byronic figures, and they include women as well as men. There is this difference, however, that, while Byron's criminals derive much of their romantic suggestion from the exotic coloring of their exploits, which are commonly little more than ordinary acts of murder and rapine, d'Aurevilly's derive theirs rather from the secrecy, or from the peculiar violence and perversity, of their acts. Here he possesses a distinct advantage as a Catholic writer. For not only does the spiritual significance of crime become immeasurably deepened and intensified when it is regarded as sin,

but the casuistry of the Catholic conscience, developed through the secular experience of the confessional, suggests varieties and subtleties of wrong-doing that the less completely evolved legal and social conscience cannot compete with.

But there is also another distinction to be made. D'Aurevilly has drawn one type that is altogether different from any to be found in Byron. This is the absolute criminal. A great crime is ordinarily represented as entailing a moral crisis. Remorse, mingled with Satanic pride, is the very key-note of Byron's criminals, as it is of Lucifer. Nothing, indeed, is more difficult to draw than a human being from whom all sense of guilt is eliminated. Such a character—we may take the Marquise in "*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*" as an example—is likely to suffer in its sense of reality, unless, indeed, as in Feuillet's "*La Morte,*" it is presented as frankly pathological. D'Aurevilly presents two such individuals, strangely instinct with life and artistic truth, in one of the stories in "*Les Diaboliques,*" where he depicts the passion of a man and a woman who deliberately put out of their way the obstacle to their union. The situation is the same as that in one of the episodes of "*Pippa Passes,*" but the moral issues are wholly different. Having attained their end, there is no after-weakening, no moral deterioration on either side, only the serene enjoyment of a happiness in no wise affected by the nature of the acts through which it was acquired. The implied moral of the story would evidently seem to be that, as Maeterlinck says in "*Les Trésor des Humbles,*" "the soul may retain its innocence even in the midst of a great crime." There is, however, on d'Aurevilly's part, no attempt to draw a moral, to establish a mystical law. He presents his man and woman frankly as exceptions, and it is just because they are exceptional, and because the incident is precisely a singular and disconcerting paradox of criminal psychology, that they interest him and the reader. These people, one feels, live in a region "beyond good and evil." Thus in them d'Aurevilly anticipates the theory of the Superman. That, being of the elect who win the right to a special moral standard by living up to the full level of their passions, they are, from d'Aurevilly's point of view, the elect of the devil rather than of nature, constitutes the only divergence from Nietzsche's idea. And this is merely a superficial difference, after all. If the German is a Greek at heart, d'Aurevilly is a child of the early

Renaissance. He is, as it were, a Pollaiuolo of the pen. He is absorbed and fascinated by manifestations of power and forms of personal distinction. The devil still terrifies him. This shows itself in contortion and grimace. But he is already beginning to feel the fiend disssolving into the complexity of natural forces and to interpret these physically and psychologically. Meanwhile the pagan finds, or believes to find, a certain support in the primitive Christian—a justification for the broad and liberal representation of life to which he is drawn. The plea which he makes in the preface to "*L'Ensorcelée*" is ingenious and characteristic:

"As for the manner [he says] in which the author . . . has described the effects of passion and sometimes spoken its language, he has used that great Catholic breadth which does not fear to touch the human passions, when this creates terror at its consequences. A novelist, he has accomplished his task of novelist which is to paint the heart of man in strife with sin, and he has painted it without embarrassment and false shame. It would please unbelievers to have the things of the imagination and the heart—that is to say, the novel and the drama—at least half of the human soul, forbidden to Catholics, under the pretext that Catholicism is too severe to occupy itself with this sort of subject. . . . On this count a Catholic Shakespeare would not be possible, and Dante even would have passages that would have to be suppressed."

Here one is reminded of Francis Thompson's plea in the proem to his "Shelley" for a larger Catholic view of the nature and functions of poetry. Such pleas, however, have never been heeded by the Church since it has been necessary to make them at all. Certainly history would seem to show that a Catholic Shakespeare is impossible, since he has never appeared, while the distance of Dante merely serves to show how far Catholicism has travelled since pre-Reformation days when the Church still conserved the traditions of paganism. If d'Aurevilly actually believed that his profession of an edifying purpose would set him right with Christian orthodoxy he was sorely mistaken, and he might as well have made full profession of paganism. It is one thing to accept the devil (which must to-day be done very softly and apologetically by all creeds) and another to accord him a seat in the sanctuary. Hence like another but unrepentant Tannhäuser, d'Aurevilly was dismissed from the conclave and left free to return to the Horselberg of his imagination. And for him no staff has ever broken into miraculous blossom. "*Les Dia-*

boliques," in which, indeed, the flimsy pretext of a moral intention is more or less abandoned, was prosecuted on its appearance, being the third of the famous trilogy of works thus treated in France during the nineteenth century. The other two were, of course, *"Madame Bovary"* and *"Fleurs du Mal."* The author was discharged, but public sentiment has never quite acquitted him of crime in the execution of that daring but profoundly beautiful and artistic work.

So much for the general cast of d'Aurevilly's imagination. Now as to the material in which it sought mainly to realize itself. He was the scion of an old family of the old Norman bourgeoisie that had been ennobled by royal patent not long before the Revolution. His birthplace was Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte, near Valognes, in the peninsula of Cotentin. In this remote corner of Basse-Normandie, during the latter years of the Revolution, there broke out, and was maintained with a terrible passion of hatred on both sides, that sinister and clandestine civil warfare known in history as *"La Chouannerie du Cotentin."* D'Aurevilly had heard stories in his youth of this local strife, and the incidents and personalities of some of the principal actors had powerfully impressed his imagination. It was natural, therefore, that he should conceive the idea of writing a series of novels of which the Chouannerie should be the theatre, when it was not the subject. No adequate account had ever been written of the Chouannerie, which was overshadowed by the more significant and spectacular struggle in the Vendée. Here, then, was a fresh field—or all but fresh, for Balzac had already written his novel *"Les Chouans"*—and one peculiarly suited to the requirements of the historical novelist, because of "the shadows and species of historic mystery which surround it." He had, moreover, as he believed, material of which no one else was in possession. Scott was his model. In the introduction to *"L'Ensorcelée"* he writes: "One asks himself what the illustrious author of the Chronicles of the Canongate would have made of the chronicles of the Chouannerie if, instead of being a Scotchman, he had been a Breton or Norman." The three stories which he completed—he projected others—are his answer to his question.

"Le Chevalier des Touches" alone has the war, or an episode of the war, for its immediate subject. The Chevalier is one of those mysterious Byronic personages who stalk across d'Aure-

villy's pages. He is the principal agent of the *emigrés* in the Cotentin country and seems to bear a charmed life, for he succeeds miraculously in eluding the traps of his pursuers who hunt him as if he were a wild beast. He is, however, finally captured and condemned to death. The Chouans, in despair, plan a desperate rescue. Twelve men disguised as corn-dealers go to Avranches, where he is confined, on the day of the market, and while one of the number seeks by strategy to gain access to the prisoner, the others, by way of creating a diversion, start a disturbance among the booths. This speedily becomes a riot. Surrounded by throngs of peasants who speedily discover their identity, the Chouans fight back to back, laying open faces by the score with the long, terrible whips they had brought concealed beneath their smocks. A stampede of the cattle tethered in the market-place is all that saves the little band, which, having failed in its attempt, slowly makes its retreat along lanes opened by horns and hoofs. A second expedition is successful, and the Chevalier escapes to England in the tiny shallop he keeps concealed in a cave on the seacoast. This is all there is to the story, or nearly all, for there is a slender thread of romantic love interwoven with the main action. It is thus not precisely a novel, but a tale. And as there is no complication of plot, its effectiveness proceeds almost entirely from the manner in which it is told, and from the personality of the supposed narrator. This a *vieille fille* of good family, a veritable Amazon, who had herself participated in the second expedition. The scene of the recital is a quiet provincial drawing-room, where a group of old Chouans congregate years after the events recorded, and the savage violence of the tale is thus thrown into vivid contrast with the peaceful repose of an interior as quotidian as one of Maeterlinck's. All the portraits —the delicate spinsters with their needlework, the old baron intent on the delights of the tea-table, and the aristocratic abbé with his witty sallies—are sketched with an exquisite delicacy that does not preclude broad, bold strokes of characterization. These are particularly telling in the case of the Amazon, whose grotesque ugliness, brusque masculine speech and peremptory gesture make her the perfect type of the old soldier in petticoats. D'Aurevilly is a master of portraiture and can suggest the very atmosphere of personality. A similar atmosphere he succeeds in disengaging even from inanimate objects, so that in this story the spirit of

the past exudes from the gray, wainscoted walls and time-darkened portraits of the salon with a subtlety that makes d'Aurevilly the predecessor of Mr. Henry James in this manner of mute evocation. In the events themselves, one will note the bent of the author to interpret high action heroically, to see life in a sublime light of daring and sacrifice, and to extract from even the most trivial incident an epic significance. The episode which is elaborated to make "*Le Chevalier des Touches*" is of the slightest importance in itself. But the manner in which it is seen would make it fit into the Æneids of a new Troy, while the life led by the heroic women in the château de Touffedelys is of a spirit not essentially different from that which we may suppose to have animated life in the high towers of Ilion.

This same heroicizing tendency, if I may call it so, finds, perhaps, its most exalted expression in one of the stories in "*Les Diaboliques,*" where its almost dazzling purity is enhanced by the murky and infernal fires which light that book of strange passions and perversities. A group of old Napoleonic soldiers, brutal atheists of the Age of Reason and the bivouac, feast together regularly on the Friday of each week to publish their defiance of all religion. Harmless enough they are, with all their swaggering bluster, these old Jacobins and *grognards.* On the present occasion, however, one of the *convives* tells the story of a young girl of the Vendée who had served as the agent of the proscribed priests. When she was captured she was found to carry the sacramental wafers concealed upon her person. Seizing these, her captors cast them to the swine. This story is received with great gusto, and is roundly applauded by the majority of the listeners, who glory in the outrage to the most precious symbols of the Christian faith, and indulge in gross witticisms at the girl's expense. But there is one man at the table who, younger and less hardened than the rest, flashes out in protest. How can they miss, he asks, the true tragic significance of the story they have just heard? For them, since they professed not to believe in the validity of the sacraments, there could be no sacrilege in their insult. Not so for the girl. Why did they treasure their medals they had won on the field of honor? Was it not because these were the very incarnation of the Emperor, and because, in wearing them, they thus bore him above their hearts? Then, instead of covering her with their slime, they should understand

and pity the poor child who carried concealed within her breast the divine body of her Lord, and for whom, therefore, the act of her captors was of the last horror. *Sava indignatio* can rarely have found a more superb denunciatory gesture than in this speech which glorifies, with supreme tenderness and beauty, the figure of a simple peasant girl who, in her humble act of piety and devotion, is one with the heroic maid.

"*Le Chevalier des Touches*" is the best of d'Aurevilly's books in most ways, as it is also the most accessible in its style and spirit to the general reader. The other two books in the series, "*Un Prêtre Marié*" and "*L'Ensorcelée,*" are more sinister in subject and atmosphere, and especially in the former, which is the longer, are more overloaded with descriptive and dithyrambic passages that obstruct the narrative. D'Aurevilly is lyrical by genius, and he has a tendency to chant his stories, as it were, somewhat in the bardic manner of Ossian. Still, they are powerful and imaginative works, and "*L'Ensorcelée*" is a book to set side by side with the "*Chevalier*" to complete the portrait of the author's mind and genius. It, too, tears asunder the veil that surrounds the Chouannerie with historic mystery, but it does this in a manner more incidental. Its background is rather the Cotentin in the years immediately succeeding the Revolution, when the country had relapsed into the quiet of its old ways, though the mind of the people was still harrowed by those moral disturbances which mark the passing of an old order. Still more fundamentally, however, the action of the story proceeds from the spiritual qualities, qualities of impressionability and superstitious awe, that have always characterized the descendants of the old Norman race. It is a wild and fantastic tale, involving the operation of a gypsy curse and many other elements of the marvellous, and it would be impossible to present a brief summary without rendering a false impression of almost absurd extravagance. The extravagance is undoubtedly there, but, in spite of this, the story remains affecting and impressive, and he would be a *blasé* and sophisticated reader indeed who did not receive from it a thrill of very real pity and terror. Here again, as in "*Le Chevalier des Touches,*" the secret of the effectiveness of the story lies altogether in the art of the narrator. Dealing in the supernatural, giving the events precisely as they were given to him by an unsceptical Norman farmer, the author prepares

his ground carefully from the outset, so that, the reader having become thoroughly imbued with the mystery of broad and desolate Landes, where the scene is laid, the spell of the legendary spirit of the past, and the naïve poetry of a race profoundly attached to the occult element in its religion, he is predisposed to receive something of the same impression from the narrative which the events themselves produced upon the simple and credulous peasants of the Cotentin at the time of their occurrence. Moreover, as d'Aurevilly himself points out, if there are elements of the marvellous, there are also events produced by the shock of emotions and the inveteration of sentiments which give the story of the bewitched woman and her sinister destiny a tragic pathos and a human truth and reality. For the rest, we are certainly familiar enough with this type of story in English literature where the introduction of the marvellous is a deliberate device designed to give ingenuity to the invention and a most natural heightening to the drama of emotions. The ghosts of Shakespeare and the witches' cauldron do not in the least detract from the truth of the fables in which they figure. Scott employs apparitions and invokes supernatural forces, and does this far more artificially than does d'Aurevilly, who, as I have said, always leaves a psychologic loophole of escape for the incredulous. Among other modern story-tellers, Mr. Watts-Dunton has given an admirable example of this *genre* in his "Aylwin," with all the familiar machinery of the curse and its effects. In this instance, however, the occult acquires a special spiritual significance in itself apart from the imaginative use that is made of it. While not interpreted in the spirit of gross popular superstition, it is, nevertheless, conceived as possessing a certain character of truth for those who read all physical phenomena in a spiritual sense. In the same way d'Aurevilly may also be regarded as an apostle of "the renascence of wonder." And though he may solemnly cite "the irrefragable attestation" of the Church as his ultimate authority, one may nevertheless feel that if he does not dismiss the marvellous with the contemptuous scorn of the cultivated, the real reason is because, for him, the marvellous is not restricted to any particular manifestations, but pervades all life.

The important thing for us to note at this point is, however, not that he professed a sort of philosophical belief in the potency of gypsy charms and incantations, but that he described the

gypsies; not that he assumed as a fact "the intervention of occult and evil powers in the struggles of humanity," but that he portrayed the lives of those for whom such intervention was a vital part of their religious belief. He is as much dominated by his human material as by his imaginative motives and spiritual conceptions. He had a set purpose in his stories, over and above the poetical representation of life in the abstract as a conflict for man's soul. This was to bring into literature the moral and social life of those remnants of the old Norman race which persisted, after so many centuries, in out-of-the-way corners of the land wrested by Rollo and his freebooters from the French. He carries out this purpose with singular completeness, and with an insight born of perfect racial sympathy. Into his portraits he puts all his intimate knowledge of the people, and aims to incorporate in them every distinctive trait, even to the precise shape of their speech—thus anticipating Maupassant in the same general locality—the style of their dress, and their physical characteristics. The racial traits are always kept clear and continuous even in the most highly individualized creations and through all classes of society, so that his characters, high and low, seem to constitute a single family. And with the people he gives, at the same time, the environment in which they live, which has moulded them. D'Aurevilly's sensibility to landscape impressions, especially in the broad, grandiose and mysterious aspects of nature and of nature saturated with human associations and sentiment, is extraordinarily great. His description of the Landes of Lessay at nightfall may be compared, by no means to its disadvantage, with Hardy's magnificent and weird evocation of the Wessex heath in "The Return of the Native," while the wild pictures of the seacoast in "*La Vieille Maîtresse*"—of which, with the rest of his books, limitations of space make it impossible to examine more particularly in this article—challenge comparison with similar scenes in "The Pirate," to which reference is made more than once in the text, and which was, apparently, one of the favorite imaginative works of a writer uncommonly familiar with English literature, and as well acquainted with Burns, Byron, and Crabbe as with Scott.

All this side of d'Aurevilly's work has its special significance from the point of view of French literature. Says M. Remy de Gourmont:

"It is d'Aurevilly who has created in France the '*roman de terroir*'; nothing like it, having literary value, exists before '*Le Chevalier des Touches*,' '*L'Ensorcelée*,' '*Un Prêtre Marié*.' The province painted by Balzac is not a particular province, far less a limited corner of a country, known, felt, loved, since infancy; Balzac wishes to give the Province as he gives Paris, and he places these two terms in a state of opposition which has become traditional and banal. Barbey d'Aurevilly regards only one canton, but in this he embraces all, earth, sea and sky, villages and cities, nobility, bourgeoisie, peasants, fishers."

Thus, deriving from Châteaubriand as a romantic writer, he diverges from him in finding at home that opportunity to "return to nature" which the author of "*Atala*" and "*René*" had sought in the forests of America. The suggestion he undoubtedly received from Scott, who had many French admirers—both Stendhal and Balzac—but none who entered so intimately into the sources of his inspiration. He is a disciple of the Wizard of the North, but no mere imitator. His books are filled with the spirit of a peculiar past, and with impressions of things seen and felt with marvellous emotional responsiveness and freshness of poetic insight. The full measure of his originality may be perceived in his style, which is like that of no other French writer, though its framework is the rhetoric of romanticism. Thus it is elaborate, ornate and often tortuously involved, but it is at the same time nervous, sinuous and expressive in every phrase. There is in its slow and measured movement a note of *hauteur* and hatred of the vulgar, yet the intensity of the life that inhabits it is shown by the power it possesses of generating images. In these, the material for which is supplied not merely by wide reading, but by a penetrating observation of the minute and curious concrete facts of physical life, the sensibility of the man is completely incorporated. All that was truly Satanic in his soul insinuated itself into words which writhe like a nest of snakes and hiss like the coil of a whip wielded by one of his Chouan heroes. Wherever it falls, this lash, wrapping itself around the firm flesh of a fact, leaves a livid line or a trail of blood. It is this style that imparts most life to d'Aurevilly's books to-day, and will cause them to be read most eagerly in the future by all for whom the perfect crystallization of a rare and exotic personality always presents an irresistible appeal.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

THE CHANGING POSITION OF AMERICAN TRADE.

BY THOMAS A. THACHER.

When, in 1904, the well-known English grain expert, Mr. G. V. S. Broomhall, wrote that in his opinion the United States was destined to shift slowly from the position of an exporter of surplus wheat to that of a wheat importer, little attention was attracted in America and the beliefs of the Englishman were considered merely as a rather dubious theory. Two years later when a man so thoroughly acquainted with American conditions as Mr. James J. Hill declared, in a speech before the Minnesota State Fair, that within twenty years the wheat raised in the United States would be insufficient for domestic consumption, his statements were also set down as relating to a distant period in no immediate connection with present-day finance. Yet during the last twelve months a constantly more threatening cloud has arisen on our financial horizon in the shape of a shrinking balance of trade caused largely by the fact that in recent years American grain exports have been steadily declining.

Dealing concisely with the statistics of our foreign trade during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1910, we find startling results. In the face of a great revival of business during the summer months of 1909 and its steady increase into 1910, our annual trade balance fell lower than it has been since 1895-8. After a continuous record of monthly export balances of merchandise for the twelve years ending June 30th, 1909, five out of the following twelve months showed balances of imports. The prospects for the current fiscal year are not promising. In July, the first month of the year, imports again exceeded exports by $2,818,000.

How poor a comparison the trade balance for the last fiscal year makes with the records of the several years preceding is shown by the following table:

Fiscal year ending June 30.	Exports.	Imports.	Balance.
1910	$1,744,900,000	$1,557,800,000	$187,100,000
1909	1,663,000,000	1,311,900,000	351,000,000
1908	1,860,700,000	1,194,300,000	666,400,000
1907	1,880,800,000	1,434,400,000	446,400,000
1906	1,743,800,000	1,226,500,000	517,300,000
1905	1,518,500,000	1,117,500,000	401,000,000
1900	1,394,400,000	849,900,000	544,500,000

While *prima facie* the decline in our trade balance seems almost wholly due to the increase in our imports, yet the seriousness of the situation is apparent when the steady decline in grain exports is considered. In comparing the largest items in the exports, we find that the proportion of breadstuffs has been falling off while manufactures have been increasing.

Fiscal Year.	Foodstuffs.	Breadstuffs.	Manufactured Products.
1910	21.5%	7.6%	44.9%
1909	26.7	9.6	41.0
1908	28.4	11.5	40.9
1907	27.6	9.7	39.9
1906	30.5	10.7	39.9
1900	40.0	18.8	35.4

The falling off in wheat and corn shipments have been very marked in the last twelve months. With a wheat harvest, in 1909, of 737,000,000 bushels, exceeded only once in our history, we find the abnormally small exports in the fiscal year just ended of only 88,100,000 bushels of wheat and flour valued at $95,481,000. Except during 1904-05, when the 1904 crop was only 552,000,000 bushels, the wheat exports of 1909-10 were smaller than any year since 1876-77. The decline in wheat shipments has been going on for some years. Thus the average number of bushels of wheat and flour exported annually in the five years ending June 30th, 1904, was 192,600,000 bushels, while from 1905 to June 30th, 1909, it averaged only 115,000,000 bushels. This decrease in exports resulted, in spite of an increase in annual production, from an average of 625,100,000 bushels from 1899-1903 to 655,800,000 in 1904-09. The harvests of calendar years ending in 1908 resulted in the exports for the years ending June 30th, 1909, first given. Although the corn crop of 2,772,000,000 bushels was the second largest crop recorded in the United States, only 36,800,000 bushels were shipped as compared with the average annual export in the five years before of 48,300,000 bushels. That the corn is not being sent abroad indirectly through feeding to hogs and

cattle later shipped is shown by the steady decline in our meat exports. Meat and dairy shipments fell from $192,802,000 in 1908, and from $166,521,000 for 1909, to $130,632,000 in the fiscal year just ended. Cattle and hog exports were valued at only $12,246,000 in 1910 as compared with $18,190,000 in 1909 and $29,646,000 for the year before.

This decrease in the value of our exported breadstuffs naturally causes apprehension in the ordinary business man, schooled in his belief in the exportable surplus of the crops as the greatest source of a favorable trade balance. At once the question arises: will the cereal surplus continue to decrease, and if so, what effect will it have upon the business of the country?

Stripped of all minor causes, the fundamental reason for the decline in grain exports undoubtedly is that the United States is to-day consuming an increasing amount of breadstuffs. The increased production of wheat brought about by larger acreage or by a greater number of bushels per acre has not kept pace with the growth of population. This fact has been apparent during the last ten years. The average annual production of wheat from 1906-10 was only 4.8 per cent. greater than from 1900-04, while the estimated population was 8 per cent. greater in the second than in the first period.* In addition to this a recent investigation made by the United States Department of Agriculture showed an increase in domestic consumption of wheat annually of from 5.11 bushels per capita in 1900 to 6.34 in 1908. Even if the increase were only one bushel per inhabitant from 1900 to 1910, it is seen that the additional wheat required because of this alone would be at least 88,000,000 bushels in ten years. Between the growing population in our country and the enlarged consumption of wheat by each inhabitant, one cannot wonder that experts differ as to how much over 10,000,000 bushels annual increase the United States must have in order to maintain her place as an exporter of wheat. Certainly, however, the dismay excited by the early indications during this present year of a crop of only about 640,000,000 bushels of wheat is more easily understood.

The decrease in wheat produced per capita has been naturally accompanied by a rise in prices in the United States. For the 1909 wheat crop the average price received by the grower was

* Population estimated at 90,000,000 in 1910. Wheat crop of 1910 estimated at 675,000,000 bushels.

99 cents per bushel, as against 92.8 in 1908, 87.4 in 1907, 66.7 in 1906, and 74.8 in 1905. These high prices for American wheat have not been followed closely by the world's market price set in Liverpool. While the price of wheat received by the average American farmer rose 20.4 per cent. in the years 1905-09 over the years 1900-04, the average Liverpool cash price rose only 17 per cent. Where the wheat-importing nations once looked almost wholly to America for their wheat, they are now relying largely on other countries.

How great a change in this direction has taken place is indicated by the following statistics published in the "London Economist" of May 14th, 1910.

Proportion of imports of wheat to the United Kingdom from various countries:

	1900-1902. Three years' average.	1903-1909. Seven years' average
United States	62%	27%
Argentine	10	19
India	4	14
Russia	4	14
Canada	9	12
Other Countries	11	14
	100	100

The same changing conditions which have affected wheat have had a similar influence upon corn shipments and such other exports as depended upon the former state of agriculture in America. Mr. J. Ogden Armour, in speaking of the shipping of cattle abroad, said in a recent newspaper interview:

"The meat export business from the United States to Europe is dead. South America is furnishing the meat that Europe consumes, and this country cannot compete with advantage with South America. Cattle conditions there are as they were in the West twenty-five years ago."

Contemplation of the present state of our wheat production gives little encouragement to those who desire America to regain her position as the cereal-exporter among nations. Even if millions of dollars are spent upon reclaiming the arid soils of the West, yet the increased acreage thus obtained hardly seems likely to do more than relieve the rapidly rising prices for wheat in this country. Undoubtedly scientific intensive farming will be practised to a constantly increasing extent, but if the Liver-

pool price does not rise greatly, such methods can hardly be relied upon to keep the American price down to an export basis.

If the United States is to maintain her present international position, although her crops can no longer be depended upon to build favorable trade balances, her exports must be increased in another direction. The shipping of manufactured goods alone is a field sufficient to sustain our future progress as a trading nation. Increasing exports of manufactures must take the place of the declining shipments of grain.

It should be recognized that the natural strength of the United States as an exporter of cereals is very different from her position as an exporter of factory products. It is not hard for a nation which produces a larger part of the grain consumed by cereal-importing countries to keep its trade balance favorable. All nations must eat, and short harvests in the producing country, if its crop is of sufficient proportion to the world's production, will be compensated for by a rise in prices. In the past the United States has had an invincible superiority in grain production because of the vast amount of land suitable for cultivation. No amount of agricultural knowledge, cheap labor or reasonable transportation charges can make one nation possessing very limited areas of grain country become a successful competitor with another nation endowed with great tracts of fertile, cereal-growing soil, although handicapped by high wages, costly freight rates and a low degree of knowledge as to scientific farming. In developing manufactured exports America competes with the advanced nations of Europe upon what is practically an even basis. Commercial credit, wide-spread knowledge as to foreign markets, cheap transportation, low wages, etc., will be the determining factors in this struggle for trade. Whatever the great areas of fertile, well-watered land one nation may possess, they will count for very little. The problem of the United States in the future is to keep the prices of manufactured articles down to an export basis. As is the case with wheat, the manufactures must be kept at a price where they will be taken for foreign markets. Once above this export point, American shipments will be little influenced, no matter how high the prices are pushed. No goods will go.

To reduce prices it is evident that American manufacturers must cut down the cost of production. The chief item in the

cost of production to-day is the expensivenss of labor. High wages must be brought down. American brains working out improved machinery and labor-saving devices will do much, but the future success of America in foreign trade lies in the ability of her labor to successfully compete with the so-called "pauper labor" of Europe, which has so often figured as a bogy in our political campaigns. American ability counts more in the manufacture of many of our present exports than it will in those goods which we must sell abroad in the future. Steel products made by gigantic and newly equipped plants, hardware and such articles as typewriters and fountain-pens depend far more for their cost upon the skill of the manufacturer than do cotton cloths or woollen goods. We have developed an excellent market for articles which our ingenuity has allowed us to make cheaply. In the future we must rely more on the growing inexpensiveness of our labor. For the successful development of exports of such goods as print cloths and wool manufactures American labor must not receive very much more than does European labor of the same grade.

Obviously the present wages paid in this country cannot be cut down without material reductions in the high prices now charged for the necessaries of life. It would be folly to expect the working-man to receive peacefully wages in any way comparing to those paid in Europe until he can buy his wants for approximately the European price. He must live very much as he does to-day. Breadstuffs can always be obtainable as cheaply in America as in England, unless prices are allowed to be forced up behind a tariff wall. Clothing, shoes and other factory goods must gradually fall in value if employers do not wish to continue the present price of labor. The present system of high wages and high cost of living must be followed by lower wages and lower cost of living. By such a change the standards of the working-man would not be affected, but the ability of our nation to export manufactured goods would be greatly increased. The whole scale of prices in America, carried as it is to a very artificial height in many directions, must work down toward a European basis.

This decline of inflated American prices to more nearly the European levels lies before us to-day. It is almost America's only choice. The United States is in a very different position from that of Great Britain. We own almost no ocean liners and receive negligible freight money; we have only small in-

vestments abroad and collect very little in dividends, interest or rents; our tourists spend millions each year on the Continent—every factor in exchange has been working against us except our preponderating trade balance resulting from merchandise exports. While a decline in imports may easily take place during the next twelve months, our present position as a nation is only to be held if our imports naturally grow but our exports increase as rapidly. If we were content to do less and less trade each year in order to preserve a favorable balance, the future greatness of this country would indeed be little assured.

Such a readjustment of prices may take place easily, or it may be a slow and painful process accompanied by distressing industrial times and carrying with it suffering, bitterness and political chaos. If such a period of business depression does come about Americans can rest confident that from the peril of such a crisis our nation will rise more firmly established than ever before in its position as a leader of the industrial powers. Our present price level blocks our progress. When, however, America's prices are sufficiently low, we can rely upon astute diplomatists, a wise and far-sighted State Department, and a large, well-equipped navy to secure our nation advantageous privileges in foreign markets—but the days when Europe must buy from us or go without many of the necessaries of life are fast coming to an end.

THOMAS A. THACHER.

THE PUBLIC AND THE CONSERVATION POLICY.*

BY J. R. MCKEE.

It is the purpose of the writer not to give expression to his personal views, but to offer statements of conditions as they exist to-day, leaving for each reader to draw his own conclusions.

We will begin at the essential question of titles in connection with public lands upon which it may be desired to locate a water-power. All of these discussions, of course, have to do with the Western States and those few Southern States where there are still public lands, namely, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, and have no bearing whatsoever on situations in the East where the lands have long since passed into private ownership. The one essential thing to keep in mind, however, in considering this question, is that in the Western States of Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah and Wyoming, the water as such belongs to the States and any title to it must be acquired from the State. As a broad proposition these titles are acquired by filing applications for a given amount of water, and putting the same to actual or so-called beneficial use, this use varying somewhat in the different States as to whether it is supplied for mining, irrigation, domestic or power purposes. Title cannot be acquired to the water, however, until it has been applied to actual use. In other words, you cannot locate on a given amount of water and, without using it, retain title. It must not only be located upon, but must actually be applied to the respective purpose for which filing is made. It does not necessarily follow that you can locate upon it for one purpose only, for you can recite any one or the several different purposes and apply it

* Read before the National Electric Light Association at its thirty-third convention held at St. Louis, Missouri, May 26th, 1910.

accordingly. In the other Western States, including California, Oregon and Washington, the doctrine of riparian rights (the common-law rule) obtains, and that is the right of the proprietor of the adjoining land to the flow of the water of the stream. This right does not depend upon usage, but passes with the soil.

At the time when the respective laws were enacted which helped the building-up of the West, the question of generating power by electricity from water-powers and transmitting it therefrom was not a known development, and, therefore, the laws which were then enacted have to do particularly with the granting of rights for domestic uses, ditch companies, irrigation companies and manufacturing. Under the plea of the conservationists and the claims which have been put forth by the enthusiasts of the Forest Service, it is questionable whether many of the water-powers which have been installed under such rights as have been granted by the Federal authorities in the past eight or ten years can claim a title to the property upon which they have built. In other words, the water-power companies, as such, located on the public domain have been given by the Secretary of the Interior what are known as revocable rights, it being claimed by the Federal officers that this is the only form of authority which they are authorized to grant.

This revocable right, briefly, is a right which is granted by the Secretary of the Interior to utilize the public lands for the conveying of water to be used for power, but "Revocable at the option of the Secretary." Of course, it was claimed this contemplated that if the right was legitimately used and expenditures properly made, and the development carried to a conclusion, ours being an honorable Government, and the people of the country able to depend upon their high officials being dignified men, no possible trouble would ever result from any Secretary undertaking, after work was done, to deliberately confiscate property or ruin titles by attempting to revoke such rights, and that if he did attempt to do it the probabilities were that, the companies having proceeded under this revocable right and completed the work, the title, without regard to any further act on the part of the Secretary, had passed by reason of prior statutes which convey title upon the completion of the work.

Addressing ourselves, however, to the character of protection

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which is afforded by depending upon the personnel of the Government officials, I have before me some data which were exceedingly difficult to obtain. In fact, after it had been promised on one or two occasions by the officials of the Forest Service, they still withheld it, and it was only after enlisting the assistance of certain United States Senators who demanded the information that it was forthcoming. This is a list which is the result of action on the part of ex-Secretary-of-the-Interior Garfield and Secretary-of-Agriculture Wilson, the latter, it is understood, acting under the suggestion of Mr. Pinchot, when on March 2d, 1909, which you will note was just two days before Mr. Garfield was to go out of office, there was issued a list of what is called the "Decisions of March 2d, 1909," by which "Permits issued by the Secretary of the Interior under Act of February 15th, 1901," were revoked. This list covers forty different plants. The names of these plants are withheld because it would only serve to complicate titles, but it is worth while to know that these revocations were issued without advising with, or granting any hearing whatsoever to, the representatives of any of the water-power companies. Some of the plants had been completed and were in operation, and upon others hundreds of thousands of dollars had been expended. In other words, ex-Secretary Garfield, who is supposed to be a gentleman of dignity and honorable in his dealings, and Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, the latter acting under the suggestion, it is understood, of Mr. Pinchot, had deliberately undertaken to destroy any titles whatsoever to existing properties upon which millions of dollars had been expended, and without even allowing a hearing of any kind, or giving any advance notice whatsoever to the parties concerned.

In these days of attempting to do everything by law, it is certainly difficult enough to keep everything in absolute compliance with the terms and stipulations which it is claimed the law imposes. To undertake, however, to deal with an administration which deliberately says they are doing things the law does not specifically authorize, simply because the law does not specifically prohibit, makes the situation peculiarly difficult. Starting out with what was supposed to be the preservation of our forests, and I am sure every one believes in and wishes the proper preservation of our forests, and hiding under that cloak, the last administration had withdrawn from entry—and the present administration has

followed the same policy—hundreds of thousands, up into the millions, of acres of land, for every conceivable purpose, stating generally, however, that it was for the purpose of creating forest reserves. This plea, however, finally got to be grotesque when it was demonstrated they were withdrawing cliffs thousands of feet in the air, and perfectly barren and desert lands upon which forests never had grown and never could be made to grow, until eventually it was admitted that they were *not* withdrawing them for forest reserves, etc., but for power sites and other purposes. The present administration, however, have gone so far as to withdraw all lands upon which it was thought possible to find oil, gas, coal or phosphate, and have admitted they have done this simply because they were not prohibited by law from doing it. Mr. Taft so admitted in his speech made a short time ago in Chicago. He has asked, however, that Congress protect his acts by passing a law making legal these withdrawals, a retroactive law, if you please. That Congress recognizes this condition is pretty well shown by the considerable number of bills bearing on the subject which have been introduced in the last Congress. The general tenor in every one of them is something to the effect that "All such withdrawals heretofore made and now existing are hereby ratified and confirmed as though made under this Act."

It is difficult enough to comply with the construction of the laws as they actually exist, but we have also to deal with a situation where officials do acts in expectation that laws will be made later on to ratify them, and it is puzzling to know just where the private citizen, who is endeavoring to promote enterprises and develop the country, is going to get off, or get on, whichever way you wish to put it. If those holding public offices can pursue a policy of this character, we can easily anticipate what would happen if they saw fit to carry it beyond the question of public lands and introduce the same methods in the direction of assessing taxes and tariffs, just because they are not prohibited by law. Continuing this along other lines, it would only be a question of how far it could go before the people would insist on calling a halt.

One of the so-called "offences" which the Government officials claim has been committed by the "Interests" is that frauds have been perpetrated by entries being made on lands taken up for certain prescribed uses which were not those for which they were

actually intended. For instance, it was claimed that large tracts of timber land had been acquired by locating as placer-mining claims good timber lands, it being stated that these withdrawals of land for placer-mining claims when intended to cover timber was a fraud. Undoubtedly, if such a thing was done it was fraudulent, but if it be a crime for private interests to attempt to do this, why is it not also a crime for Government officials to go ahead as they have been doing, withdrawing thousands of acres of land under the plea of its being for the purpose of creating forest reserves, etc., which they afterward admitted were solely for the purpose of securing water-power sites, or lands having coal, gas and other deposits? When a citizen does it the Government can proceed against him officially, but when Government officials do it there is no way to have such acts brought into the courts because no action under existing laws can be brought against the Government. In other words, the Government officials commit what when the same acts are committed by private citizens are called crimes, but if done by Government officials sworn to execute the laws they expect you to regard as virtues.

To give a concrete illustration of the arbitrary way the situation has been dealt with, if you are raising grain on land which has been taken up from the public domain and you wish to transport it to market, and in doing so you are obliged to construct a roadway across public lands, you are allowed to build this roadway across such lands. If in doing so you have occasion to cross a non-navigable stream running through public lands you are privileged to build a bridge across the stream for this purpose, and upon accomplishing your work the title passes. Should it, however, happen that this bridge is located at a point where there is a fall in the stream, and you take this same bridge, if you please, and instead of putting it across the stream, call it a flume and simply turn it around so that it points down the stream, and then carry water across it instead of grain, the United States Government seeks to prohibit this right, and says you cannot have the land for this use. The distinction between being allowed to carry grain across the bridge, and being denied the right to turn the bridge down the stream and flow water over it, the latter of which you also have title to by rights granted by the State, would seem to be simply one of arbitrary action on the part of the Government officials.

Addressing ourselves to the degree of intelligence and the amount of hostility which has been brought to bear on this situation, a particularly striking case is that in connection with the Niagara River. Under the administration of President Roosevelt, with Mr. Taft as Secretary of War, a convention was entered into with Canada, through what is known as the Burton Act, by which at Niagara River the United States is allowed to withdraw from that river 20,000 cubic second feet of water, while on the Canadian side 36,000 cubic second feet can be withdrawn. These figures were arrived at, so far as I have been able to ascertain, without any conclusive or proper engineering data as to what would be the effect upon the river or upon the scenic grandeur of Niagara Falls, if amounts in excess of those recited were taken from above the Falls. At the time the convention was entered into the plants on the Canadian side of the river were withdrawing, as nearly as we can estimate, a trifle over half of the amount of water allotted to the Canadian side. The plants on the American side of the river were utilizing practically all the water allotted by the Act to this side.

There is an additional unused right to 20,000 cubic second feet on the American side which had long before been granted by the State of New York, and although considerable work had been done years ago toward using this grant, and the parties owning it were ready to go ahead and complete the plant at an expenditure of twelve or fifteen millions of dollars, the convention entered into by the United States made no allowance for this water grant, and presented such complications in connection with title to the water that the undertaking has been brought to an entire stop. The question was put to Mr. Taft, Secretary of War, whether he would consent to have the United States bring an action against the company for the purpose of endeavoring to clear the title; he declined to do it, appreciating probably that since an individual is unable to bring an action against the United States the owners of this plant were absolutely helpless; and all of this was done without there having been sufficient data secured as to whether or not the additional 20,000 cubic second feet, if taken out, would have any appreciable effect on the river itself, and with every indication that it would not. This 20,000 cubic second feet of water would have given something in excess of 550,000 horse-power of energy, which together with millions

and millions of other cubic second feet of water continue to go wastefully down the river, as they have for ages past, affording the best possible illustration of the impractical results which conservation, when guided by hysteria and not by common sense, leads us into.

In the mean time the power companies on the Canadian side are continuing work, installing additional capacity in the plants already there. So absurd is this situation that one of the companies on the American side is unable to operate in full the plant which at that date was already installed, and has been obliged to go to the Canadian side, where it also has rights, and install additional apparatus on that side. While these millions of horse-power are being wasted, the city of Buffalo, we are advised, is preparing specifications for the installation of a steam plant to furnish power for pumping and the lighting of that city. In other words, here are millions of horse-power of water going to waste, which could be readily utilized without either marring the beauty of the Falls, or having any noticeable effect on them, and coal will have to be burned to meet the needs of the community.

It is a little difficult to reconcile these facts with the so-called theory of conservation, although it does match in very handsomely with some of the beautiful but impractical ideas of those who raise their eyes to the sky and parrot the word "conservation."

An interesting feature, however, of all the bills heretofore mentioned as introduced before the present Congress is that not a single one of them indicates what is to become of the lands or properties after they are withdrawn. The lands are withdrawn subject to the discretion of the President and Congress, which we suppose means that now they have them withdrawn they are going to sit and look at them for a while and consider what they will do with them. In other words, the further development of the country in the way of coal, oil, gas, water-powers, forestry, or anything else which a weird mind of one who happens to be in authority may picture, is brought to an absolutely dead stop and for an indefinite period, until somebody, just who no one seems to know, makes up his mind how we ought to go ahead again—a policy which is sadly setting back the development of many sections of the country, and which is a death-blow, for the time

being particularly, to the great Territory of Alaska. A time limit to franchise of from twenty-five to fifty years has been suggested by different members of our national Legislature in connection with recent bills. Not one of them, however, has intimated what is to become of the property at the end of this period, the presumption apparently being that at the expiration of the twenty-five or fifty year period the owners of the property will have gotten back the original cost of the property, interest on their money and profit besides. The fact should not be lost sight of that the title to the water lies with the company or citizen who has had title from the State and with which the National Government or authorities have nothing whatever to do. Any practical detail study of this subject would show that from a commercial standpoint the situation is absolutely impossible. If any one to-day should undertake a proposition of this kind on the time limit which the Government talks of imposing he would launch himself in a boat without knowing its possible destination, and would have to trust himself to the mercy of the natives upon the island where his boat might land him at the end of his journey.

It has always seemed to me that the most satisfactory way to handle the situation as a whole regarding our public lands would be to turn them over to the respective States in which they are located. Each State can look after that which applies to its own domain. The only argument ever heard advanced against this is the contemptible one that the local governments are not as cautious as the national one, and would be more vulnerable. This, however, is not an argument, but an attempt to reflect on our forms of government. There is at present too great a tendency in our Congress and the executive departments towards paternal government, and each State ought to be allowed to control and make use of the land which lies within its own domain, and this, I believe, is the solution which will eventually come about. The curious thing is that the Western Senators and Representatives do not get together on this subject and take it into their own control, as they might very readily do by unity of action.

Addressing ourselves particularly to the question of water-powers, it is unfortunate that a better comprehension does not obtain of how large an undertaking it is to discuss the water-

powers of the country. I will venture to say that the railroads which run through the cañons of the West thereby destroy, by reason of occupying water grade, water-power sites for possibilities of hundreds of thousands of horse-power. Take, for example, a case in Colorado, under the last administration, where a railroad made a filing for a right-of-way through a cañon, and at the time this filing was made the construction of the road was from 100 to 125 miles away from the cañon, so there could be no question of grade entering into the discussion, or objection to the road going through the cañon at a higher elevation. At the same time, the Reclamation Bureau had lands in the same locality withdrawn for a project which contemplated building a dam at the head of this cañon and creating a reservoir which they estimated would supply water sufficient to reclaim agricultural land to the value of $30,000,000, and land which without the use of this reservoir site would, according to the official statement of the Reclamation Department engineers, forever remain as at present a sterile desert. There was also a water-power projected at the same site and filings and applications pending, from which could have been developed at least 25,000 continuous horse-power. All three of these enterprises could have been developed at this point, each without interfering with the other, it being only necessary for the railroad to go around the border of the reservoir site and through the cañon at higher than water grade. Notwithstanding this fact, and although it was presented in this way to the officials of the Government, including the President himself, the right-of-way was ordered granted by the President to the railroad company, thereby destroying the other two projects instead of allowing all three to survive. The reasons for doing this have never been made public. Government officials do not in their administration of affairs feel called upon to give reasons for their actions. Shouting "Reclamation and Conservation" from the housetops and then acting as above, all at the same time, is to say the least a bit inconsistent. They do these acts and that is the end of it. The fact remains, however, that the above case actually occurred. Perhaps the right-of-way was given simply because the recipient was a railroad; perhaps it was a matter of influence.

As for other water-power possibilities, I recall the case of a consulting engineer on hydraulic work telling me several years

ago of his having been retained to look up and locate a number of the most valuable water-power possibilities in the State of California. He jokingly told me how he regarded this commission as a very valuable one and accepted it with a great deal of pleasure. He advised his clients, however, that there was no question in his mind but that he would be able by going well over the State to locate at least one million horse-power. His commission was promptly withdrawn, the parties stating that they had no conception there was any such an amount. To this he replied that he believed there was not only that much, but double that much available in California alone. It is hardly necessary to say that this same condition prevails to a greater or lesser degree in several of the Western States. I cite this case only to emphasize how little understood are the water-power possibilities of the nation. To those familiar with the situation, it is incomprehensible that men who are assumed to possess common sense, and to have regard for integrity, can assert that the so-called water-power interests are endeavoring to control the water-powers in this country. The most difficult thing from a water-power standpoint is to find those water sites at which the cost of development would not run up to an amount prohibitive from a commercial standpoint. The continuous development of the steam-engine and the reduced cost for developing power by steam are every year making it harder to find a water-power site on which the first cost to develop would not be so high as to make it impossible to compete with the low cost of steam-generated power, particularly when it is generated by steam-turbines. The United States Government would be practising true conservation if, instead of endeavoring to add to the cost and difficulties of water-power development, they would give assistance to capital and other enterprises undertaking this development, because for every water-power that is installed proportionately that much coal and oil are saved, and thereby is accomplished true conservation of our nation's resources. The present policy of the Government, however, is going to carry us to just the other extreme. In other words, by increasing the cost of water-power development they are going to increase proportionately the amount of power generated by steam, which, of course, means the burning of oil and coal—Niagara-Buffalo, for instance.

The real difficulty in this whole situation seems to be hysteria,

and all the legislation which has been suggested, and all the rules and regulations which have been formulated in connection with water-powers, have been made by people who are not informed and who are working on theories that sound beautiful but are absolutely impractical.

Let us hope that hysteria will soon exhaust itself and allow an appeal to reason. It is to be hoped that the stagnation in the development of our public lands which will inevitably follow the present policy will bring about an era of common sense and that those in authority will be brought to understand that it would be more nearly within the duties of their high position if they found ways to induce the coming of the settler, the taking up and development of the unoccupied public domain, and the creation of wealth where barrenness and sterility now exist. Let us hope that the sober judgment of the people will condemn this policy of putting every possible obstacle in the way of development, the policy which to discover new obstacles has even gone beyond the authority of law.

J. R. McKee.

ROMANTICISM IN TENNYSON AND HIS PRE-RAPHAELITE ILLUSTRATORS.

BY WILLIAM EMORY SMYSER.

ONE of the most interesting episodes in English literary history of the reign of Victoria was the publication by Edward Moxon, in 1857, of an illustrated edition of the "Poems" by Alfred Tennyson. The poetry had all appeared earlier, and had already been brought by laborious revision and careful imaginative elaboration to that richness of phrase and image, that final perfection of form to which only the supreme poetic artist of his time attained. But the designs with which the volume was enriched were new; and those in particular by the three young leaders of the Pre-Raphaelite revolt, then making a great stir in England, contribute to it a peculiar and significant charm.

Here in his eighteen drawings Millais presents the first conspicuous examples of his power in black and white, that fine sense of the dramatic and subtle feeling for illustrative meanings, which, it has been observed, appears in his paintings only on great occasions. Having an acute perception of the pictorial possibilities of the text—and Millais knew Tennyson by heart—absolute fidelity of interpretation, and the technical skill to put with a few happy touches the point of the picture beyond all doubt, working moreover in accordance with the naturalism of Pre-Raphaelite theory most congenial to him, he becomes a most instructive translator of the poet's ideas. Hunt, on the other hand, all his life the most consistent of the Pre-Raphaelites in method, in accuracy of observation, and delicacy of hand, serious and earnest in his painting as in his religious nature, invests the five poems which he selected for illustration in seven drawings, with the glow of his own refined imagination. While Rossetti—but who can speak in measured language of the five designs by

which this Ariel of art sought to interpret the romantic spirit of as many poems! They are not illustrations, but wonderful creations rather, original and occult—based indeed upon the substance of the poet's conceptions, but permeated by the artist's own intense and flaming individuality, and wrought with the glamour of his imagination into something rich and strange.

It is in this aspect that the volume derives its chief interest to the student of Tennyson. The romantic naturalism, the mediæval sense of wonder and mystery and spiritual beauty which are of the essential quality of Pre-Raphaelite art, when brought to play upon the poetry of Tennyson, interpret, and imaginatively enrich it, both in its own naturalism and its peculiar romantic character. To the student of literature, moreover, the volume is of significance in a still larger sense, in that it brings into temporary conjunction two vital, but on the whole independent, streams of romantic tendency in the sister arts of painting and poetry.

For, in spite of the fact that the term Pre-Raphaelite has been loosely and erroneously applied to his earlier poetry, Tennyson was wholly unaffected by Pre-Raphaelite theory or practice. Indeed, he stood quite apart from that great current of æsthetic interest which eventuated, let us say, in the art and poetry of William Morris, an important feature of which is the free interchange of subject between painting and poetry,—a fact all the more surprising when one recalls his personal intimacy with Hunt and Millais. Painters' poet though he was, who gave to art a richer series of subjects than almost any poet before or since his time, he yet shows in his poetry but a slender interest in the achievements of painter and sculptor, little sympathy for the aims and passions of the artist as such, and little knowledge of the ideas and privileges of art itself. There is but one reference in his verse to a masterpiece in this field,—to the hues, namely, of the Titianic Flora in "The Gardener's Daughter," and that is made by an artist-lover speaking in character. And he took Hunt to task for his beautiful drawings for "The Lady of Shalott" and "The Beggar Maid," declaring that an illustrator "ought never add anything to what he finds in the text," and remaining quite unconvinced when Hunt told him he did not enough allow for the difference of requirements in the two arts.

On the other hand, it is quite clear also that the poetry of

Tennyson exercised no appreciable influence upon the art of the Pre-Raphaelites, beyond affording them a rich list of subjects for their paintings and directing them to the romances of King Arthur for much of their inspiration,—an inspiration that began with these very drawings, for Moxon found its first full expression in the unfortunate frescoes in the hall of the Oxford Union in the summer of 1857, and continued for many years. William Morris, it is true, who is the finest representative in poetry of the pure Pre-Raphaelite manner, owes a lasting debt to "The Lady of Shalott" and the ballad of "Oriana," which he knew by heart before he entered Oxford, and for which he often declared his admiration. But Rossetti for his part always preferred Malory's "*Morte d'Arthur*" to anything Tennyson ever wrote on the subject, as containing "the weird element in perfection."

Indeed, the charm of the pure romantic manner everywhere characteristic of the Brotherhood in their handling of the Arthurian story is found in Tennyson only in his earlier poems,—in "The Lady of Shalott," "Sir Galahad," and the exquisite fragment of "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere," where the note sounds most clearly of all. But in "The Idylls of the King" Tennyson foregoes the romantic quality almost entirely. Not romance but refined sentiment becomes the vital principle of his imaginative rendering of this tale of a bygone age,—the presentation of modern spiritual ideals, the interpretation of the human heart in terms of the ethical feelings of the present. Over against Tennyson's story of Guinevere, her sin and remorse, forgiveness and peaceful end in the cloisters of Almesbury, William Morris, in his poem "The Defence of Guinevere," portrays the fierce passions of the Middle Ages, its cruelty of death by fire, its pagan joy in a woman's bodily beauty and in the luxuries of flesh, and the wild intoxication, the dim bewilderment of love. Tennyson's Galahad, exalted by the contemplation of heavenly mysteries and a passionate purity of soul, becomes insensible to fatigue of body and the sting of frost. But the Galahad of Morris's "Christmas Mystery" is heavy with weariness as night after night his horse "treads down alone the sere damp fern," until he is led to doubt his quest and whether it be not a fool's errand, and to envy Sir Palomydes his weary striving for the hand of Iseult and his thoughts of her, and even Lancelot his guilty dreams of Guinevere.

And yet, in spite of such differences, the romanticism of Tennyson's earlier poems and the romanticism of the Pre-Raphaelites had their root in a common origin, and drew a common inspiration from the witchery of Coleridge and Keats. In "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" one is haunted by the mystery, indefiniteness, strangeness, the baffling sense of a hidden meaning behind the image, which are the essential elements of the highest romance. And through the enchantments of Keats he may come to look from

> "magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Scott, it has been pointed out,* is the poet of romantic action,—of the dress, the customs, the architecture of the Middle Ages; but of its finer spirit he was ignorant—he never drew a saint, and he apologized for his love of Gothic. But Keats and Coleridge, on the other hand, are the poets of pure romantic feeling, the interpreters of the very spirit and essence of the Middle Ages.

In the poetry of Keats in particular the Brotherhood found an inexhaustible treasure-house of subjects for their paintings. Hunt was the first of the Pre-Raphaelites to fall under the charm of "Isabella" and "The Eve of St. Agnes"; and long before the poetry of Keats had come to its own, while the original editions were still languishing under the rubbish of London book-stalls, he was reading to his friends with youthful enthusiasm the lines which a few years later inspired Millais' great picture of Lorenzo at supper with Isabella and her brothers. Rossetti, too, was early seized by the passion of Boccaccio's tale as Keats retold it, and pledged the Brotherhood to do a number of drawings on the poem,—a plan that fell through, however. But Hunt, a little later, began his picture of "Isabella, and the Pot of Basil," which was done in the early Pre-Raphaelite manner, though not completed for twenty years. From "The Eve of St. Agnes" he drew his first important picture, "The Flight of Madeline and Porphyro," where he touches the whole body of poetic detail with absolute truth and pure romance. The same poem yields, also, what is by many regarded as Millais' greatest painting, his "Eve of St. Agnes," a picture in which he realizes for all time

* Cf. Beers' *English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century.*

the romantic figure of Madeline, the moonlight falling upon her as she frees her hair of its pearls,

> "Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one,"

and awaits the mystic favor of the virgin saint. This principle of romance, then, in part induced by the influence of Keats and in part the direct sequence of their interest in the art of the Middle Ages, in which they found the embodiment of all they felt art should be, is one of the primary elements of the Pre-Raphaelite spirit. And through it they found in the architecture, the dress, the customs of the Middle Ages a rich source of pictorial interest. The sculptured dead in the chapel, the cobwebbed arches, the foot-worn stones, the dusky galleries, the casements "high and triple arched," the chambers

> "carved so curiously,
> Carved with figures strange and sweet,
> All made out of the carver's brain,"—

all these became the common property of the Brotherhood, as they are the common property of Coleridge and Keats. And with this frank mediævalism of scene and background there is closely linked a renaissance of the Catholic outlook upon this world and the next, of the monastic temper of mind, of the rites and ceremonies of the mediæval Church, embodying itself sometimes in mystical symbolism, whereby truths that baffle language may find utterance through suggestive imagery.

But the primary and essential element of the Pre-Raphaelite spirit is not romance. It is her twin-sister naturalism. For, normally and on a large scale, romance and naturalism are in essence one, romance being always analytical and experimental, issuing by a sure and certain logic in fidelity to nature and the facts of experience. It is by no mere accident of invention, for example, that Coleridge observes and describes

> "The one red leaf, the last of its clan,"

on the topmost twig of the tree that sheltered Christabel. It is done in accordance with the strictest laws of romance, for which the characteristic or suggestive detail is of more significance than the orderly conception of the whole. As a consequence, romance selects and handles details always in conformity with the principle that human emotion will invest the most prosaic features of

the world of nature and man with a secret and hidden charm, and transform its crudest realism into an ideal beauty that transcends all reality.

This very naturalism, in its twofold aspect, is the fundamental characteristic of all Pre-Raphaelite art. It is the animating principle that led to the formation of the Brotherhood. Hunt and Millais determined to put on canvas exactly what each saw in nature, and to do it with all truth and sincerity. Rossetti, whose aims and ideals were in reality widely different, would in time, they thought, come to work on the same principle—which, in fact, he never did. But they all drew from the living model, and spared no effort to find for every picture a fit and appropriate background in nature. "Every Pre-Raphaelite background," said Ruskin in his memorable defence of the work of the Brotherhood, "is painted in the open air from the thing itself. Every minute accessory is painted in the same manner." And furthermore, in strict accord with the spirit of romance this principle of naturalism itself becomes in the handling of the Pre-Raphaelites an instrument by which details are invested with a power of imaginative suggestion that removes them at once and entirely from the region of crude realism, and through the smallest and most commonplace accessories bodies forth to the imagination a remote and often a hidden significance. For example, in Hunt's picture of Isabella, the altar-cloth on which rests the pot of basil, wherein her lover's head is casketed, is embroidered with a design of passion-flowers, and every subsidiary object is rendered symbolic of the fantasy of the sorrowing maid.

Precisely these features and elements characteristic of Pre-Raphaelite art appear also as the salient qualities of the earlier poems of Tennyson,—of those in particular that were chosen for illustration by Millais, Hunt, and Rossetti. And that is the reason, doubtless, why they were attracted by them, and were able to interpret and represent them with such insight and sympathy. In the first place there is a group of poems in which the interest lies in romantic and mediæval incident for which each of the artists in his own individual way made appropriate drawings. "Oriana," a variation of the old ballad of "Helen of Kirconnell," excited much enthusiasm, according to FitzGerald, when the young poet read it to the youths that used to gather about him at Cambridge tables. It is the cry of a lover whose arrow, aimed

at a foeman, went aside and pierced the heart of the maiden with whom he had plighted troth before the battle began. "The Sisters" also is a ballad of bitter passion, a revengeful tale of hate and brutal treachery,—thoroughly mediæval in its fierce passions and its fear of hell. "The Beggar Maid" again is Tennyson's retelling of the ballad of "King Cophetua." "The Day Dream," a delightful trifle, a gay and pretty fantasy, prelusive of the art of "The Princess" in its delicate fooling and "earnest wed with sport," is nevertheless of the Middle Ages in the magic spell which held the palace in sleep for a hundred years, and belongs to the days of strange enchantments and faery legend. "Godiva," too, with its grotesque portrait of the rough earl among his dogs,—

> "His beard a foot before him, and his hair
> A yard behind;"

with its Gothic architecture, its pillars and fantastic gables crowding overhead, "its little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spouts" that "grin with cunning eyes to see,"—it all belongs to the times when the imagination was free to sport in caricature and grotesquery of every sort. In many another poem likewise Tennyson thus touches the faery world of far-off times and places.

Finally, crowning the whole series, are his early experiments in Arthurian romance,—"The Lady of Shalott" in particular, with its verbal melody, caught perhaps from Coleridge, its full and splendid elaboration of mediæval picture, with its tower among the lilies, and the lonely maid weaving her web before the mirror, and her song heard by moonlight on the dreary uplands, and her longing for the great world from which she has been shut away, and with its curse and the lady's doom. It is in such a poem as this that one finds, indeed, the elements of the purest and highest romance, the fine presentment in perfect imagery of strange enchantments, the alluring sense of a deeper meaning lurking beneath the image but refusing to be conjured forth, and the weird spell that human emotion throws over the world of nature until its realism is transformed into an ideal beauty more rare than is seen by fleshly eye.

The saintly virtue of virginity, moreover, the practice of the ascetic life even to the point of a perversion of bodily sensibility, in consequence of which hunger and thirst, cold and all bodily pain become pleasurable, the experience of mystical religious rapture, the breathless ecstasies of a mystic union in absolute

maidenhood with the Heavenly Bridegroom,—all these, so delicately representative of the Catholic monastic temper of the Middle Ages, find their expression in "St. Agnes' Eve," where they are clothed in phrase and image which themselves seem to be but the "shadows of a shadow-world." In "Sir Galahad" again the discipline of chastity and saintliness glows in the conception of the "faithful knight of God," insensible to cold and bitter frost through the mightier transports that move him, attended by day and night everywhere by the mystic presences that wait upon the soul in its quest for unseen realities, and blessed by visions of high import. At times indeed in the portrayal of these raptures the poet passes beyond the realm of material imagery into pure allegory and symbolism, while the world of nature and all material conceptions are refined and spiritualized by the lyric emotion to which he has given utterance.

On the other hand, Tennyson is at one with the Pre-Raphaelites in his love of truth and close adherence to the facts of nature and life. "Mariana" is a poem in point,—each stanza a little picture in verse embodying through objective detail the dejection and love-longing of the forsaken woman who cries out the passion of her life only in the words of the refrain. Here the poet's power in the composition, the selection, and the subordination of his details in accordance with the emotional effect they are to represent and interpret, and his keenness of eye and ear, his conscious fidelity to fact, his sensuous richness so like that of Keats, are qualities that again link his art with that of the Pre-Raphaelites. Twice Millais was inspired to interpret the sentiment of the poem,—once in the painting of 1851, where he represents Mariana rising from her embroidery frame in front of a window of colored glass through which may be seen a sunlit garden beyond, and bending back in weariness with half-shut eyes. Again, with greater emotional intensity and insight, he drew the simple design for the Moxon volume,—the figure of a woman in a wainscoted chamber; she has been gazing through the latticed window at the poplars, and the long level landscape, and the slowly darkening sky, until overburdened by her melancholy she has turned from the light and buried her face in her hands on the window-seat.

Another important group of these earlier poems has to do with the delineation of the common affections through the portrayal of homely incident. In spite of a sentimental weakness which

occasionally betrayed him in dealing with such subjects, Tennyson has produced a number of poems—"Dora," "Locksley Hall," "The Miller's Daughter," and "Edward Gray"—pictures of English home and country life in which with truth and power he has depicted the sacredness of the domestic emotions and of the ties of blood, and which in turn appealed to Millais for graphic representation. In consequence he has drawn some of his best designs by way of illustrating them, designs that surprise and delight by their variety and versatility, and the power they show for assimilating the ideas of the poet without exposing the weakness and sentimentality into which he sometimes falls. The longing for lost love and the bitter regret and self-reproach for unkind words spoken long ago, give a simple pathos to the poem of "Edward Gray," which Millais has depicted with delicate sympathy in the drooping figure, the dejected attitude of the long-absent lover and the gentle kindliness of one who greets him with womanly welcome. There are two pictures for "Dora," drawn by the same hand, and two for "The Day-Dream," both romantic and simple,—one depicting the arrival of the Prince at the enchanted castle, and the other showing the King and his courtiers waking before the table, and the serving-men breaking into noisy life as the spell is snapped by the magic kiss.

But it must not be supposed that the illustrations of Millais were confined to the portrayal of poetic incident, whether homely or romantic. In the design for "Mariana" his sympathetic power to render the spiritual significance of the poet's lines has already been remarked. And this faculty appears again in two other drawings, perhaps the greatest of his contributions to the series. One is the powerfully imaginative design, "The Wind is Blowing in Turret and Tree," drawn for "The Sisters" and singled out for special praise by Ruskin. Here the artist has seized upon and presented in picture all the weird and ghostly horror, the guilt and passion of the tale. A full moon is rolling in the sky, but harassed by driving cloud that dims its light; the tall poplars are bending to the force of the wind; a door in the turret swings back and forth upon the roof; it is in such a place that ghostly shapes might pass up and down the foot-worn stones and back and forth in the shadows. And on the other hand, in his picture of the saintly nun, clad in austere gown of white, pausing on the convent stairs, indifferent to cold, to gaze out upon

the snow-covered earth lying white in the moonlight, and to breathe into the frosty air her desire for utter purity, he has given a wonderful representation of the poetic principle of Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve," and of the holy maid's ecstatic prayer.

Millais, however, sympathetically interpretative as he is in such designs as these, never transcends the limits of the poet's original conceptions as they are set down for him in the several poems he selected for illustration. It is precisely at this point, however, that the art of Holman Hunt, in its application to the poetry of Tennyson, is most distinctive and individual. For it is the happy fortune of Hunt always to invest whatever poem he made his drawings for with the charm of his own imagination, delicate, romantic, poetic. Memories of his sojourn in Syria and his solitary travels in the romantic East flower out, under the impulse of Tennyson's "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," in two fascinating pictures that embody in graphic form much of the luxury of the poet's elaborate and fanciful lines. One is an imaginary portrait of the "good Haroun Alraschid" himself, of benignant countenance; and the other is a design in which the artist has given truth of local color to the altogether unlocalized, though richly sensuous, details of the poet's series of verbal pictures. Once again for "The Beggar Maid" he disregarded the limitations of exact pictorial delineation—in a way too that called out the poet's sharp protest—and outlined his ideal of the shy and simple beauty of the girl who has won the young King's heart, and the manly vigor of the boy in act of putting his crown on the head of his beggar Queen. For "Godiva" also he drew a sweetly romantic picture, but thoroughly individual,—a Gothic chamber, secret and remote, where before a quaintly carved *priedieu,* with the crucifix above it, stands the Lady of Coventry about to unclasp "the wedded eagles of her belt," but looking in dread of an intruder toward the massive doorway and the shadowy corridors, where prying eyes might lurk to spy her naked beauty.

It is in his two designs for "Oriana," however, and in the single perfect drawing for "The Lady of Shalott" that Hunt gives the most distinctive and charming evidence of his power of pictorial interpretation, the finest examples of his art as applied to the poetry of Tennyson. In the designs for "Oriana" he has caught and represented all the deep pathos of the ballad. The first shows the two lovers in the dark yew-wood heedless of the

men-at-arms on the distant ramparts preparing for battle, and of the young knight's war-horse that neighs impatience in the nearer background. Everywhere there is suggestion of impending doom. Oriana, whose face is drawn from the familiar features of the artist's wife, bends over her kneeling lover to tie her scarf upon his helmet, and he, steadying its horn beneath her foot, is stringing the fatal bow, so soon, alas! to speed the perfidious arrow to her heart. In the second design the stricken lover kneels again, this time in bitter anguish at the tomb of his slain mistress, amid a winter landscape, to kiss the marble brow of the effigy, while his boat in the background, that is to bear him overseas to other scenes, rises and falls with the heaving tide. In the same way, once more and with deeper insight, he has invested his drawing for "The Lady of Shalott" with a remote and subtle pathos,—the Lady, a perfect figure, stands before her web in the tower; in the mirror before her is shown the passing of Lancelot; the curse has come upon her, the blown hair that is driven in wavy masses about her head and the broken threads from the loom that entwine her with tangled persistence being finely indicative of the fatality that is her doom.

Rossetti also made a drawing for the same poem, and the two are in sharp contrast, each being individual and significant of the imaginative quality of its maker. Hunt's conception belongs to the enchanted regions of faery, unlocalized in time or place, a fine, ideal and perfect presentment of Tennyson's poem, the beautiful woman, and her strange destiny. But Rossetti's is weird and of the Middle Ages in all its details, invested by the artist with all those features that are distinctive of his own imaginative outlook. The Lady lies dead in her boat that floats in the night through Camelot, her head shadowed by a strange roof-like covering on which burn the flickering funeral lights; from the bridge that spans the stream Lancelot descends to muse upon her face, the courtiers crowding behind him in idle curiosity; on the water in the middle distance the awakened and startled swans swim about in wild commotion, and on the far side of the river a rout of midnight revellers pours from the castle doorways to the neighboring wharf.

The same weird mediævalism, the same intense and flaming individuality of treatment appears again in the "Mariana," as it appears in fullest symbolism in the drawing of "St. Cecily"

for "The Palace of Art,"—a picture which Ruskin regarded as the best in the book, except as it had been spoiled in the cutting. Mystical, every detail glowing with imaginative significance, it presents the Saint kneeling in a trance before her organ with lifeless hands resting on the keys, while an angel bends over her to kiss her into life and music; in the crowded background is the rampart of a city, and beyond the harbor with its shipping; and in the foreground is a man-at-arms eating an apple, while a dove—representing, it may be, the escape of the soul from the prison of the flesh—flutters up from the darkness of the dungeon beneath. He drew also for the same poem the strange design of "Arthur Sleeping in Avalon," which the Tennysons liked as well as, if not better than, any in the book. The sorely wounded Arthur lies asleep on the flower-strewn sward, tended by a half-score of weeping Queens,—one of whom has the familiar face of the artist's sister, Christina; anchored upon the stream beyond is the mysterious vessel that had brought him thither, and still further in the background stands a wood-chapel on a wild bleak shore. It is not the Avalon of legend, not yet the softer Avilion of Tennyson that has been portrayed, but a country strange, weird, remote, beheld only of a Rossetti and his kindred with the eye of pure romance. And finally, in the design of "Sir Galahad," the artist has made a picture, simple and impressive to a high degree, to supplement the poem imaginatively as the poem in turn supplements and interprets it. The knight in armor and emblazoned tabard, gleaming white in the altar lights of a rustic chapel in the wild wood, bows before the font of holy water; beneath, and hidden in shadow, a row of holy women part their lips in songs of praise, as one of their number with unseen hands slowly sounds the chapel bell, and in the depths of the dark forest the young knight's war-horse impatiently paws the ground. The face of the worshipping knight is pure and noble, as the glow of the candles flashes upon it, and the whole is a fine and exalted representation of the poet's conception of the virgin knight and his spiritual raptures.

William Emory Smyser.

JAPAN'S ABSORPTION OF KOREA.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

THE experiment of Japan in attempting to amalgamate the Korean and the Japanese people, and to give to the one the constitutional rights and privileges of the other, is of a sort unique in history and is of world-wide interest. If successful, it will eclipse all known peace victories.

Even in our own days there have been manifold causes and not a few occasions of war between the two nations. The typical instance of both was, the official insult of the Government of Korea in 1872, taunting Japan for discarding Chinese civilization and adopting that of Christendom, and in 1876 the firing from a Korean fort upon Japanese sailors. The first opened a breach between the sworded samurai, scarcely yet out of feudalism, and precipitated a cabinet crisis, followed by a civil war in 1877, which cost Japan 20,000 lives and $50,000,000. Then further, for Korea's sake, Japan undertook two continental wars, with China and with Russia.

At the beginning of her modern life, Japan stood first for peace and "the open door." A treaty was made by which Korea received, for the first time, recognition as a sovereign State. Then Japan attempted to redeem Cho-sen, the old "Treasure Land of the West," from mediævalism, with all its cruelties and horrors, and to coax Korea into modern national life. For years Japan lent her best statesmen and lavished her money to aid Korea into freedom and modern life.

None, least of all the Japanese, would call this altruistic benevolence. It was intelligent selfishness, with a strain of profound sympathy springing from racial and cultural roots but little understood by Occidentals. It was for Japan's own safety thus to lift up her neighbor, a cowed and hermit vassal of China.

For, though Japan's own perils from predatory Western nations were great—Russia and Germany having long been distinctly hostile in feeling, while France, in 1868, openly sided with the Tycoon and opposed the Mikado's Government of progress—yet the existence of a next-door neighbor bigotedly attached to the ideals of the ancient world was greater. Even to-day, outweighing all other things necessary for Japan's safety and future progress is that of a reformed China. Her neighbor nations must be in sympathy with modern progressive ideals, for Japan is the middle term between Orient and Occident.

In this view we have the key which unlocks the complicated situation in the Far East. It shows Japan consistent throughout. From the first, in fiercely hostile opposition to her, on her march, abreast with the Anglo-Saxon nations, stood China's claim of universal sovereignty, by virtue of which Korea was her vassal. As a matter of fact, "The Little Outpost State" never had any complete sovereignty until Japan, in 1876, conferred it. Korea is not to-day losing what she never had.

The trend of events leading to the action of August 28th, 1910, may be understood by glancing at the history of the country unfortunately situated between a continental and an insular people—the one venerable with undated time, and the other young, boundlessly energetic, but in Chinese eyes impudent, conceited, and neighbor-disturbing. No love has ever been lost between Japan and China, nor apparently is likely to be. Alliance between them is a dream.

Sentimentalism is not science, nor are boasting and traditional glamour history. It is time for our encyclopædias and popular writers to reform their wretched habit of giving China, Japan, and Korea a written history that antedates that of Egypt or Assyria. China has no annals in writing before 800 B.C., Korea none before A.D. 500, Japan none before 700.

Our Admiral, John Rodgers, was officially informed, in 1870, that "Korea was satisfied with her four thousand years of her civilization" and needed none from the outside. Every nursery in Cho-sen repeats this boast and also the pretty fairy-tale about the ancestor of Confucius coming eastward in 1122 B.C. to civilize the Korean people. He named his new domain Cho-sen, "Dawnland," "Country of the Day Spring," or "Morning Radiance." They even show you Ki-Tsze's tomb at Ping-Yang, and since its

partial demolition during the Chino-Japanese war of 1894 they have repaired it. Instead also of the "twenty" million Koreans boasted of by assassins, the enumeration of 1909 gives 12,363,400 as the native population.

The issues of the long race struggles in early Korea, as in Britain, were three kingdoms, from, or rather through, one of which letters, writing, and the Buddhist religion were brought to Japan A.D. 552. Of these three Shinra became predominant. In A.D. 667 Korea was invaded by the Chinese and made a vassal state. In the tenth century, the united pensinsula was called Korai, a name condensed from the older Kokorai. In 1012 A.D. modern Korea's boundaries were fixed by the loss of Liaotung as the result of war with the Khiban Tartars. Henceforth she possessed no land north of the Yalu River.

When, in 1392, the present kingdom and dynasty were founded, with its capital Han-Yang (Royal Residence on the Han River), or Seoul (stockade or walled enclosure), the ancient name Cho-sen was readopted. The Koreans, like the Europeans and Americans, hark back to ancient names. We have Erin, Caledonia, Albion, Batavia, Germania, Gaul, and so forth, and Americans sing "Hail, Columbia." Nevertheless, American newspapers inform us that Japan has even deprived Korea of her [Frenchy] name and dubbed her Cho-sen. Rather in this is Japanese tact revealed.

Korea has relatively a sparse population of twelve millions within ninety thousand square miles. Her people have had no struggle for food as in China and old Japan. Her soil is as yet hardly more than scratched for her few crops, chiefly millet, turnips, and rice. Her hills are bare and sheep are unknown. Her art is scarcely more than rudimentary. Her literature is chiefly in Chinese or borrowed from China. Coming from China and its monumental lore, or the beauty of æsthetic Japan, the contrast between the great trading nation with its shops or of the panoply and enterprise of the insulars is striking. Some declare the Koreans are degenerate physically, intellectually and morally. Korea's own proverbs mirror her history. Shut up from the world in paralyzing vassalage, Korea's experience is that of "a shrimp between two whales." "Absorption" means opportunity and liberty to progress.

Korea lacked the discipline of the feudal system, which in China was a golden age and in Japan fused many races and

tribes into unity, opening the pathway of promotion to the vigorous, teaching the law of mutual contract and developing a high sense of honor. In Japan, the system flowered in that superb specimen of humanity, the samurai. In Korea, under Chinese force and influence, since 1392, the ruling classes were divided into the Yang and Ban, military and literary. Mountains and seas shut off fertilizing contact with the world. Declining enterprise, hating labor in all its forms, unable or unwilling to be like the Chinese, great traders or cultured knights like the Japanese, the Yang-ban now numbering 400,000, or, with their families, nearly two million, became the leeches on the public treasury and oppressors of the people. Until recently they owned and gripped to its impoverishment the whole country, opposing modern ideas and the new civilization and detesting the Japanese, especially, for the same reason that the *literati* in China hate with unquenchable malignance Christianity and Western civilization, knowing that the entrance of these sounds the doom of their tyranny.

Yet savage Korea had her boons. First and greatest of all these was that one religion which has saved the Far Orientals from intellectual stupor and the paralysis of materialism. Buddhism fertilized the Mongol and Chinese mind and gave rise to its idealism and philosophy, added beauty and charm to the landscape, furnished its people with folklore, popular literature, art and architecture, while blending the best fruits of the Aryan, Hindoo and Chinese intellect. Through the zeal and faith of its missionaries, Korea was given her one brilliant period of national life. Buddhism fused the tribes of the peninsula into unity. It made Korea a nation.

A thousand years of Buddhism meant for the peninsula the praise and joy of life as expressed in art and monuments, shrines and pagodas. After the flames and harrows of many wars and the burdens of tribute from Chinese, Khitan Tartars, Mongols, mediæval Japanese pirates and invaders, Ming emperors and Manchus, Korea is the Issachar of nations. Yet there still stand those colossal figures of white granite, sometimes as large as lighthouses and cut out of the solid rock, sculptured white marble pagodas, edifices of stone for science and religion, moss-grown tumuli and ruins of monasteries and cities, their chiselled and carven work overgrown with weeds. These tell of a glorious

garden of faith at which Occidentals may sneer, but at which those who know the vast consolations of Buddhism, its uplifting ideals, its doctrines of tender compassion, its devotion to art, its power to kindle the imagination and to lighten the burdens of woe and care, will never disdain, but will rather, in any analysis of history, rightly appraise.

Yet like so many religions, Christianity being no exception, when luxury supplants sacrifice, priestcraft dominates over missionary zeal, and intrigue and lust of power take the place of ministry to the poor, there result dry-rot from within or destruction from without. In 1392—to condense much history into a sentence—the old dynasty favorable to the faith of India was overthrown. Buddhism was banned and its priests forbidden to enter walled cities. Only in mountains and secluded districts were the monasteries allowed to exist on condition of public use as strongholds when necessary, in war the clerics and their followers forming a sort of militia. For monk and nun during centuries the status was that of virtual beggary.

The new dynasty of 1392 installed Chinese ritual and dogmas. Whatever be the undoubted ethical virtues of Confucianism as a system, it is better fitted for intellectual men above the average. Apart from the regulation of conduct, it does little for the people, for it lacks the human tenderness of Buddhism. It gives no hope or aspiration, leaving imagination infertile or the prey to that animism and beast worship which underly all Asiatic religion, while it distinctly degrades woman. In no land has her condition been more hopeless than in Korea. There is nothing in Confucianism to welcome progress. It means subordination, government and order, but never advance or aspiration. Hard as it may be for Occidentals, who take their opinions about Far-Eastern movements from newspapers, to recognize the fact, Confucianism is the mainspring of Chinese as it was of old Japanese and Korean politics.

In 1866 the direct line of Cho-sen having come to an end when three royal widows were living, a boy twelve years old was made heir apparent. He became the Emperor who was deposed in 1907. In 1866 also men of five nationalities landed on Korean soil to rob, kill, trade or make treaties—all equally heinous in the eyes of the hermits.

During this period of hermitage, from 1392, Korea built a

barrier of stakes in Manchuria and desolated her frontiers to keep out the foreigners who came in ships. She possessed no system of public law or apparatus of justice, permitted a system of cruelty and punishment worse even than China's, and neglected the development of the country's resources. At the capital, Government meant family feuds and the privileged classes in ease living on the farmers and common people. Public hygiene was unknown. Until the missionaries came, in 1882, the diseased, the aged and the lying-in women were in large numbers put out in the fields or on the grassy slopes of the city walls, with a jar of water and a bowl of rice to take their chances. The masses were left in superstition to become the prey of the geomancer and sorcerer, who, to the number of tens of thousands, have been the actual governors of both the palace and the masses. The upper and student classes became hardened in that form of bigotry which Confucianism is so prolific in producing, its Korean crust of intolerance being even more indurated than in its native home. Hence when Japan definitely turned her face away from China to accept Western civilization, Korean official wrath was roused, and the Japanese of 1868 were stung to madness by an insulting letter calling them traitors to Eastern culture.

Once having recognized Cho-sen as an independent State, Japan instantly came into collision with China's dogma of universal sovereignty, which students of Far-Eastern affairs even then saw must be buried in the same grave with the divine right of kings and other defunct theories, if there was to be any peace in the Orient or decent intercourse between East and West. When Korea would send an embassy to Washington to ratify the treaty, the Peking mandarins left no means untried to prevent its departure, even to kidnapping one of the envoys, but the U.S.S.S. "Trenton" brought the Koreans to America and back. The United States paid the expenses of the embassy, but later in Washington drew the line at boarding a whole legation.

After her partisans had stirred up the Korean mob to fire their Legation, leaving the Japanese dead unburied on the street, China, to vindicate her dogma of universal sovereignty, sent three thousand troops under Yuan Shi Kwai and two other generals to "preserve order," which meant the virtual annexing of Korea by placing the country under her customs service. After the *coup d'état* of envoys returned from America, who attempted

to hatch the egg of reform by incubating it in the fires of assassination and incendiarism, the little Japanese Legation guard was driven out of Seoul by overwhelming numbers of Chinese troops, their dead being left for the dogs again. China kept as her Resident, after the British fashion in India, the same Yuan who for years virtually dictated the policy of the Korean Government.

When Li Hung Chang and Marquis Ito made an agreement to withdraw the soldiery of both countries and never send troops without first notifying the other, then China once more showed that her sense of a written recognition of Korean independence in the treaty was purely Pickwickian. At the first new symptom of chronic anarchy in the southern provinces the pro-Chinese party at the Seoul Court asked Peking for aid. Then China tore up the treaty with Japan into strips, making double violation, by first sending a strong body of soldiers before notifying Japan, and, secondly, openly naming in the belated document Korea as "our vassal." In the war declaration from Tokio, in the modern way, and from China, couched in mediæval phraseology, the old dogma of universal sovereignty was again flaunted and the soldiers were told to "root the Wo-jin [Japanese dwarfs] out of their lairs."

The Chino-Japanese war made Korea free and independent. The first thing the people of Seoul did was to obliterate the monuments of their degradation by conquest. When, in 1638, the rough riders, the "horsey Tartars," rode out from Manchurian valleys to conquer China and make three hundred millions of people shave their foreheads and plait the pigtail, they excused the Koreans from wearing the queue, because of their ready submission, and the chignons were kept. In 1894, proud of their freedom given them by the Japanese, they overthrew the tablet erected where their king had signed the treaty acknowledging Manchu sovereignty and pulled down the Arch of Welcome at the Chinese Gate near the Peking Pass, to which their sovereign always came to meet and do obeisance to the envoy from China's Emperor. In its place they reared the Independence Arch, an American teacher serving as architect, organized an Independence Club and talked grandly of great reforms and of freedom—which had no long training in self-control behind it.

In the decade that followed, the Americans were the leaders

in the development of Korea's resources, material and spiritual, while Russia's real purpose was shown chiefly in increase of her military Legation guard and possession of frontier concessions and privileges. The Emperor, always the incarnation of timidity, was thrown into the shade, or made a puppet, by his wife Queen Min, a woman of notable ability, who steadily neutralized the reforms which Count Inouye "the white flower of Japanese statesmanship" was attempting, in nominal conjunction with the King, to inaugurate. Indeed, actual government in Seoul issued not from a council of statesmen, but from a vast *boudoir* of wives, concubines, fortune-tellers and sorceresses. Court and Government were not separated. The Tai Won Kun, or Prince Palace Father, a man of unscrupulous vigor, who had lost nominal power when ceasing to be regent, so heartily hated the Queen—she being of a rival clan—that he left no gunpowder unburned or dynamite unexploded to secure her cremation or evaporation. The plots of this decade, within and without the palace, surpass in weird horror anything in the "Arabian Nights" stories. Villainous Japanese and low Koreans were incited by the Prince Father, and the fate of the Queen was murder and incineration. The King fled to the Russian Legation. There he lived a year, fulminating against the former ministers, while Russian prestige increased, and the timber concessions on the Yalu fattened syndicates in St. Petersburg and brought Russian wood-cutters and their Cossack guards on Korean soil. Returning to his palace, the King announced his intention to become "Emperor," and on October 12th, 1897, at daybreak, went through the ceremonies. Later he promulgated a so-called constitution of nine articles, centralizing all power in himself. The document is incredible in its absurdity. It aimed at suppressing the struggles of the people for more freedom and the abolition of oppressive old customs.

The leaven brought by the Westerners was acting, but of the public money lavished on industrial enterprises, very little was ever applied to the desired objects. The official report of the Decoration Bureau and Factory belongs to the horse-play of history. Universal graft was ancient and chronic. Scarcely one-half of the local taxes throughout the country ever reached the Imperial treasury. What is actually visible to-day in the way of improvement is the result of private enterprise or Japanese initiation.

When the issue of 1904-05 with Russia had been settled and the

question of Korea's reform came up, the choice of the one able to attempt the mighty task, unique in history, fell naturally upon the man who incarnated the New Japan. Yet to those who, like the writer, knew Ito intimately, it seemed almost incredible that a man in his state of health, suffering from *angina pectoris,* instead of seeking rest after a lifetime's extraordinary toil, should take up herculean labors and face certain assassination. Yet, summoning his best energies, he resolved to make it his life's ambition to redeem Korea and give her people the same service he had given so long and loyally to Japan. From his arrival in Seoul, he was a terror to the brutal ruffians, scalawags and lewd fellows of which Japan has too many. In public speeches and in action, both consistent and persistent, he showed even-handed justice. Not at all popular with the military jingoes at home, nor his greedy countrymen in Korea, he patiently mastered details and began intensely practical education, reform and reconstruction, while Japan at his call poured out millions from her treasury.

To-day Terauchi is to build the superstructure upon foundations already laid. In Japan's history, "Satsuma for war and Choshiu for statesmanship." Terauchi, educated in Europe, though War Minister, vice-chief of the General Staff, was born in 1852 in Choshiu and is a man of imperturbable good-humor and sympathy. The work actually done since 1906, and now expanding for the Koreans, who came under the same constitutional rights of freedom, privilege in all things, opportunity of service and promotion as do Japanese, is educational, sanitary, economic, administrative and legal.

No nation on earth excels Japan in proving that "education is the cheap defence of nations." Japan has given Korea, where there was no public provision for education, a system of manual training, common and high schools, and commercial, industrial, agricultural and medical colleges, having already appropriated over $250,000. In the Industrial Training Institute at Seoul six lines of modern technical training, from weaving to engineering, are established. Where public hygiene was unknown, one-half of the people dying of smallpox and syphilis being almost omnipresent, Japan has introduced water-works, hospitals and other means of preserving life, her appropriation to date rising above $6,000,000. In communications, besides a railroad traversing the entire country, with branches planned, and soon to con-

nect with the systems of China and Russia, wagon-roads are built or contracted for at a cost thus far of $750,000. Where there were only iron and brass cash, or private minting, Japan has adopted for Korea the gold standard, encouraging also the circulation of bank-notes and the establishment of industrial and agricultural banks. The head of the new Department of Agriculture, Commerce and Industry is appointed directly by the Emperor of Japan. The model farm or experiment station is making, for the first time in Korea, a study and application of seeds, crops and fertilizers, to test the ability of the peninsula, not only to raise cotton, but other staples, thus far unknown. The Forestry School has established three model forests, providing for this purpose $145,000 and three more are to be started and denuded Korea will be reforested. The new mining laws render the rights of operators certain and secure. Korea yields annually $3,000,000 worth of gold, silver, copper, graphite and coal. The centre of graft and rottenness, the Imperial Court, made up largely of eunuchs, sorceresses, geomancers and fortune-tellers, has been cleansed. Instead of the thousands inside the vast enclosure, who governed or sold appointments, administration is now carried on by trained men. The local and national police force has been reorganized. Civil-service examinations have been established in place of the sales of provincial offices.

Nowhere has reform been needed more than in the judiciary, which was formerly controlled by the administration, executive officials acting as judges. Under Ito there was established a system of regular courts and an independent judiciary, which are steadily rooting themselves in Korean routine, so as to become part of the life of the people.

In all their constructive work, the Japanese, who are among the most intensely practical people in the world, have studied conditions rather than enforced theories. Led by Ito, whose spirit still lives, the rapidity and character of their administrative reforms are gauged to fit the experiences of the Korean people.

Japan's problem is much like ours with the Philippines. Let aloofness rule and selfishness triumph and Japan will have an Ireland on her hands as certainly as will America. With altruism, justice and sympathy, she will give the world even greater surprises than thus far enjoyed. She must expect to spend at least $15,000,000 annually for years to come.

Below the political ocean's surface, however troubled, are the great deep currents of common ethnic origins, of language—the tongues of the two countries being more alike than any other two—the great historic faith of Buddhism and the ethics of Confucius held in brotherhood, and, in faith, the sure triumphs of the truth of Jesus. Already there are, by the official census, 250,144 Korean Christians and some thousands of Japanese in Korea, among them several officers of high rank of like belief. "The three t's of the lover — opportunity, importunity and propinquity"—the determination of the Japanese to succeed, the benefits mutually shared by both peoples on the threshold of the wide open door into promising Manchuria, the record of the past in Japan, the temper of the real people of Korea, who, delivered from their hopelessly rotten government, are now given a chance to rise, show signs of promise that the union of the two nations in heart and hand will, in spite of obstacles, difficulties and hindrances from without and within, be accomplished.

Let Japan use the true leaven and the transformation will be consummated without shattering the vessel. The rise of a great double star on the political firmament will be the source of good influences for the blessing of mankind. Out of forty-five years of experience with and study of the Japanese, I utter my faith in their success.

As for American interests, they are safe. Japan has a genius for disappointing the croakers and silencing the prophets of calamity. A hundred times has she done that since 1868. Remembering nearly fifty years of prognostications of the evils that were to come when consular courts and extra-territoriality were abolished, but which never happened, the steady storm of criticism, the abominable and slanderous misrepresentations by the war-makers in our own country, while painfully conscious of the crying need of the study of Far-Eastern history in our American schools and universities, rather than from telegram and newspapers printed overnight, I believe that Japan, the unquailing exponent of modern civilization in Asia and the true middle term between Orient and Occident, will keep faith and do justice, not only with the nations at large, but with that country which she has ever recognized as her first, her best and her truest friend—the United States of America.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

YOUR INCOME.

THE INCREASED PRODUCTION OF GOLD, THE RISE IN COMMODITIES, AND ITS BEARING UPON THE INVESTMENT OF SAVINGS.

BY CHARLES BLAIR MACDONALD.

A CAREFUL and thrifty citizen who had saved $10,000 in 1897 placed it in a savings-bank, the bank promising him four per cent. interest per annum. Ten years later the depositor drew out the $10,000 and, looking for an investment, realized that he had lost more than the forty per cent. interest he had received during the ten years, owing to the fact that the average advance in everything his $10,000 would buy had been about fifty per cent. In other words, he realized that he had received no return whatever on his money during this period. Why? he asks, and is told: since the demonetization of silver, gold as a measure of value and medium of exchange has depreciated forty to fifty per cent., the depreciation being directly attributable to the increased supply. Again, asking what proof there is of this, he is told that prices tend to rise or fall in direct ratio to the quantity or volume of the medium of exchange by which they are measured. This is known *crudely* as the "Quantitative Theory of Money."

Seligman, in his "Principles of Economics," points out that while this statement of the Quantitative Theory of money is not exact in its application, it is mainly true and means that "in the absence of relative changes in the other factors a variation of the quantity of money will produce a change in the price level." Experience has proved the truth of this. It is established by history and by statistics beyond cavil. The other factors which influence prices besides the depreciation of the medium of exchange are various—tariffs, credits, inventions, supplies from new lands, failure of crops, efficiency of labor, earthquakes, fires,

cheaper transportation, general production, etc., etc. These varied influences at times render the relation of price movements to the volume of exchange one of complexity.

Slowly the investing public is awakening to an understanding that their yearly income derived from investments is more than lost so long as gold depreciates in value to the amount of the interest received. Or, to put it in another form, when that which money can buy rises more than the interest received. Consequently, the question of how to invest one's savings is becoming more vitally interesting to the entire community.

Knowing the yearly production of gold and silver, one can readily compare its volume with the average price movements of commodities by making a study of the various price levels in England, Germany and the United States.

First. Dr. Soetbeer's Index number of prices at Hamburg, based upon the average relative prices of one hundred Hamburg commodities and fourteen manufactured articles of British export.

Second. Mr. Saurbeck's Index number based upon fifty-six commodities in London.

Third. The London "Economist's" Index number of twenty-two wholesale commodities.

Fourth. The United States Senate Finance Committee's Index number of commodity prices in the United States, known as the Aldrich report, based upon 230 commodities.

Fifth. Dun's Index number of 350 American commodities.

Sixth. The United States Department of Commerce and Labor's Index number based upon 250 commodities in the United States.

Seventh. Bradstreet's Index number based upon ninety-six commodities.

The numbers in the following tabulation are not in their original form. Mr. Wesley Steele, of the Financial Graphic Service, has been good enough to reduce the original index numbers to a hundred-per-cent. level, according to the terms of 1851. As for the three index numbers of United States prices which begin later than 1851, each is given the value of the Aldrich report number in the year in which it begins, reducing the prices in subsequent years to correspond. By this method the reader can see at a glance the fluctuations in prices.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1851.....	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0			
1852.....	101.5	104.0	——	99.3			
1853.....	113.5	126.7	——	106.5			
1854.....	121.0	136.0	——	106.5			
1855.....	124.0	134.7	——	110.8			
1856.....	123.0	134.7	——	113.9			
1857.....	129.8	140.0	——	115.6			
1858.....	113.3	121.3	113.9	114.8			
1859.....	116.1	125.3	——	104.4			
1860.....	120.7	132.0	——	101.4	101.4		
1861.....	117.9	130.7	118.9	95.4	94.2		
1862.....	122.4	134.7	125.5	103.0	95.3		
1863.....	125.2	137.3	152.3	92.4	102.3		
1864.....	129.0	140.0	165.1	112.3	104.6		
1865.....	122.4	134.7	155.9	108.9	124.8		
1866.....	125.6	136.0	155.4	135.9	125.2		
1867.....	124.2	133.3	131.9	125.0	119.2		
1868.....	121.7	132.0	117.0	127.4	114.3		
1869.....	123.1	130.7	116.3	113.9	108.9		
1870.....	122.6	128.0	117.3	120.7	116.3		
1871.....	126.8	133.3	113.0	124.6	117.3		
1872.....	135.3	145.3	123.6	123.1	117.1		
1873.....	138.0	148.0	128.5	116.1	111.1		
1874.....	135.9	136.0	126.1	118.3	110.2		
1875.....	129.6	128.0	121.1	116.2	101.0		
1876.....	128.1	126.7	118.2	110.2	92.2		
1877.....	122.4	125.3	118.4	108.5	95.0		
1878.....	120.3	116.0	110.3	104.7	85.5		
1879.....	116.9	110.7	97.0	96.4	85.2		
1880.....	121.6	117.3	110.7	106.4	97.9		
1881.....	120.8	113.3	103.6	109.9	99.2		
1882.....	121.9	112.0	106.2	110.7	105.8		
1883.....	122.0	109.3	102.1	108.1	95.8		
1884.....	114.0	101.3	96.9	104.1	87.6		
1885.....	108.5	96.0	91.5	94.6	80.4		
1886.....	103.8	92.0	88.2	94.7	79.1		
1887.....	101.8	90.7	89.8	95.8	82.4		
1888.....	101.8	93.3	97.3	97.6	84.1		
1889.....	105.9	96.0	95.4	99.9	78.6		
1890.....	107.9	96.0	97.5	95.0	80.6	95.0	
1891.....	109.0	96.0	97.7	95.7	84.6	94.0	
1892.....	——	90.7	93.0	——	77.8	89.3	89.3
1893.....	——	90.7	92.4	——	79.4	88.9	86.5
1894.....	——	84.0	86.7	——	71.7	80.9	76.8
1895.....	——	82.7	85.3	——	70.5	78.8	73.9
1896.....	——	81.3	85.7	——	65.6	76.1	67.9
1897.....	——	82.7	83.3	——	64.4	75.5	70.2
1898.....	——	85.3	82.9	——	68.0	78.6	75.5
1899.....	——	90.7	88.5	——	74.1	85.6	82.8
1900.....	——	100.0	96.2	——	80.2	93.0	90.5
1901.....	——	93.3	87.7	——	82.1	91.3	87.0
1902.....	——	92.0	86.7	——	86.0	95.0	90.4
1903.....	——	92.0	91.9	——	84.9	95.6	91.1
1904.....	——	93.3	94.7	——	85.9	95.1	90.9
1905.....	——	96.0	95.8	——	86.2	97.5	93.0
1906.....	——	102.7	103.5	——	90.3	103.1	96.7
1907.....	——	106.7	108.7	——	92.8	109.0	102.3
1908.....	——	——	96.5	——	——	——	92.0
1909.....	——	——	97.9	——	——	——	97.8

Confining ourselves to following the volume of the medium of exchange since the discovery of gold in California in 1847,* the reader, by our chart of commodity prices, is at once struck with the similarity of price movements as indicated by the various authorities, taking as they do different prices in different countries. For instance, all show the high prices of 1857, 1864, 1873 and 1907, and particularly do they accentuate the low prices of 1896. The high prices of 1857 were undoubtedly due to the increased gold production resulting from the discovery of gold in California in 1847 and Australia in 1851. The gold production for ten years, 1851 to 1860, inclusive, was by far the greatest in the world's history up to that time. This decade produced $1,332,000,000 gold, as against $1,262,000,000 gold for one hundred years previous, namely, 1741 to 1840. This caused general optimism and expansion based upon easy money, resulting in overcommitments, national and personal extravagances, and a final collapse in 1857. After 1857 the supply of the circulating medium still continued large and started the waves of prosperity again, just as the continued increase in the gold output has caused a rapid recovery from the panic of 1907.

After 1857 we come to many cross-currents, including the Civil War of 1861 and the Franco-German War in 1870. During this period there was no great increase in the combined production of the precious metals. During the fifties they averaged $171,000,000 annual total value, while in the sixties they averaged $175,000,000. Comparing this with an annual average of $68,000,000 in the forties and $28,000,000 in the thirties, we have abundant evidence of the increase. This enormous increase was accompanied by a corresponding rise in commodity prices. The impetus given by the increase in the circulating medium of ex-

* A brief historical account of the production of the precious metals, gold and silver, up to the commencement of the demonetization of silver in 1873 will be illuminating.

From 1550 to 1850 there were only two cycles of severe fluctuations in prices. In the middle of the sixteenth century there were large discoveries of silver in South America and Mexico. Prices at that period expanded 200 to 300 per cent., advancing gradually. This period is generally known as the famous "Revolution of Prices." From that time on until the discovery of gold in California and Australia in the middle of the nineteenth century there was no great variation in the production of the precious metals except from 1790 to 1810, when the silver production increased about fifty per cent.; prices then advanced seventy to eighty per cent. Later, with the falling off of the production of both gold and silver, after 1810 prices lost the entire advance.

change caused prices to rise until 1873, when optimism and inflation caused great speculation, again resulting in a panic, that of 1873.

From now on until 1896 comes what many people call "The Tragedy of Commerce"—namely, the demonetization of silver. Debtors were obliged to pay in the appreciating metal, gold, instead of gold or silver on the basis of fifteen and one-half to one as contracted. In 1871 Germany received five milliard francs, or $1,000,000,000, in gold from France, and in 1872 announced the closing of her mints to the free coinage of silver, and in the following six years marketed some $200,000,000 of silver coin, thereby going to a gold basis. Silver production continued to increase, there being in the forties $25,000,000 annual average currency value in dollars, while in the nineties there was $210,000,000. In 1875 the Latin Union definitely abrogated the coinage of five-franc silver pieces.

It is not necessary to follow the history of the demonetization of silver in further detail. It is sufficient to say that from 1871 country after country throughout the civilized world closed its mints to silver, thereby demonetizing over $3,000,000,000 of silver, exclusive of subsidiary coinage, or more than fifty per cent. of the circulating medium of the world at that time. This, together with the decreased gold-supply, caused the unparalleled fall in the price of commodities from 1873 to 1896, when the United States passed to a gold basis. Curiously enough, in 1893, only three years before 1896, the gold production broke the record of 1853 and has continued to increase until the record-breaking return of $457,000,000 in 1909, *accompanied by record-breaking commodity prices.*

The temporary falling off of commodity prices in 1858 and 1908 can be directly attributed to overproduction and the panics preceding those years.

One now asks what the end will be.

To bring the truth of the Quantitative Theory of Money more forcibly to our minds, let us assume, *reductio ad absurdum,* that we suddenly found a mountain of pure gold and that the production of gold was assured for years to be as plentiful as the production of copper, say 18,000,000,000 ounces instead of 20,000,000 ounces—that is, a production nine hundred times the present output. Assuming the mints of the world remained open

to free coinage as now, one can readily comprehend that bonds, notes and other obligations, payable at a fixed date in gold, would practically have to be given away, while property and securities *which carry an equity* would sell at many hundred times their present prices. While to-day the increased production of gold is only sufficient to advance values fractionally, for the reason that the increase yearly in the volume of gold is but fractional, we know fractions in time will make a formidable numeral.

In the decade of the eighties the total value of gold produced was $1,068,500,000. From this we must deduct $625,000,000 which was consumed in the arts (Dr. Soetbeer is authority for the statement that $62,500,000 is used in the arts yearly. This the Royal Commission accepted as practically correct). Deducting this, we have $443,500,000 out of the ten years' production available for money purposes.

In 1909 the total gold production was $457,000,000. Deducting from this $62,500,000 leaves $394,500,000 as the production of gold available for money purposes, almost equal to the ten-year period of the eighties. This comparison brings home to us the immensity of the present production.

The demonetization of one-half the world's money during the last thirty years of the nineteenth century occasioned an extraordinary demand for gold as a basis for currency and for "war chests." Had it not been for this demonetizing of fifty per cent. of the world's circulating medium of exchange, the enormous production of gold would have caused a far greater advance in commodities than we have witnessed. As it was, this demonetization caused a vacuum in the circulating medium. This was partially filled by improved credit arrangements on the part of the banking fraternity, and made easy of accomplishment by means of quicker transportation, cable communication and telephones. The rest had to be made up from the increased gold production. An eminent mining engineer, commenting on this subject, said he was inclined to believe the demand for gold as a basis of currency and "war chests" was now fairly satisfied, and even though the production of gold was not increased but merely maintained at the present volume, it would be felt more in the immediate future than it has been in the past. As to the production of gold in the future, there is every prospect

for a continued increase. The production is likely to be halted only through the increased *cost* of production—that is, the cost of mining owing to the depreciation of gold itself.

Now, to come back to our thrifty citizen. Once imbued with the truth that prices rise with the increased production of gold, the question of the output of gold becomes a most serious one, not alone to him, the individual, but to our Government and to all Governments in the administration of their finances. For instance, what is our State Government going to do with the law which prohibits savings-banks, trustees, etc., investing in equities and directs investments in bonds alone? This law, which was meant as a protection to the public, is really proving a hardship. How about the two-cent railway passenger law in many States? How about taxing the unearned increment, as the new Budget in England proposes doing and as we threaten to do in this country? With rising prices fixed obligations payable at a certain date give the investor practically no return on his money. Equities alone will give one the increase his capital is entitled to.

To give a concrete example of equities, let us assume one thrifty citizen invests his $10,000 of savings in Reading bonds, paying four per cent., due in twenty years. Another buys $10,000 worth of Reading stock at 150, which pays him on the investment four per cent. Assuming gold continues to increase in the coming twenty years as it has in the past ten years, what would probably be the result? The production during the last ten years was seventy-five per cent. more than in the previous ten years. If this rate of increase is kept up, the production for the next twenty years will amount to $17,000,000,000, about $4,000,000,000 more than the total amount of gold produced since the discovery of America, and more than three times the monetary stock of gold of the entire world to-day. In this event there can be no doubt that real property and commodities would at least treble in value. The investor who bought the bonds would have received in the twenty years eighty per cent. interest, but with his $10,000, plus his $8,000 interest, he could only buy one-third of that which he could have bought at the time of his initial investment. In other words, in terms of relative values he has lost money.

Now to come to the investor who bought the stock. He buys real property. Rails, ties, equipment and land must also have

trebled in value, as well as all the tangible property of the Reading road (among other things, the road owns forty-two per cent. of the anthracite coal lines in the United States). Coal must advance proportionately with everything else, rendering possible enormous dividends on the stock, conceivably causing Reading stock to more than treble in value; consequently, the investor in buying Reading stock would benefit by the equities, namely, by the increased value of coal, the increased value of iron and the increased value of land and timber. Besides this, he would have his increased interest payments during the twenty years.

On the point of interest rates there is much confusion. Some writers contend that the rise in interest rates will compensate one for the risk taken. Let us see what the authorities state and what the statistical records demonstrate.

While some students contend that interest rates rise, others contend that an increase or decrease in the medium of exchange has nothing whatever to do with the interest rates over a long period of time. Mill, in his "Principles of Political Economy," states:

> "It is evident that the rate of interest bears no necessary relation to the quantity or value of the money in circulation. An increase in the currency has in itself no effect and is incapable of having any effect on the rate of interest. A paper currency issued by the Government in payment of its ordinary expenses, in however great excess it may be issued, would not affect interest in any manner whatsoever. It diminishes the power of money to buy commodities, but not the power of money to buy money."

As Mill does not divide money into fixed capital and equities, I am inclined to take his view as to interest rates in general. As gold is a commodity, it must obey the general law of supply and demand, and that law alone governs its interest rate. If one confines himself to interest rates on bonds or loans payable at a distant date, it must be evident that a person who believes in the Quantitative Theory of Money, and also believes that the gold production will increase, will naturally not buy bonds, but will buy equities. Therefore, people who desire to issue bonds must pay an increased rate of interest to get their money so as to compensate an investor for taking the risk of an increased production of gold and consequent rise in prices.

In looking back upon the discount rate of the Bank of England

you will find from 1780 to 1840 the bank rate was never below four per cent. nor above five per cent. The average discount rate in the eighties was 3.48 per cent., which we have shown was the period when the gold production decreased and silver was in the throes of demonetization. In the nineties the rate was 3.04 per cent. From 1900 to date the bank rate has averaged 4.05 per cent. for the period of the greatest production of gold in the world's history. Considering that the Bank of England rate is based on a free market for gold, an advance of .60 per cent. in twenty years can be attributed to a variety of causes and in no sense can be attributed to an increase of the circulating medium. However, it is different with bonds. Mr. C. C. McCann, in a very able article in the "Political Science Quarterly," on the readjustment of railroad rates, shows a definite rise in the average rate of interest paid by the railroads of this country from 1897 to 1900. During this period the railroads borrowed $5,466,-340,000, pretty evenly distributed over the various years. During that period the rate increased from 3.77 per cent. in 1898 gradually to a rate of 5.04 per cent. This increase refers almost entirely, of course, to bonds and notes.

English Consols have declined from 112 in 1897 to 82 in 1910, which is an important argument in favor of those who believe that interest rates increase on bonds with the increase in the circulating medium. So far as I can see, the thrifty citizen can get very little comfort out of the increased rates on bonds.

In the writer's opinion, one must come to the conclusion that so long as gold continues to increase in production as it has in the past ten years, one cannot get away from deciding that the best chance of a return on his capital is an investment in equities—that is to say, he must place his money where the investment will carry the equity with it.

It is a most serious question and ought to be treated by our National Government; otherwise, at the rate of increase of the gold production, it will not be long before the principal countries of the world will appoint Monetary Commissions to deal with the question of gold as they were obliged to deal with the silver question.

CHARLES BLAIR MACDONALD.

EXERCISE AND REST.*

BY DR. LUTHER HALSEY GULICK.

How many of you that are reading this page have started, at some time or other, a systematic course in walking, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, or some other form of exercise? Most of you, I am sure. But how many of you have kept it up? Comparatively few I am reasonably certain. Here lies the real difficulty in connection with our present ideas of exercise. It is not a difficulty relative to knowledge; for in these days we all know what we should do. It is a difficulty relative to desire.

Not because my experience with regard to this matter is peculiar, but because I imagine you will smile in finding out how like it is to your own, I venture to give it. It has been my professional business for over twenty-five years to promote physical exercise and recreation. As soon as the emphasis in my work changed from the actual teaching of physical exercises to executive management, I dropped all formal exercising, and took only that exercise which pleased me—as most people do. During the summer I camped out and swam and boated. During the winter I started many times with dumb-bells and Indian clubs, to exercise faithfully in my room for ten or fifteen minutes each day. But I never kept it up. I have asked hundreds of people as to their experience in this matter. Almost all have praised the theoretical idea of daily exercises in one's room—and have confessed to not practising their own preaching. Most have started at some time or other on a course of muscular exercise which would keep the body active and vigorous, but have not kept it up.

This same condition exists among those like myself whose business it was to teach muscular exercises. Few teachers of physical training, after changing their work from the actual teaching of muscular exercises to some other line of work, maintain the two

* Address delivered at the Academy of Medicine, New York, 1910.

hours, or anything like it, of muscular work which it is the custom to advise. Clearly there is a gap between knowledge and practice. How may we bridge this gap?

Added information about the effect of exercise on the circulation, the digestion, the vasomotor system, the feelings, the emotional life, is not needed. It is motive power which shall lead us to actually do what we already know to be good, that is needed. In other words, how shall we create the desire to do that which we know we should do? This is the universal gap between knowing and doing, which must be bridged. The solution proposed to-day is—socialize our efforts, act as communities. "Custom and Wont," "Community-habit," "Fashion"—all must take hold of these matters, or we shall remain in our present condition—doing these things spasmodically and irregularly, or not at all.

When it becomes fashionable, when it becomes good breeding, good form, to be well, then and not till then, will this result be accomplished. Nor is this a far-distant event. Our own generation has seen an awakening in matters of health such as was never dreamed of before. Personal and civic cleanliness is a modern invention. London, not so very long ago, had only dirt, rush-covered floors in most of its houses. The scraps from the table were thrown on the floor for the cats and dogs. When the rushes got too deep and conditions were too bad, the whole mass was swept out into the street, which served as the dump for all garbage and sewage of all the families of the city. And this in London! The city which does that to-day—but there are no civilized cities which do that to-day. Conditions are so different to-day that the city with even bad water is in an apologetic state. When in one year, by the installation of sand filters, Pittsburg cut down the deaths from typhoid from over 500 to practically none, we see the power of public opinion.

Public opinion has changed in other ways. It is no longer well-bred to even talk about ill-health. We are still hindered with relics of the days when one's health and ills were the most interesting topic of conversation. We still say, "How do you do?" But woe to the person who really answers that question! The person who habitually pours out upon the unwilling ears of her friends the disagreeable tale of backaches, worries, and other ills—which we all have from day to day—is slowly but surely isolated by the bar of social exclusion. We know that the psychic con-

tagion which one person can spread by suggestions with reference to disease, is as real as the contagion from measles, or mumps, or scarlet fever. A little red contagious-disease card might justly and wisely be attached to the door of a person with a "grouch," with just as much reason as if that person had scarlet fever.

Modern society has recognized this psychic contagion, and is demanding that our conversation shall be clean, wholesome, on subjects of health. It is now ill-bred unnecessarily to speak of any pathological subject. This is an epoch-making change in the character of human conversation. And it has occurred within the memory of many of us. This changed attitude of public opinion is the first step toward bridging the gap between knowledge and desire.

If one so desires, it is simple enough to keep one's muscular system in good order by a few simple exercises each day. But merely to keep the muscles hard is not an achievement of much value from the standpoint of health and vigor. It is worth while to keep them just wholesomely supple, as they are in a person who does a reasonable amount of walking, or running, or swimming, or paddling. But to put in one's time and take those exercises which harden up the muscles is well-nigh worthless from the standpoint of health. It may be worth while from the standpoint of personal beauty and pride, but that is all. It does not increase our power of digestion, improve circulation or respiration; nor does it increase the depth or length of our sleep. It certainly does not increase the length of our life; it does not alter the health conditions associated with old age; nor does it increase blood pressure. In fact, the development of massive, hard muscles is positively undesirable. People who think they do not need outdoor air, do not need mental relaxation—who think they can work all their waking hours—who think they can do these things with impunity so long as they keep their muscles hard by a little exercise each day—these people are fundamentally and seriously deceiving themselves.

The kind of muscular exercise which works for health, for good digestion, for vigorous, useful life, for longevity, is the frequent contraction of the large muscles of the body, especially in connection with some pleasurable pursuit. It seems as curious to exercise for health as it is to eat for health. What a pathetic thing, to drag one's self from a book in a comfortable corner, to go out

and walk alone, for health! We must devise ways of doing these things together. We must establish social customs relative to spending week-ends, to going out afternoons for games, walks and the like, before we can accomplish the right kind of even muscular exercise. Exercise is not a thing to be taken like a pill—it cannot be picked out of and put into life like a block—it is a part of a whole, it must be associated with our social relations. Just as the flow of the gastric juices and good digestion are aided by waiting on hunger and inhaling the stimulating odors of the meal; just as these things belong to the normal process of digestion, and just as good digestion is difficult without them; so it is with recreation. It is to be associated with social life, with outdoors, with something that is interesting. It is hopelessly ineffectual if we put it by itself, and make of it merely so many muscular contractions.

One pathetic incident showing this foolish faithfulness is that of a Boston mother (she might have been somewhere else, but I chanced to see her in Boston), out walking with her small child whom she was leading by the hand. The mother said, "Take a deep breath, Mary; it is good for you." Such an endeavor to make the simple physiological process a consciously attained thing is harmful, it is out of joint. If Mary had had a sand-pile, or a dog, to play with, she would have taken a good many deep breaths without thinking of it, and she would have been much better off. And we are like Mary. To find and create community bonds that will take us out-of-doors each day—that is what we need. To make exercise an incident and not an end, in order that it may really help us—this is the second step which must be taken in bridging the gap between knowledge and desire.

What are some of the social exercises? Walking, golfing, canoeing, climbing, dancing—I regard the modern movement which is bringing folk-dancing into the schools as of the utmost significance. It is enjoyable—the boys and girls love it. It is something the love of which goes through life. I saw in Providence a short time ago a class of men who had been meeting twice a week to dance by themselves for several years. Their average age was over sixty; and they used such dances as the Highland Fling. This folk-dancing is wholesome exercise—but primarily it is wholesome socially—it fits modern conditions.

What is the relation between exercise and rest? Work is that

at which we must continue, whether interesting or not, whether we are tired or not. It used to be thought that the prime requisite of rest was the use of faculties other than those involved in the labor of the day. But there is such a thing as fatigue which goes deeper than daily work. We can work so hard as to become exhausted—too exhausted for any kind of work. Perhaps this is *will* fatigue. It is coming to be regarded as fundamentally true that rest from such fatigue demands continuity; that, for example, four periods of fifteen minutes each of rest is not the equivalent of one hour's rest; that a man who goes on a vacation and takes half an hour of his business work every day, is doing the same thing as the man who had a horse with a sore back. He kept the saddle on only a few minutes each day, but the sore did not have a chance to heal. Rest periods must be sufficiently consecutive to overcome consecutive fatigue.

New York is already taking this general need of the community for socializing rest and exercise into view. The new Commissioner of Parks in New York, Charles B. Stover, is opening up facilities for two or three times as many people in the parks and playgrounds as were ever before provided. The Citizen's Recreation Committee of that city has published a pamphlet which tells of the recreation facilities provided by the city of New York. It is astonishing, the facilities for camping out, for boating, for excursions, for games, for the general use not only of the parks, but also of the golf-links and tennis-courts. All sorts of things are furnished by the city as such. If one of the chief perils of our times is the peril of opportunity, it is equally true that there has never been presented to us before anything like the facilities for interesting open-air activities as are now available. For example, it is possible to start from almost any point in New York, in half an hour be on your boat on the Hudson River, and in another hour to be on the wild Palisades cooking supper with driftwood—and all with comparatively little expense. Hundreds do it, and our facilities for such outdoor recreation have hardly begun to be used as yet. This open-air custom is fast becoming common.

The supreme battle of life, it seems to me, comes for most of us between thirty-five and forty-five. The momentum of early youth is gone by that time. The physical capital of youth with which most of us started has largely been expended. Most of our

ideals have been seriously altered by experience. We see things in a different light from what we imagined they were as children. The brilliant color of fancy has faded. At this time it is not counsel that is needed—it is some definite thing to turn to, some definite course to take hold of, which we can carry through until poise is re-established; some concrete course of action to which we can hold, blindly if necessary, till the new and larger relation to life and work and society has been established; something that will make for sanity and wholesomeness. It is a kind of intellectual climacteric that is found in men as well as in women. Women, after their younger children have become six or seven years old—women who have devoted themselves to their families intensely—come up to that time and find necessary some readjustment. Then is the time to make for themselves a new relation to the community, or to degenerate. The fundamental thing to do at this time is to keep the whole body keenly alive. Thus the fundamental thing to be sought is sanity, which rests upon a basis of good digestion, good sleep, and a skin that is wholesomely alive and responsive to cold and heat. Now is the time to go out-of-doors and feel the instinctive response to the simple and elemental things of life. The person who goes out-of-doors and feels a blast of cold air on the face, and does not enjoy it, is not on the high level, but on the downward road. The person who still sees that the grass is green and the sky blue, who has simple, definite response of enjoyment to the natural elements, is sane in the sense that I am using the word. This enjoyment of the broader element in exercise is the common test by which we can know ourselves during the time when the youthful ideals are going, and before the larger ideals are established.

These larger ideals involve a new definition of life for ourselves. What is life for? The object of life is to increase life—to live vitally. No other thing is adequate. Any loss of perspective that puts the earning of money, the securing of professional reputation, and that sort of thing, first, which does not give to sleep its place, which does not give to out-of-doors its place, is a distortion, and cannot result in the biggest things nor the best work in life.

It is only lack of perspective that permits us to see our work so close that it seems more important to us than life. Life itself is the true object—full, free and social life—and we need to stand

back from our work and get this true perspective. Some Sunday or some week, when you are free from work, ask yourself what is worth while, and then readjust things. Assign to drudgery its place—if it absorbs all the effort, it makes drudgery of life itself. Assign rest and outdoors to their places; assign to your friends their time; and then live the balanced life. In no other way can we permanently accomplish this but by the establishment of community customs.

We have done away with the contagion of talk about ill health. It remains for us to socialize our recreations, to learn to play in groups. Carry on wholesome social exercise—functions out-of-doors—week-end parties—camping trips—boating—folk-dancing —all that is at the foundation of everything which is sane and simple and worth while. This is the answer to the question—the solution of the problem of bridging the gap between knowing how to be healthy and sane, and being healthy and sane. This is the *vita nuova,* to be reached by socializing out-of-door rest and recreation.

LUTHER HALSEY GULICK.

REPLY TO ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S STRICTURES UPON THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURT, D.D., LL.D., BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, RESIDENT IN EUROPE.

LAST February, on the occasion of Mr. Fairbanks's visit to Rome, Archbishop Ireland made, through the press, a most violent attack on the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy, and more especially on that in the city of Rome. He was supported by his colleagues and dependents from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and soon all the forces of Romanism in Europe and America were bombarding us from every side.

The Archbishop said: "American Methodists in Rome are active and pernicious proselyters. I was in Rome last winter, and I made a very particular study of the Methodist propaganda. The means employed are by no means honorable." "The books circulated and displayed in their bookstores are slanders."

Later, in April, on the occasion of Mr. Roosevelt's visit to Rome, the attack was renewed, and Archbishop Ireland added that "the Methodist propaganda was vile and calumnious in its assaults upon Catholic faith and dishonest in its methods to win proselytes." "I have received from Rome," he says, "most reliable data that more than justify any statement I have heretofore made, or may at any other time be prepared to make, with regard to this Methodist propaganda."

In view of all that had been published, the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on May 9th, issued a brief statement in which they denied the accusations, challenged proof and reaffirmed their confidence in the work and workers in Italy.

In reply to this, Archbishop Ireland contributes a long article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July, in which, with a great show of documentary evidence, he pretends to confirm his

outrageous assertions and statements by a method strangely lacking in candor.

We freely concede that, having received his cue, the Archbishop made skilful play to do his part effectively. It was a difficult task to apply esoteric rules of judgment before a world jury, particularly when he was set to convict a reputable ecclesiastical body of offences of which his own client had long been notoriously guilty.

Thus doubly handicapped, the Archbishop might be excused for making a brave show of confidence in his cause for tactical purposes, and even for resorting to cumulative emphasis where equity failed him; but there can be no warrant for so garbling or perverting the written words of the Bishops as to make them mean more or less than they meant in their proper relation. The Archbishop must have known that not one in a thousand of his readers would have at hand the words of the Methodist Bishops. Their statement of the authorized methods of their Church in all Catholic countries was brief and very temperate. It was quite within the compass and dignity of his undertaking to quote it entire; moreover, it was indispensable to an honest presentation of the status of the question in issue at that juncture. The Vatican had arraigned the methods of the Methodist Church in Italy. The Bishops clearly stated those methods, the methods endorsed by them and sanctioned by the Church, viz.: "*The preaching of the Gospel in its simplicity, and conducting schools where they are needed, schools which recognize the plain teachings of the New Testament as of supreme authority in religion and ethics.*" But in his first article, taking the responsibility for giving what he calls "the pertinent points of the Bishops' statements," the Archbishop omits this entire section, which contains the essence of the Bishops' utterance! Omits it while *appearing* to be quoting continuously; omits it without any mark, remark or printer's sign showing any omission at that point, though he does indicate other omissions! We do not like to believe it, but from what later appears in his article (page 29) it would seem that he omitted this official statement of authorized Methodist methods in order, at a convenient point in his discussion, to blanket in, as if under the Bishops' endorsement as a part of Methodist methods, certain alleged practices which he well knows would be condemned by every Bishop and by every leading Methodist in the world.

Again and again he dexterously quotes the Bishops' words that "our methods are the same that they have been for forty years," in such forced connection as utterly to falsify their plain meaning. No exigency of debate can cover this offence against candor and simple honesty. When an advocate virtually asks his jury to trust him to give the "pertinent points" of his opponent's brief and omits to quote the *most* pertinent he has done a wrong, which, being discovered, must cost him the confidence of his jury and the loss of his case. He has obscured the truth in order to perpetrate an injustice, and this under the guise of telling the truth and serving justice.

Observe: What the Methodist Bishops did declare and endorse as to methods the Archbishop carefully leaves out, and by the ruse of a cunningly laid train of intimations and inferences running through several pages he manages to substitute the alleged tricks of a lot of conscienceless ex-priests and other hirelings—as he paints them—as "methods" having the endorsement of all the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in their bald lying! By such subtlety the Bishops are made to slander themselves and their Church. Then the complacent prosecutor himself starts the applause in anticipation of a verdict won! To quote his own words far more fittingly than where he used them, this is "moral integrity with a vengeance."

The Archbishop will pardon us if we now call into question the truthfulness of some of the statements made and the reliability of some of the documents produced.

He first asserted that he had been to Rome and had studied the Methodist propaganda for himself. Yes, we know that Archbishop Ireland has often been to Rome. Once we remember he came to defend Americanism, but surrendered to autocracy, and as penance for his daring liberalism wrote an article on the necessity of the temporal power of the Papacy. Later he came to deliver an address on Abraham Lincoln, but refused to do so when he learned that the King of Italy was to be toasted at the same banquet.

In these frequent visits to Rome the Archbishop might have studied our work for himself, since we have always kept open house and have done nothing that we were ashamed of or afraid to have him see. We cannot possibly understand his utterances —many of them mere inventions—except on the ground that per-

sonally he was ignorant of the facts, and that as a faithful servant of the hierarchy he simply signed his name to that which he was told to say by his master at the Vatican. This seems the more evident from the fact that nearly all the material in the article appeared simultaneously in the Roman Catholic papers throughout the United States in April, having been forwarded from Rome.

The Archbishop pretends to derive the evidence in support of his allegations from four principal sources: "Four and One-half Years in the Italy Mission—A Criticism of Missionary Methods," by Dr. E. S. Stackpole; "Europe and Methodism," by the writer; "*Cenni Storici della Chiesa Methodista Episcopale*"; and "*L'Evangelista.*" Under this cover, however, he brings in his "*most reliable data.*" Later we shall see how very reliable it is.

If the Archbishop had personally studied the situation he would not have been compelled to go back and dig up an old book which is out of print, written sixteen years ago, and which at the time of its publication was ably answered by Dr. J. M. Buckley and others who were perfectly familiar with the situation. The same book was answered again recently in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by Dr. S. M. Vernon. We did not imagine that the Archbishop was so hard pushed for material that he would reprint those old statements and figures without verifying them or that he would dress them up as recent facts. The book was printed in 1894. Many of its statements refer to incidents and gossip that took place twenty or thirty years prior to that time and had no reference whatever to facts existing then or now. No unbiased mind reading the book can fail to be impressed with two facts—that it was written by a disappointed man and that the difficulties of our mission work in Italy were tremendous because of the centuries of Papal dominion. If space would permit we would turn that whole book back on Archbishop Ireland and make him and his Church directly responsible for all the unworthy characters therein described. Can any one imagine for a moment that Archbishop Ireland is really distressed because "the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, whom he personally knows and esteems," are being deceived and hoodwinked by those who represent them in Europe? Thank God, we do not have to go to him or to the Vatican for a certificate of character. Our people know us and have con-

fidence in us. The King of Italy, his Government and the Italian people, among them many liberal priests, know us, and we have in our possession precious tokens of their esteem and confidence.

The difficulty is that American Methodists and American Protestants generally do not know what Roman Catholicism is at its chief centre; nor do they understand its attitude toward other religious faiths. Archbishop Ireland says that the attitude of the Vatican toward the Methodists is that "*of absolute aloofness.*" What audacious courage he must have to make use in public print of such an expression! How inconsistent, for in another place he says that this Methodist propaganda has gone so far that the Vatican was obliged to organize a special "Society for the Preservation of the Faith" to counteract the influence of the Methodists. We have known this for years and we have in our possession the Pope's letter authorizing its organization. But the business of this society was not to stand "aloof," but (here we borrow the language of the Archbishop) "*by vile epithets, most shameless calumnies, insults most outrageous, dishonorable methods, and the co-operation of the lowest and most disreputable allies,*" to thwart our purpose at every step. More than once we have felt the sting of its whip and have seen others suffer under its relentless persecution. As far as the law will permit, it operates according to the old methods of the Inquisition. The people who attend our meetings and the children who frequent our schools are all known to this society, and every imaginable influence is brought to bear on them in order to get them away from us. The boycott, ostracism and scorn are the common weapons of the confessional. "Cajoled" by the priests, the wife torments her husband, the young woman threatens not to marry the young man to whom she is engaged, and people snub their friends simply because they associate with these nefarious Methodists. People may drink, swear, lie, steal and live as debauchers and this "Society for the Preservation of the Faith" will not trouble itself; but one thing they must not do—they must not enter an evangelical church, because there they will lose "the faith of their fathers." We have seen children cry bitterly because they were taken from our schools; and our converts, many of whom before they came to us had not been inside of a Papal church for years, have suffered ostracism and hunger rather than yield to the cruel pressure from these zealous servants

of the Papacy. They would use the thumbscrews, the dungeon, the rack and the stake if they could. Thank God, that day is forever past!

While we were erecting our great building on Via Venti Settembre we had five lawsuits on hand at one time, all of them provoked and sustained against us by emissaries of the Vatican. We won out, however, in every instance. For ten years we fought through all the courts, from the lowest to the highest, for our right to be in Italy at all. The clericals said that we had no legal standing in the country and hence could not hold property nor receive legacies. In the lower courts, where Papal agencies could influence the judges, we lost every time; but in the higher courts we found justice, all previous decisions were reversed, and our legal position and rights fully and definitely established. We have won our present freedom inch by inch and have come up through much tribulation.

Recently our Baptist friends and members of the Salvation Army have also been having troublesome times in Italy. There have been persecutions at Floridia, Noto and Bisaccia. In September, 1909, Rev. Mr. Fasulo, a Baptist minister, wrote a pamphlet criticising some of the foolish priestly inventions about St. Corrado, a patron saint. The clericals became furious and cried that such a heretic should not be tolerated in that place. The priests spoke against him from the pulpit. A procession was formed and a pretended urn of the saint was carried through the streets. When the wrath of the fanatical mob was at white-heat the poor deluded people were incited to set fire to the Baptist church, and the pastor with his daughter had to flee for their lives.

At Floridia the priests asserted that Protestant preachers were advocates of a new religion and that they worshipped the devil. For a long time there had been no rain, and the priests informed the people from the pulpit that the cause of the drought was the presence in their midst of these Protestants. Little slips of paper were distributed exhorting the people to drive out the heretics. Then a priest passing before the Protestant church, carrying the host, halted and gave the sign for the ignorant women to batter the door with stones. On October 17th, 1909, while the worshippers were assembled at eleven o'clock in the morning and the young pastor was preaching on the Beatitudes, the place was

violently assaulted by a mad crowd led on by the priests. Much damage was done and several persons wounded.

These are only some of the episodes in our endeavors to teach the people lessons in the liberty of the Gospel of Christ. We could fill volumes with such incidents, all certified to by public documents and the testimony of persons now living. This is not ancient history, but modern, and represents the spirit and attitude of Romanism toward all Protestant denominations to-day.

Talk about "bribing" and "cajoling." They are the ones who are in that business. We have had no money to give away, and to take care of the poor people whom Romanism has impoverished would be an impossible task. The Papacy absorbs all the money, lands, industries and energies of a people and, having reduced them to ignorance, beggary and rags, leaves them to suffer. For proof of this we have only to look, not at the history of Italy alone, but at that of all the so-called Roman Catholic countries of the world.

These defamers of the Methodists in Rome have much to say about the enormous sums of money they assert we spend in Italy. Some of them, like Archbishop Ireland, say "twelve millions," others "fourteen millions" and others over "twenty millions," while the fact is, as shown by Bishop Cranston, only $1,635,848 has been spent in all these thirty-eight years, and a large part of that sum is still available in valuable properties. But in the use of figures, as in the use of adjectives and epithets, they seem to have no regard for truth, so long as they can make the desired impression.

Does not Archbishop Ireland know that we are obliged to keep strict accounts of all money received and expended, and that the Methodists in America know, and he also may know, where and how every dollar has been spent? Do the people of the Roman Catholic Church in America know how the millions that flow into the Vatican treasury are spent? Try, if you can, to get a look into their accounts. "Italy," says the Archbishop, "is the Catholic of Catholic lands." "Rome is the Pope's exclusive parish." The following lines taken from the Vatican paper "*Rome,*" February 26th, 1910, would seem to indicate that not all in the city of Rome are the devoted followers of the Pope. Speaking of the recent commemoration of the martyrdom of Giordano Bruno, it says:

"Every year the annual demonstration has grown in size and menace. This year it has not been confined to Rome, but has been duplicated in Florence, Naples, Bari and elsewhere. It is estimated that over twenty thousand persons [50,000 nearer the truth] took part in the procession here. It was composed of the usual elements, freemasons, socialists, anarchists, university students and various labor organizations. The municipality of Rome was represented by a majority of its members. The cortege was headed by an immense inscription: 'The Roman Democracy for Giordano Bruno. Against the religious congregations. For the School. For the Family.' Whenever this demonstration passed a Catholic church on the line of march it dipped its banners in sign of protest. The orators of the occasion were the Deputies who represented in Italian Parliament the centre of the Catholic world. All denounced the aggressions of the clericals and clamored for the suppression of the religious congregations [meaning, of course, monks and nuns], for the enactment of new laws against the Church, and above all for the abolition of all religious instruction in the schools."

The same paper continues:

"This may well serve to call attention to the present situation in the Eternal City. Of its five Deputies four are violent anti-clericals, and the fifth can be anti-clerical on occasion; its mayor is bitterly anti-clerical and is one of the chief personages of Italian freemasonry. The last shred of religious teaching has been abolished in the public schools; the organizations of the working classes are dominated by the anti-clerical spirit; three-fourths of the newspapers are anti-clerical."

This is not our representation of conditions in Rome, but what a Vatican paper acknowledges. We must remember, too, that these Deputies in Parliament and representatives in the municipal government are elected to their responsible positions by the votes of the people who are determined to free themselves from Papal and priestly rule. It would seem from all this that the Pope had lost his influence even in his own parish, and that at present a large majority of the population of Rome is anti-clerical. We Methodists in Italy are not proselyting, but by the help of God we are seeking to lead the people back to a simple faith in Jesus, the Son of God and the Saviour of the world.

We make no apology for that which the Archbishop quotes from "Methodism and Europe" and "*Cenni Storici.*" We are sorry that he did not quote more, because these passages express in the mildest possible form what Roman Catholicism is in Italy and the need of our mission there. After fourteen years of

residence in Rome, there is no need of a "penny child's Catechism" in order that we may learn what Romanism is. We are not talking about ancient theories or printed doctrines, but about what we know the institution stands for at its chief centre. If, however, the Archbishop would like to have us discuss the Catechism, we could do it, as we have copies on hand in both English and Italian. We have often wondered at some of the things omitted from this Catechism; as well as at some of the instructions given in it and claims made by it. For example, in the Italian edition, the second Commandment is left out and the tenth divided into two so as to complete the number. The Rev. William Burgess, of Rome, writes that a Catholic Catechism recently sanctioned by Pope Pius X contains the following question and answer: *Q.* "If a Christian should be offered a Bible by a Protestant, what should he do?" *A.* "He should reject it with horror; and if he may have received it inadvertently, he should immediately throw it into the fire or give it to the parish priest."

Now, let us look at some of "the most reliable data." On page 17 of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July Archbishop Ireland says: "That the purpose of Methodism is understood by the Roman population, Catholic and non-Catholic, is made clear by '*Il Giornale d'Italia*' (April 5th, 1910), a newspaper quite sufficiently tinged with modernism and anti-clericalism to absolve it from any spirit of subserviency to the Vatican." Then follows a quotation from "*Il Giornale d'Italia*" which is certainly not very complimentary to the Methodists. We were amazed when we read it in the Archbishop's article, for this paper, one of the most respectable in Rome, had always spoken well of our institutions and work. We immediately procured a copy of "*Il Giornale d'Italia*" and also of "*La Tribuna,*" for April 5th. The two papers are now before us, and the paragraph quoted by Archbishop Ireland is precisely the same in both, but both papers declare that it is a communication from the Vatican. "*Il Giornale d'Italia*" has for head-line: "That which they say in the Vatican." "*La Tribuna*" has for head-line: "The thought of the Santa Sede" (Holy See). "*Il Giornale d'Italia*" says that the declaration was furnished by the Vatican and simply reported by them. "*La Tribuna*" says that the information was furnished by an eminent person and agrees perfectly with what the Santa Sede would express in an official note concerning the

Fairbanks-Roosevelt incidents. When a few days ago we related these facts to an eminent citizen he replied: "Some people say that the Bible declares that *'there is no God,'* but it is well to look into the Bible and see for yourself who made the declaration." Did Archbishop Ireland knowingly and deliberately attempt to deceive the American public in this matter, or did he simply quote the paragraph that was furnished him from Rome and blindly sign his name to it?

The cartoon in *"L'Evangelista,"* entitled "My kingdom is not of this world," which the Archbishop criticises, was a photograph of a model made by an eminent artist in competition for prizes that had been offered for the best representation of "The fall of the temporal power of the Papacy." This model won one of the prizes, and the photograph was furnished to our editor by the artist himself. Nothing could have been more appropriate for the celebration of the 20th of September.

On page 18 the Archbishop says: "'*La Nazione*' of Florence, a quite un-Catholic journal, publishes, April 13th, 1910, on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Roosevelt to Rome, a letter of its Roman correspondent. Among other things he says: 'Some days ago, passing through Via Venti Settembre, I stopped to glance at the titles of books exhibited in the windows of their [Methodist] publishing-house. Here are samples: '*Le Infamie dei Papi*' ('Infamies of Popes'), '*Le Lordure dei Pontifici*' ('Pontifical Filthiness'), '*Il Papa va Scacciato*' ('The Pope Driven Away'), and so on, in the list before my eyes."

Here also we must make a few corrections in the Archbishop's "most reliable data." Everybody in Italy knows that *"La Nazione"* of Florence is an ultra-conservative paper in strict alliance with the clerical party. No windows of our publishing-house front on Via Venti Settembre, and only one small window where books and papers are exhibited on Via Firenze. The fact, however, is that the books mentioned were never published, owned or sold by us. No one ever saw them in our window at any time, for we have never had them. Hence the statement of the correspondent is absolutely false, simply invented for the occasion. If the Archbishop had only reported what he saw, since he says he was there and investigated for himself, he would not have fallen a victim to such unreliable data of others. No doubt such books can be procured in Rome, though we have never seen

them; but the titles given indicate what the Italian people are constantly thinking and talking about.

We are called to account because we do not always speak of the Roman Catholic Church in "*L'Evangelista*" as the *Catholic Church.* Is the Church of Rome to-day *Catholic?* In no sense does it have any moral right to appropriate to itself that designation. We can hardly any longer say "Roman" because a majority of the people of Rome have repudiated it. Its proper title is the "*Papal Church.*" This justly indicates its character. Certainly we are not insulting any one when we say *Papal Church,* since every loyal Roman Catholic must reverence and obey the Pope.

In referring to the celebration in Rome of the Giordano Bruno anniversary, February 17th, 1910, the Archbishop says that the event "was seized upon by socialists and anarchists as a propitious occasion to vent forth insults against *civic law and order,* no less than against the Catholic Church, against religion of any kind or form." The London "Saturday Review" describes the Bruno demonstration as disgraceful to common civilization. But the demonstration was anti-Papal; it obtained applause from "*L'Evangelista.*"

We have seen that the Mayor of the city with a majority of the municipal council were there, that many of the leading members of Parliament were there, that university students from all over the country were there, the working-men's associations were there—in a word, fifty thousand representatives of the brain and brawn and hope of new free Italy were there to commemorate the martyrdom of a hero of liberty. Of course the demonstration was anti-Papal, because it was the Pope who burned Bruno. Of course it was anti-Papal, because to the Italians the Pope is the personification of autocracy and tyranny. It is absolutely false, however, to say that the demonstration was "disgraceful to common civilization" and "against civic law and order." It was an orderly, dignified, enthusiastic demonstration of an intelligent, determined people such as would have reflected honor on any land. The trouble was that the Archbishop's data instead of being "most reliable" was from a clerical correspondent to the London "Saturday Review." If the Archbishop had been there he could not have failed *as an American* to have been touched with the enthusiasm of the people. The music and

marching would have reminded him of his own free land. Of course many of those in line belonged to the extreme parties. Are they not where they are to-day because of the tyranny of the Popes? The pendulum is swinging back to its proper place and we Methodists are helping to bring it there. "*L'Evangelista,*" one of the ablest papers printed in the Italian language, unhesitatingly applauds all such demonstrations on the part of a redeemed and free people.

Here says the Archbishop: "The climax is reached in the hearty endorsement given to the '*Asino.*'" "I quote," he says, "from the Roman journal, '*Il Bastone,*' February 11th, 1910." We must here inform the public of an important fact which the Archbishop has failed to mention, namely, that "*Il Bastone*" is a paper wholly at the service of the priests. It is entirely clerical and hence "*most reliable*" for the Vatican.

If Archbishop Ireland, instead of giving to the press that which had been sent to him from Rome, had simply taken the trouble to read the "*L'Evangelista*" for himself, he would not have dared to misrepresent us and deceive the public as he has done by quoting only a part, leaving out that which gave the meaning to the whole. The copy of "*L'Evangelista*" referred to is before us. It says:

"We applaud the purpose of the '*Asino*' to support the minority of believers who are being crushed by the Church of the state. It would seem that this fighting organ of Sig. Podrecca is coming toward the right way. There are other problems loftier and more complex than simple anti-religious positivism.—There are fields of common activity upon which we may give a fraternal hand in the sacred war against the heresies and the obscurantism of Romanism. When '*L'Asino*' shall have taken a decided position toward these questions, vastly more important and more practical, its combative force will be multiplied a hundredfold and no magistrate will then be disposed to prosecute it because of its criticisms of the *sacrificial eucharist.*—This new direction of '*L'Asino*' is indicative and will excite serious preoccupations in Vatican circles."

A later number of "*L'Evangelista*" said:

"It will be useless for us to affirm for the hundredth time that our support of '*L'Asino*' is based simply on our recognition of the right of propaganda and criticism and not on the fact that we agree with all of its ideas. We jealously reserve our right to disapprove the rational-

istic and anti-religious campaign of '*L'Asino*,' believing it to be damaging to the cause of anti-clericalism and foreign to the propaganda of socialism."

There is no equivocation or compromise in the position of "*L'Evangelista.*" It stands every time for pure religion that manifests itself in truth and righteousness.

After the Archbishop has forcibly allied "*L'Evangelista*" to "*L'Asino,*" he asks: "What is '*L'Asino*'? It is the filthiest of filthy publications. Its articles reek with obscenity. Self-respecting people quickly turn away when at the street-corner kiosks their eyes light upon its lurid illustrations. In November, 1908, the United States postal authorities forbade its entrance into America."

Rather an unholy alliance for a Methodist paper! But let us look at the "facts," for perhaps here again the Archbishop may have been misinformed by those who were "aloof" from the truth. We admit that "*L'Asino*" is terrific in its war on the Papacy, and even Archbishop Ireland must admit that it is very able and most effective. In saying, however, that "self-respecting people quickly turn away when their eyes light upon its lurid illustrations" he condemns at one stroke tens of thousands of the best and most intelligent people in Italy who do not turn away from it, but buy it and read it. Will the Archbishop tell us which is the worst, "*Il Mulo*" ("The Mule") or "*L'Asino*" ("The Donkey")? "*Il Mulo*" was produced and is maintained for the express purpose of kicking "*L'Asino.*" "*Il Mulo*" is edited by a priest and deals in indecent jokes which are used to discredit and place in ridicule everything that has to do with liberalism. "*L'Asino*" prints the photographs of lovers of Pius IX, the cuts of the indecent figures on the bronze doors of St. Peter's, and of pictures in the *loggia* of the Vatican and holds up to public contempt the shameful moral teachings of "*St. Alfonso dei Liguori.*" In its "*pozzo nero*" it gives the more recent disgraceful doings of Romish priests.

That the things reported have been true is demonstrated by the fact that, though the laws in Italy against defamation are very stringent, and that though during seventeen years "*L'Asino*" has been prosecuted forty-three times, it has never been condemned by the courts.

Americans, of course, will be impressed by the fact that "in

November, 1908, the United States postal authorities forbade its entrance into America," as Archbishop Ireland informs us. What, however, are the facts? The Vatican, becoming alarmed at the damage being done to its cause by "*L'Asino*" among the Italians in America, sent Monsignor Falconio to America with the definite mission of influencing the Government to exclude "*L'Asino*" from the United States. This Monsignor soon put in motion all the powerful machinery of the Romish Church in America for the accomplishment of his purpose. He first directed his efforts toward the White House, but finding that this would not be the surest way to success, he then brought all his influence to bear upon the postal authorities and succeeded in his purpose. He was congratulated and rewarded by the Vatican. When one, then high in authority, was recently asked how this happened, he simply expressed his surprise and said that this was the first time he had known anything about it. Archbishop Ireland and his colleagues did it and then said that "the United States postal authorities forbade its entrance into America." The Archbishop, however, must know that "*L'Asino*" is still alive and has become an American citizen. More than ten thousand copies of the American edition, which corresponds to the Italian, are sold every week. The priests, of course, are furious. Several times they have sequestered copies in local post-offices, but on learning the facts the postmaster has been obliged to let them pass. Perhaps they will soon bring "*Il Mulo*" across the water and set it to kicking "*L'Asino*" in America as it is doing in Italy, though we are of the opinion that the free air of America might not be good for "*Il Mulo.*"

Perhaps the American public have not been informed of a recent case before the Supreme Court of Leipzig. Some time ago an editor of that city published a tract by a Mr. Ferk, which was nothing else than a series of extracts from the moral theology of Alfonso dei Liguori translated into German, with a preface which called attention to the immorality of such theological precepts. The State attorney initiated proceedings against the author and publisher of the tract, on the ground that it was an outrage against public morals and decency and a defamation against the Catholic Church. The court, however, acquitted the accused, because, while the publication of the tract was an offence against decency, it could not be regarded as immoral, since the

tract was published with the sole purpose of proving the immorality of the teachings of Alfonso dei Liguori. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, which has confirmed *in toto* the sentence of the lower court, which pronounces as immoral the moral teachings of the Romish Church.

On page 22 the Archbishop informs the public that "the Catholic Church is severe in its *sacerdotal exigencies:* the *unworthy priest* is quickly forced from the ranks." All depends, of course, on what he means by "*sacerdotal exigencies*" and "*unworthy priest.*" Every one knows that the Papal Church requires every bishop to obey the Pope and every priest to obey the bishop. If, therefore, the Archbishop means by "*sacerdotal exigencies*" absolute obedience to the Curia, we agree with him that the Romish Church is severe, even very severe. But if he means by "sacerdotal exigencies," purity of character and a strict moral life, we must confess that in Italy it is one of the loosest institutions in this respect we have ever intimately known. The Archbishop is right when he says that "so long as human nature remains some such [unworthy ones] there will be." That is so and they will be in every Church. But the virtue of the Church is in discovering such and turning them out of the sacred office of ministers of the blessed Christ. All over Italy, however, the immorality of the priests is proverbial. We do not mean by this that every priest is immoral; no, there are some noble exceptions, but many of them are shamefully so. If we should publish what we personally know on this matter, we fear that the district attorney would be after us for offending public decency.

In Italy priests are not often tried or expelled from the Church for drunkenness, lying, dishonesty or immorality, but the moment that one dares to pray for the King or Parliament, the moment he is known to venture inside an evangelical church, except as a spy, or speaks well of evangelical Christians, or tolerates among his people the free circulation of the Bible, that very moment he is called to account.

Some of the poor fellows have been so nurtured on Jesuitical casuistry that they do not know the meaning of truth or honesty. The end justifies the means. One day we received a most pitiful letter, well written, from a monastery. It was from a young man to whom some light had come and who wanted to get out

from that prison life. He said: "Please send a telegram stating that my father is dangerously ill and needs me immediately." We replied that we did not lie, even to get a man out of prison. He wrote then a long letter in which he tried to prove that in doing as he had proposed we would not be telling a lie because of the end to be accomplished. We have kept the letter because at that time it was for us a revelation. The Methodists have never sought cast-off priests. Those who have come to us have presented clean papers from the Papal Church, otherwise we would never have looked at them. After a few weeks or months, we have discovered that some of them were unworthy men and of no moral worth whatever.

On page 27 of the Archbishop's article we come to what he says he knows personally. "Of Methodist schools and refugees in Rome during recent years I speak from personal observation and inquiry." It was well that he added "and inquiry," for to my knowledge the Archbishop has never deigned personally to visit any of our schools, hence we look in vain for any information from personal knowledge, and what he has acquired through inquiry is not true.

What are the facts? Soon after we arrived in Rome, in 1890. under the auspices of our Epworth League, we instituted during the winter season classes for the study of English, French and German. The class in English was especially well attended. The lessons, however, were not gratuitous, as the Archbishop asserts, because we wanted only those who really desired to study and were willing to pay for it. As soon as our pupils were able to read English we provided them each with a copy of the New Testament, which they read, committing some passages to memory. Did we do harm in teaching these young people English and in storing their minds with some passages from God's word? When the priests saw the success of our enterprise, Irish monks were brought upon the scene, and they opened classes in English on the same street with us and gave lessons gratuitously. We had other work to do and often had to be away from Rome, and when away there was no one else at that time to take our place. The trouble has been all the time that we have had to do our work amid bitter opposition and cruel persecution, but with absolutely inadequate means, while the Vatican has had its untold millions with which to pay its agents. While, however, these

evening classes for languages did not continue many years, they passed into the more permanent educational equipment of our schools and institutions which exist to-day, and which were never more prosperous and efficient than now, as hundreds of our friends from America personally know because *they* have seen for themselves.

In none of our schools is the instruction gratuitous. In all of them there are a few scholarships, as there are in schools in America, for the benefit of some poor but worthy boys and girls. What we lack all the time is adequate equipment. We need larger places in which to receive the many who wish to come to us and scholarships to help those who will do their very utmost to help themselves. If we could have one-fourth of the money the Archbishop says we have had, we could help to make Rome once more a Christian city. What our schools are and what we do and what we require are all clearly printed in our prospectus, which the parents or guardians of all children who come to us readily subscribe to. We have pupils from homes of many creeds and of no creed at all. We have faithfully kept our promises to the public "respecting the religious convictions of all," even though we have had a simple Christian service in the schools on Sunday and family devotions every day. No one but the Romish Hierarchy has ever accused us of bad faith. We have ever sought to teach by precept and example what it means to be a loyal disciple of the blessed Christ, and if any of our pupils have become Methodists, as some of them have, it has been wholly of their own free will. Among the most precious treasures we have are letters from those who have been in our schools and are now out in the world meeting the problems of life with the knowledge, faith and love they there acquired. Here before us is a letter, just received, written by a well-educated man and it is only one of hundreds:

"ROME, *August 6th, 1910.*

"I have received the programme requested and I thank you. Desiring to give my two daughters a complete education, and desiring also that they may grow up in the evangelical faith, I would be so happy if I could place them in your magnificent and modern school, but unfortunately my financial conditions will not permit me, and I must be resigned against my will to accept the offer of a relative of ours who is a nun in the College of ——, where my children would be received and

cared for at the expense of our relative, who, knowing well my anti-clerical opinions, would readily make this sacrifice to save my children, as she says, from perdition. It is painfully sad that in Italy, and especially here in Rome, we cannot get away from the influence of the despised priest. The trouble is that we have no adequate institutions."

On page 29 the Archbishop becomes "hilarious" over the fraudulent exaggerations of the statistics reported. Had he forgotten what he wrote on page 22 in regard to the severe sifting process? We leave it to him to harmonize the two statements. In Italy we have never been over-anxious about statistics of membership. We have been content to sow seeds of truth, build institutions and schools, print books and papers, and extend our spiritual and spiritualizing influence to the moral, social and civic life of the nation; and to-day we have abundant reason to bless God for the marvellous changes for the better that have taken place in this Kingdom under our very eyes during the past twenty years. Galileo is right, "The world does move," and that part of it which we call Italy is moving rapidly away from the Papacy, but onward and upward toward God.

"Against the reports of Bishop Burt I set the statements," says Archbishop Ireland, "recently forwarded to me by a well-known Roman priest actively engaged in counteracting the Methodist propaganda, Rev. P. Mandato, S. J." This is some more of the Archbishop's "most reliable data." Who is the one who furnished these data? *A Jesuit.* He is one of those who have been so trained in Jesuitical casuistry that they do not know what truth means. We have here on our desk a book published by the Rev. P. De Mandato in 1904, a pretentious volume of 380 pages. It gathers up in one his several polemical tracts against Protestants in general and the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome in particular. He seems to have been stirred up especially against the Methodists because he found them distributing on the streets of Rome cards of invitation to their meetings. On the back of the cards was a list of the dogmas and practices that had been introduced into the Papal Church since the time of the Apostles, with the date when each one was accepted. Instead of replying to these historical facts, he makes a tirade against Protestants and their work. If his book could be translated faithfully into English and circulated among Americans, it would be a valuable document for Protestantism, since in it we find all the old pre-

tensions of the Papacy, in their most stupid arrogance, served up for us in Jesuitical sophisms. Here is what one in Rome says: "The large use which Archbishop Ireland has made of Pio De Mandato is sure proof of the pitiable poverty of his arguments. In Italy an article written by an Archbishop and padded with quotations from the writings of De Mandato would make even the stones laugh. He is, first of all, a Jesuit, member of that order created for the special purpose of combating and destroying the Protestant Reformation. He is the leading spirit in the Society for the Preservation of the Faith, a society formed in Rome by the Jesuits for the express purpose of carrying on war against Protestants, and especially against the Methodists." Of his writings another says: "The critical review of his pretended historical facts only proves his bad faith. The courage acquired in demolishing so many historical truths renders him audacious in lying about facts that occur in the full light of our day." In his appeal to Roman Catholics to avoid Protestants, De Mandato says: "Do not allow yourselves to be seduced by the lies and captious sophisms of those who have miserably abandoned the sheepfold of Christ, but flee from them as you would flee from those infected by a plague."

After producing all these most *unreliable data,* the Archbishop has the courage to conclude that he has proved his case against the declaration of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church and has fufilled his task, which was "to justify the attitude of aloofness adopted by the Vatican toward Methodism," while he has simply proved his own aloofness from the truth.

We, too, would venture to give our explanation of the Fairbanks-Roosevelt incidents. Cardinal Merry Del Val is a Spaniard. One of those who at heart detests Americans for what they did in the late war with Spain. He is now in an eminent position, the practical ruler of the Papal world. This was his first splendid opportunity to satisfy his spirit for revenge, especially with the leader of the "Rough Riders." He must, however, find some reason for his action and here conveniently at hand were the "pernicious" Methodists. Another motive may have been to crack a political whip over the heads of American politicians so as to intimidate all such who might come to Rome in the future. But God, who can make even the wrath of man to praise Him, will overrule these base and unworthy motives and make these

incidents to result in good for the enlightenment of the people on the history and work of the Romish Church.

Centuries have passed since our fathers broke with Rome, and a new generation has arisen that knows little about the Protestant exodus and of the struggles in the wilderness. Some from a cowardly dislike of religious controversy, some from fear of damaging their personal interests or of disturbing their personal peace and comfort, and some from a desire to appear tolerant, liberal and broad-minded in these days prefer to be silent on the Romish question. It seems to be an inconvenient subject for those who have political aspirations, for the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, because of the tyranny which Rome exercises through her tremendous organization. Hence many public men have deliberately ignored the subject, while some of our Church members regard it as a "bore." The result is, on the part of the people, a lamentable ignorance both of the evils from which the Reformation delivered us and of the blessings which the Reformation brought us.

Whatever we have of religious liberty in the nation, of purity and happiness in the home, and of personal independence of conscience we owe to the Protestant Reformation, to separation from the Roman Catholic Church. All was bought for us at a great price. Archbishop Ireland's article, and especially his closing paragraph, reveals the fact that the spirit of Rome is ever the same. Hence it is evident that there can be no peace with Rome until Rome abjures her errors, renounces her desire for temporal power, changes her character and is at peace with Christ.

WILLIAM BURT.

A REJOINDER TO ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

BY REV. S. M. VERNON, D.D.

THE reply which I had the honor of making to Archbishop Ireland, in the August number of this REVIEW, calls forth this, among other things, in His Grace's rejoinder: "Dr. Vernon leaps into the arena a free lance, unsummoned and unauthorized by the Board of Bishops." The facts are, that I waited till the last available moment before acting upon the invitation to reply, and only when assured that no one else had undertaken the task and there were only four days left for writing did I enter the field. It seemed to me proper that I should speak, as my brother, Rev. Leroy M. Vernon, D.D., was the founder and for seventeen years the superintendent of the Italian mission; loyalty to him required, now that he is gone, that I should vindicate the integrity of the work he established. I am glad to say that in the Methodist Church we enjoy a personal freedom of speech that does not require us to be "summoned or authorized" by a bishop before we may express our minds.

His Grace complains, in the September number, that I did not answer the charges he made in his former article. I did make sufficient answer by showing that for various reasons his charges were unworthy of serious consideration. First, by showing that his principal witness, Dr. Stackpole, was a spurious Methodist authority and unworthy of credence. When Dr. Stackpole was ruled out of court all the charges based on his testimony, by inexorable logic, fell with this "house built upon the sand." I was not bound to consider any of the charges in detail that had been swept out of court by wholesale. A second reason was the gossipy and trivial character of the charges. He may not consider it beneath his dignity to make them, but I considered it beneath mine to notice them. For example, he charges certain

Methodist pastors with "padding" their statistics for the purpose of making a good showing of numbers. There is only one way of knowing that to be true: that is to examine the church records in these charges and compare them with the published statistics. This Archbishop Ireland did not do, and he published what he did not and could not know to be true. I omitted to state this before partly because I did not wish to put a venerable prelate of the Church in that awkward position, and partly because I believe that the intelligent readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW would see the gossipy and unreal character of these vague accusations without any remarks about them.

A third reason was that there was such a manifest warping and twisting of facts that it was better to leave them in their own nakedness, as monuments of the folly of their author and as evidence of the great straits to which he was put in making out a case against the Methodists in Italy. As where he charges one Methodist pastor with inviting a neighboring congregation to attend services in his church on the occasion of the visit of the presiding elder. That was a very natural thing to do, very like what occurs in every Christian community. If a distinguished minister is to preach in any particular church, notice of the fact is sent to the neighboring churches and to the public press with an invitation to everybody to attend. Often one church suspends services and goes to visit a neighboring church on a special occasion. It remained for an Archbishop to make the accusation, which he cannot prove, that in the case cited it was done for the purpose of giving the presiding elder a false impression of the strength of the congregation. It would be a very dull presiding elder who would not know that the people and pastor from the neighboring church were not members of that congregation, or who would not appreciate their courtesy in being present on the occasion of his visit.

A fourth reason was that his charges were not in form to admit of disproof, nor were they supported by any evidence requiring it. In all court proceedings, and in logical order, we first have the name of the accused, the words or acts complained of, then the time and place where the offence was committed. His Grace says he read in a Florence newspaper an offensive list of titles of books displayed in the window of the Methodist bookstore in Rome and asks us to accept that as evidence. He says

the Methodists "slander" the Pope, but he names no man who does it, nor the words of slander, nor the time or place. He asks me to disprove a charge of slander before he has named the slander or given any proof that it exists. He charges me with being "funny," and indeed I am in a very funny mood now, and am strongly tempted to give it expression and to call upon the whole civilized world to laugh at this most grotesque spectacle with a reputed thinker and scholar as its chief actor.

A fifth reason was that there is not a single definite, tangible charge made. It is a tirade instead of an indictment, an old woman's angry scolding rather than a clear thinker's comprehensive, accurate statement. He says, among other things, of our consecrated laborers in Italy that they are in "avowed alliance with lawbreakers and anarchists." I challenge the attention of the civilized world to this attitude of the Roman Catholic Church as represented by one of its most honored prelates toward a heroic band of educated, self-denying and liberty-loving Christian workers seeking the moral and spiritual improvement of a people in whom religious faith has been wounded almost to the death by the nameless wrongs of a corrupt, outgrown and oppressive ecclesiasticism. Will I deny the charge? No! I scorn it!

The Archbishop is not quite fair in dealing with my remarks about the Catholic priests in Italy who offered to enter our ministry for the larger compensation in prospect. I did not say, nor did I give him grounds to infer, that I meant priests who had been expelled from or had voluntarily left the Roman Catholic Church. They were priests in good standing, engaged in the regular duties of priests in the Roman Catholic Church, who, when rejected by our superintendent because their motives were transparent, went back to their duties in the priesthood of that Church, its unwilling servants. The low plane of the moral life of the priests in Italy was a fact I alleged justifying our presence there. From Italy that condition extends in a greater or less degree throughout all lands where that Church exists, entailing upon many lands that most demoralizing influence of a corrupt priesthood. I can find you an Archbishop in the southern part of this continent who is president of an international lottery company, the business of which is about as disreputable as anything the gambling world can show. Not long since in the city of Philadelphia a great Roman Catholic Church

lottery scheme was projected, and an official of the city Government which is not often accused of being over-conscientious, stepped in and stopped the lawbreaking and demoralizing enterprise. It was not a few discharged priests I was speaking of, but a world-wide low moral plane, having its origin and source in Italy. Alas! my brother, in speaking of these things, I am not taking comfort to myself, as you charge, thinking I "have imprinted a few black marks on the face of Catholicism"; somebody else imprinted them there; I have only called attention to them and recommended a thorough washing. God knows, my brother, it would be the joy of my life if I could paint that great Church: "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," coming up out of the wilderness where she has long wandered "leaning upon the arm of her beloved."

I will not burden these pages with another word about the non-use of the Bible and the rarity of Gospel-preaching in Italy, for the habit of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to these things is well known among intelligent people. Neither do I care to enlarge upon the prevalent scepticism in Italy due to the corruptions of the Church further than to cite one illustration of it. On a recent Sabbath afternoon fifty thousand people assembled in Rome about the statue of Giordino Bruno and shouted to the echo their approval of an address of which this is a characteristic passage:

> "We are here to-day to honor the memory of Giordino Bruno, the martyr. The Roman Catholic Church burned him, thinking thereby she could destroy the aspirations of the people for free thought. We must again renew our vows to fight to the death this Church, synonymous with reaction and tyranny. Atheism is the only power that will enable us to win the battle in which we are engaged."

This is one among many evidences of the loss of faith among the people and of its cause, which justifies the presence of a progressive, free and evangelizing Church in that most needy field.

The Archbishop says truly that "there is no State Church in America" and seems to imply that the American flag floating over our mission property is designed to give the Italians the impression that the Methodist is the American Church or that it may be a step in that direction. It is true that there is one Church in America that believes in the union of Church and

State and in the right of the Church to dominate the State, and it has approached that condition as nearly as public opinion will allow. It has withdrawn many of its children from the schools of the Republic, and they are being educated by a foreign cult in such studies and principles as it thinks proper. It is, by such influences as it brings to bear upon self-seeking politicians and venal legislators, obtaining large State appropriations for the support of its sectarian institutions in violation of the spirit of the Constitution of the United States and of the letter of the State constitutions. In the State of Pennsylvania, as well as in other States, it obtains hundreds of thousands of dollars every year for the support of its institutions in open violation of the constitution of the State, while the Methodist and other Protestant Churches refuse to accept any State money.

His Grace complains that Methodists in Italy antagonize the Pope and co-operate with those who are opposed to his pretensions. It is certainly not new to the Archbishop that there is a necessary and eternal antagonism between the fundamental principles of Methodism and the Papacy. The one stands for individualism, the other for paternalism, and these are contrary the one to the other. The key-note of modern civilization and progress is individualism, the discovery of the individual man, granting him liberty, investing him with responsibility, giving him the rights of a free conscience, empowering him with the franchise, and holding him accountable directly to God. This idea has advanced from the days of Luther and Wesley, knocking at all the doors of despotism, menacing the thrones of absolutism, breaking the fetters of the Dark Ages, casting off the archaic superstitions of an outgrown mediævalism, pulling down the unauthorized pretensions of civil and ecclesiastical rulers, and it has bidden man to go in his native freedom, as the birds in the heavens, doing God's will and remembering his accountability to Him. This is the ideal life, often abused I grant, but by it men have grown good, strong and great; in business, in politics and in ecclesiastical matters this idea is pregnant. Cast-iron Russia has been compelled to accept it; even the Turk has fallen in with the procession; France has risen in its might and thrown off the fetters that threatened its very life; poor belated and long-deceived Spain is awaking and struggling to be free from the Octopus that has been sucking out its life; sleepy little Portugal

is rubbing its eyes and asking that the light of this new day may shine on it also; and even rock-ribbed old Austria is beginning to stir itself with aspirations for the new life that is coming into the world. One man on the banks of the Tiber stands for the old absolutism and paternalism, and he is compelled to sit there moping as a self-styled "prisoner" because the nations of the earth have repudiated his idea and him with it. Of course the presence of Methodism in Italy has the aspect of opposition to the Pope, for it stands for the new and better life of the world, for the right of every man to read God's word, to get out of it his own meaning with the aid of such teachers as he wishes to consult, to make his own confessions and prayers to God without any intervening priest, to make his reconciliation with God and obtain absolution from Him who only has power to forgive sins, and to associate himself with such Church relations as promise him greatest spiritual help.

The old paternalism when pure had its mission in the infantile stage of development and intelligence, and there may be people who still need its service, but the race is rapidly moving away from it. There is not a virile, progressive nation on earth that has not or is not striving to cast it out of government and school; even Italy is a Protestant nation in many elements. Since Victor Emmanuel marched into Rome the feeble, broken, dishonored parts of the grand old race have come together into a splendid national life under the control of a liberal, patriotic Parliament and an enlightened King, and the Italian in any land may speak with just pride of the great nation that has Rome for its capital.

I hope the logic of this article will appear even to Archbishop Ireland. The conduct of the Methodists in Italy is the question, but to understand that we must know the conditions back of them, their world-wide connections and the issues to which they lead. I have the example of Jesus for the method of reasoning I have adopted. He said: "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" If I have been a little insistent in naming and defining the beams, it is because I know the skill of our friends on the other side in covering up and concealing ugly facts when they wish to bring a railing accusation against their neighbors.

S. M. VERNON.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

LETTERS.

MILL'S "Autobiography"* will probably always remain the authentic document upon his life and mind, unless at some future date we should have the complete correspondence between himself and his family to which the present editor has had access. Totally lacking in what one would call personal charm, Mill is yet perennially interesting first because of his conscientious sincerity and, second, because he furnished a unique example of a man who received intellectual impressions of the world long before he received emotional ones. This may or may not have had something to do with his incapacity for many intimacies, and with the depth and intensity of the few affections that ruled his life. His life was uniquely intellectual. When he suffered from nervous depression, the matter that tormented him was "the exhaustibility of musical combinations. The octave consists only of five tones and two semi-tones, which can be put together in only a limited number of ways."

Miss Taylor's note on the morality of Mill's relation to Mrs. Taylor is rather fatuous and unpleasant. Few people, and those few little worthy of consideration and explanations, would be inclined to put a vulgar interpretation upon a relation kept upon so high a plane. Miss Taylor's note says little more than that Mrs. Taylor's husband and family were likewise clean-minded enough not to cast aspersions upon a companionship founded upon mental sympathy and congenial pursuits. This note does, however, throw some light on Mill's relation to his mother and upon the singular fact of his never once mentioning her in the "Autobiography." The most interesting of these letters are the

* "The Letters of John Stuart Mill." Edited with an Introduction by Hugh S. R. Elliot, with a note on Mill's private life by Mary Taylor. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1910.

early ones to Carlyle, in which Mill comes as near as he ever did, outside the one relation, to being intimate and friendly. It is amusing to realize that he effected the introduction of Emerson to Carlyle and in the following terms:

"I had a note from Gustave d'Eichthal the other day, dated from Rome, merely to introduce an American named Emerson, who had sought an introduction to me as a means of obtaining one to you; this, of course, I gave him. . . . He appears to be a reader and admirer of your writings, therefore you might possibly do him some good; but from one or two conversations I have had with him, I do not think him a very hopeful subject."

One further reference to Emerson will suffice for that subject. Again he is writing to Carlyle and says:

"I know that *any* human being is interesting to you. Since you were so much pleased with Emerson, I feel encouraged to try you with almost any person who has any sort of good in him."

Mill's attitude toward Christ and Christianity, toward mysticism and the possible immortality of the soul, are all treated in these same letters to Carlyle and show how often it is the small followers of a great man who are rabid deniers and not often the great man himself.

"I have never believed Christianity as a religion, consequently have no habitual associations of reverence, nor, on the other hand, any *contempt* like so many sceptics who have been taught to believe."

In many places Mill emphasizes his profound reverence for Christ, though in one place he adds: "Respecting St. Paul, I have a very different feeling. I hold him to be the first great corrupter of Christianity." This view, not unusual in our own day, even amongst so-called Christians, seems odd and striking when we connect it with its date, 1849.

His feeling about Socialism comes out in a letter to John Jay thanking him for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

"containing an article on my book. The article is laudatory enough to satisfy an appetite for praise much stronger than mine. But the writer is one whose tone of thinking and feeling is extremely repugnant to me. He gives a totally false idea of the book and of its author when he makes me a participant in the derision with which he speaks of Socialists of

all kinds and degrees. I have expressed temperately and argumentatively my objections to the particular plans proposed by Socialists to dispense with private property; but on many other important points I agree with them, and on none do I feel towards them anything but respect, thinking, on the contrary, that they are the greatest element of improvement in the present state of mankind."

To those who hoped in these letters to come at Mill's family correspondence and to know better the deep heart of this great and good man, this collection is a disappointment; on the other, the number of vital and important subjects, religious, humane and political, upon which he unburdens himself in this correspondence, is unexpectedly large, and the two volumes form an important addition to the literary and philosophical data of the mid-century.

It is no small good to have all of Shelley's letters* gathered into these two compact volumes that amount to more than one thousand pages and yet are light in the hand and convenient for reference. Nearly forty letters are quite new, more than fifty others have fresh matter, and some of Harriet's and Mary Shelley's explain or augment the evidence in difficult places. Mr. Ingpen is the most cautious of editors; he sets down everywhere the text without a grain of comment, and even in annotating he is content at critical places to quote or condense the notes of Professor Dowden, Peacock, Williams, etc. In a single case he is good enough to warn the reader that Hogg is untrustworthy in respect of the correspondence for which we must depend on him. Perhaps this is carrying a scruple too far and the idea of impartiality has led to the brink of suppression of evidence. The opinion of the man who has handled and studied the actual letters must be worth more than that based solely on the printed page; for there is much of real value in the written sheet, crowded or spaced wide, or crossed or recrossed, hurried or deliberate or agitated. If no one else's manuscript was ever so psychological as Lamb's, with its changes of script betraying where he left off and recommenced, yet Shelley's own handwriting might supply, so to speak, the overtones to some of the more difficult and ambiguous letters and resolve them into clearer harmony.

* "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Collected and edited by Roger Ingpen. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

We still need all the help conceivable to understand properly that complicated life and mysterious soul; the one so brief, so full of suffering and generous deeds; the other so intense, so tortured, so overflowing with love both human and ideal. Shelley was a profound Platonist; and he was homesick always for a nobler world than this; where, perhaps, "music and moonlight and feeling are one" and, furthermore, all discontent with the *less* supposes a sense of a just claim to the *greater*. It should be added to the credit of Shelley's admirable reason that he himself labelled this latter a Platonic sophism. He had, in prose, the clear mental processes and sound logical standards of that eighteenth century into which he was born and of which he was so characteristic a product, in his touching sense of the perfectibility of man's heart, the immanence of revolution, and the ultimate triumph of right reason. If in his poetry the solid structure of thought is veiled by misty moonlight effects, and the flicker of green and gold, by passion and beauty and mere quintessential poetry, it is no less present and discoverable. He would seem to have been a poet in the end almost in despite of himself; to have set greater store often by his controversial prose in philosophy and politics; to have uttered the poetry, like Plato's "Ion," in a kind of divine madness which he could neither explain nor estimate when he was out of the mood. Also he labored steadily in the preparation and discipline needful for a great work which, alas! he was destined never to undertake. He speaks lightly enough of this piece or that in the sight of the ideal beauty which he had. We praise it otherwise because we have only for comparison the poetry of other men.

The reading of these five hundred letters leaves as nothing else has ever done the profound sense of Shelley's unfulfilled renown. We see how slow he was in maturing, how tormented by bodily sickness, and we feel it is impossible to measure all that in the course of nature we were entitled to. At the outset he is an enthusiastic boy, devoured with ideas, often absurd, with the sort of absurdity we love and prize in the young as higher than any precocious wisdom or worldly prudence. His incredible generosity in matters of money and personal effort he never outgrew. It is inevitable, though vexatious, that those of his letters should have been kept most carefully which deal with business, but at least it gives us the chance to see how uniformly the

money was for some one else's needs. There was a good deal of the Oriental in Shelley's make-up, nowhere more marked than in his disregard of worldly comfort, money and of ordinary company. Under the Bô-tree he would have fared happily and well. He says, once or twice, under the stress of unhappy companionship, that he cannot be happy with more than one person at a time—that that one gives either great pleasure or great pain. His rare humor is ironic, sometimes almost acrid and very Asiatic. His enthusiasms for stupid and selfish people when they die by the violence of intercourse leave him indeed disillusioned, but never at the point where all is vanity. His own saying on this matter of enthusiasm is the last word:

> "I think one is always in love with something or other; the error, and I confess it is not easy for spirits encased in flesh and blood to avoid it, consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is perhaps eternal."

The vital thing that we learn afresh from these letters is that his courage was always greater than his strength and his gallantry than either. Upon his relations with women, the most difficult, intricate and dubious question in his short life, these letters throw a good deal of light and then fail. They clean out some mare's nests, one hopes, for good and all. The whole case of Elizabeth Hitchener, of Eliza Westbrooke and Mrs. Boonville, and even of poor, foolish Harriet herself, is plain enough. When it comes to Mrs. Gisborne, Mrs. Williams and Claire, we should like to know more and to see the Journal of Maria Gisborne which Mr. Buxton Forman possesses, but has not yet printed. As for Claire, it is not easy to believe her a trustworthy witness. Love-poems mean frankly anything or nothing. Most frequently they are an imaginative or imitative exercise. Such warm, kindly affection as Shelley sustained toward men and women is always susceptible of misconstruction. He has his own little joke about his fate to find in every town he inhabits "some lady of forty-five, very unprejudiced and philosophical, who has entered deeply into the best and selectest spirit of the age with enchanting manners and a disposition rather to like me." One thing is certain, whether Shelley talked philosophy or sentiment or made outright love to all the Marias and Janes and Emilies and Sophias and Amelias, no woman was less happy for his acquaintance.

He gave joy and interest even where he carried away pain. Amid all the squalid quarrels of the Godwins and the sordid cares of the Hunts, and the baseness and vulgarity of the Westbrookes, and the flat dulness of his relatives, he stands unstained and unbefouled. Men and women alike leaned on him for daily bread and daily strength. His generosity was incredible; his power to soothe and enliven and encourage was almost as great. The kindest creature in the world, he knew himself reckoned a monster. A great lover, he knew that "some of us have in a prior existence been in love with an Antigone and that makes us find no full content in any mortal tie." Despite Mr. Ingpen and the late Matthew Arnold, to have kept company through these two volumes with this spirit, touched to finer issues, is to face life fortified by a larger charity, a keener sensibility, a nobler inner world than our own.

LITERARY STUDIES.

WHO would turn to a grammarian, of all men, for wit and gayety and vivacity? Professor Gildersleeve tells us in these lectures* that he has recently learned with a new shudder that some schools have classes in Gildersleeve, just as they have classes in conic sections, and he goes on plaintively to add: "I must say that I should not like to have my individuality merged in my Latin grammar and this sensible warm motion to become the kneaded clod of a crabbed text-book." And yet he makes an able and very witty plea for classical studies, since he says: "I myself have proved to my own satisfaction that the personal accountability for belief about which one hears so much nowadays is taught by a Greek negative, and that Schopenhauer's system is implicit in the only true doctrine of the Greek accusative. Do you wonder, then, that I am panoplied against the bird bolts that are aimed at grammar?"

The first lecture is a plea for classical studies, for Greek as one of the main channels through which life and culture flow; the second lecture concerns the relation of Greek literature to modern English literature; and the third is a highly interesting parallel

* "Hellas and Hesperia." Three lectures by Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1909.

between the Greeks of the great days and modern Americans. But the subjects are not of such moment; rather what one would note is the life, the wealth, the spirit with which Professor Gildersleeve endows everything he touches. The essays are thickly sown with wit and wisdom, ripe learning and lenient vision. A few observations culled at random should be enough to assure each reader that he must own the volume.

"It is better to be a doorkeeper in the house of philology than to dwell in the tents of the rhetorician."

"Some men can pass from the morning newspaper or the midnight novel straight to the lecture on Greek literature or to the investigation of grammatical phenomena and feel that life is one; others have to put on mental bands and gowns in order to present the gospel of Hellenism, as Buffon is said to have put on court dress before he paid his respects to Nature; others regard a Greek joke as a sacred thing not likely to be laughed at."

"Creon tells his son Hæmon that Antigone is 'a frigid hugging-piece,' and however frigid my hugging-piece (the Greek language) may seem to others, I have pursued it as a phantom of delight, now through the crowds of the agora, now round the steps of the bema, now over the meadows of the Muses where Aristophanes disports himself, now over battle-fields illuminated by stark figures of the blue and gray."

English reviewers are reproaching American essayists with taking themselves too seriously. The same reproach might be brought against our scholars. They are so serious that they are positively dry. Dr. Jebb, Dr. Mahaffy, Mr. Tyrrell, can write of Greek life and letters with profound learning and yet be interesting. One has a sense that they have had time to assimilate what they have learned. Why must our college professors produce books that read like so much newly gathered learning carefully catalogued? "This book,"* says the author, "is a contribution to the study of Greek education during imperial times." For the real spirit of Greek education we should still refer the reader to Thomas Davidson's fascinating volume. The chapters on "Public Displays" and "Student Days" are most interesting and least overburdened by a mere catalogue of facts.

* "The Universities of Ancient Greece." By John M. Walden. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

These delightful and learned essays* have but one thread of continuity—all deal with Greek literature. The five essays spread over so wide ground as Pindar, Sophocles, the recently discovered Papyri (the Constitution of Athens), Bachalydes and Plutarch. Of these the least technical and most appealing to the general reader is the delightfully interesting essay on Sophocles. Like Professor Gildersleeve, Mr. Tyrrell delights us by scraps of wit on his most profound pages, as when in his denunciation of the lack of taste and imagination in German scholarship he suggests as an adjunct to the Decalogue: "Thou shalt not covet the German's knife, nor his readings, nor his metres, nor his sense, nor his taste, nor anything that is his."

Some of the discussion of readings and interpretations is a matter for scholars only, but the gist of the book is thoroughly enjoyable reading and reliable scholarship. It is devoutly to be desired that this author should collect into one volume his essays on English poetry and give us a volume as learned and delightful as this in a more familiar field.

* "Essays on Greek Literature." By Robert Yelverton Tyrrell. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1909.

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PAUL SABATIER,

the learned French Huguenot scholar, came into international prominence when his famous "*Vie de St.-François*" was published in 1893. Translations were made in many languages, but the Russian one had the distinction of being done under Tolstoi's direction. He has been the discoverer of famous Italian manuscripts relating to the Franciscans, and is the organizer of the "*Société Internationale des Etudes Franciscaines.*" In 1898 the village of Assisi, by a unanimous vote of its "*Consiglio Comunale,*" decorated him with a title which had been conferred before only upon Garibaldi—that of "*Cittadino d'Onore.*"

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J. PIERPONT MORGAN

23 Wall Street
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July 7th, 1910.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers,
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Gentlemen:-

I am glad to hear that there is a prospect of your being able to publish "Fraternity". I consider it one of the most helpful books published during these latter years that has come under my cognizance. It exemplifies the spirit that should animate human kind in the endeavor to develop civilization through real co-operation. To me it has been a sort of an inspiration and I cannot but believe that great good will come from an enlarged promulgation of its principles.

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PRESIDENT TAFT AND THE EXTRA-CONSTITUTIONAL FUNCTION OF THE PRESIDENCY.

BY SAMUEL J. KORNHAUSER.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, who perhaps more than any other man was responsible for the shape and direction which the Constitution has taken since its adoption, frequently expressed his belief in "the insufficiency of a mere parchment delineation" of the boundaries of the several divisions of our Government. In recognition of this doctrine, and of the necessity of making those lines of division distinct and efficient, reciprocal weapons of defence were provided in that instrument whereby one department might defend itself against encroachments of another; yet it is generally admitted by students of the subject that these potential checks, though calculated to serve the purposes for which they were intended, could not have succeeded in maintaining the separation of powers had there not existed an effective public opinion to support them. In France deep-seated habits of thought have survived every change in the form of its Government and have given to its constitution for the time being, whether monarchical or republican, its scope and character. But the strongest proof of the potent influence of public opinion on constitutions may be found in the experience of some of the so-

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called republics of South America, where, though the ink-and-paper imitation of our Constitution has been established as fundamental law, the type of governmental institutions that have arisen there are as widely different from ours as could well be imagined. If, then, ours is a Government by public opinion, as it has been often styled, and if that public opinion has exercised such important control over our institutions in the past, it follows as a natural consequence that the same popular conceptions which have heretofore prevailed must be maintained if those institutions are to be perpetuated. It may not be idle, therefore, to consider whether our recent history does not indicate that we are evincing a tendency to fly in the face of our basic concepts of political structure, whether in our eagerness to reach certain results regarded as essential to our happiness and progress we are not impairing the very foundation of that happiness and progress, our organic law.

William H. Taft came to the Presidency after many years of service on the bench and in posts demanding executive ability, sound judgment, grasp and courage to an unusual degree. In each capacity where he was called upon to show his talents he succeeded under prodigious difficulties and trying circumstances, giving the most convincing proof of his profound knowledge, his great and many-sided ability, his exalted sense of public duty, and his exceptional devotion to public service. Twice he refused his heart's desire, declining proffered appointments to the Supreme Court bench in response to the imperative call of duty to remain in a less congenial place. Coming to the Presidency, in short, possessed of an equipment for the work never equalled by any predecessor, endowed with a character of demonstrated worth, upright and unsuspected, frank and fearless, graced with a modest, genial exterior, it would surely seem that the established public confidence in the man could not be easily shaken. One would suppose, without hesitation, that the people, mindful of his past, would sustain an abiding faith in his wisdom, courage and integrity; that they would withhold judgment even in the face of the most damnatory appearances; that they would angrily resent unsupported charges against his character for rectitude and capability. Yet, if such a prophecy was voiced by any seer, history, as is said to be her wont, has shown her usual disregard for the reputation of the prophet.

When the President took office expressions of praise and hope blew in from all parts of the country, from the men on the street, from the press representing every type and shade of opinion,—praise of the sturdy man at the head of the nation, of the well-trained, conservative men with whom he surrounded himself, of the sound policies announced in his inaugural address, of the calm wisdom with which he approached his new duties; hope that the nation would now settle back, after the cheering and acclaim, to four years of quiet, steady, enduring progress. After an era of struggle to arouse the public to a sense of its dangers, to a realization of the necessity of readjusting our political, commercial and industrial forces, it seemed that a period of peace was dawning in which the constructive work of perpetuating the objects of that awakened reform sentiment would be carried forward in a vigorous but prudent and impartial manner; in which party strife would lessen, factional friction would soften, and the heat of overzealous reformers cool. "We are to have, it seems," says one editor, "during the next four years a Government of laws, of laws enforced by an Executive of just and deliberate mind." Another writes: "Progress, under the Taft *régime,* will evidently be more distinguished for orderliness than for jolting speed." And a third: "Another 'era of good feeling' seems to have dawned on the country. From every section, including the South, the inauguration of President Taft, his address on that occasion, and his selection of Cabinet officials have elicited commendation that is entirely free from any rancorous criticism and almost free from criticism of even the mildest type. The Roosevelt press and the anti-Roosevelt press vie with each other in their expressions of gratification. The radical 'yellow' papers and the conservative financial journals profess to derive equal pleasure from the new President's initial acts and words." Such were the characteristic comments at the hour of his induction, expressing the prevailing opinions of the time.

As suddenly as one wakes from a dream the attitude of the people changed. The country became aflame with dissatisfaction, distrust and disgust, and among the very first objects to be immolated on the altar of this public passion was the reputation of President Taft. An interested, hypocritical press, aided by the ambitions of self-seeking politicians, fanned the blaze. Proof wanting, vituperation is a ready substitute. The President was

denounced as a poltroon. When open slander seems likely, by reason of its very baseness, to defeat its ends, innuendo serves the purpose. By sinister suggestions it was sought to cast doubt on his sincerity. His frankness was, with ironical sighs of pity, represented as want of tact; his stern refusal to subordinate his principles of public duty to party and personal expediency was scorned as imbecile politics. He has been assailed as the weak tool of unprincipled, designing men; the helpless colleague of those who would use the Government for private gain; an abject, hopeless failure as a President. Those who have not been moved by the specious and insinuating articles which have been constantly flashed before the eyes of the people in the print of many months must look with amazement on the complete change in sentiment that has ensued since the auspicious beginning of the administration. That a President of Mr. Taft's known character, possessing the unbounded confidence and esteem of the people, could so suddenly lose their faith and enthusiastic support, is a condition that cannot be lightly passed over, one that should give rise to the gravest consideration.

The opening months of the administration were coincident with the special session of Congress engaged in revising the tariff. Due to the public confidence, there was surprisingly little of the usual unrest and disturbance that obtain during sessions in which tariff bills are under consideration. The principal comment heard was to the effect that Congress should hurry and have it over. As time went on, however, people became persuaded that there was something particularly vicious in the shape the proposed legislation was taking. Doubts multiplied, suspicion grew into positive distrust, and the public gaze was turned to the President. To him, the only official in whose selection all the electors take part, they appealed to save them from their Congress. "Why does not Taft do something?" was the universal question. It was a shock to the public that a President, after merely submitting in calm and dispassionate tones his recommendations to Congress, should leave that body free to deliberate and frame a bill according to its best judgment. That he forbore to importune Congress, to threaten it, to insist dramatically that it revise schedules according to his ideas and the popular demands, that he did not bear down upon that body with all the force and power of his high office, appeared as an

unpardonable failure to perform his plain duties. To assume that Congressmen could be actuated by a patriotic desire to serve the people honestly was regarded as heresy. And such has come to be the normal feeling. A growing suspicion has ripened into a firm conviction that members of Congress do not represent public interests, but instead the interests of special groups seeking privileges. And as a corollary there has arisen the assumption that the President is not merely the administrative head of the nation, but also, and pre-eminently, the extraordinary representative of the people at large, to stand as the champion of their rights, and to compel their unfaithful direct representatives to do their bidding. He is the chief, the overshadowing figure in the Government. He must at all hazards secure demanded legislation. If the lawmaking body is unwilling, if it hesitates, if it disagrees as to the expediency of proposed laws, if it resists, it must be beaten into submission. No matter how drastic the means employed, the public will applaud the man wielding the power if their demands are satisfied. A President to-day is judged, not according to the success he achieves in enforcing laws, in managing the gigantic business of the nation that has been expressly committed to his care, but by how well he succeeds in securing legislation.

In the tariff discussions then before Congress the President refused to interfere beyond arguing his views to leading members of his party and urging upon them the redemption of the pledges made to the people through the party's platform. He steadfastly declined to employ powers at his command to force them against their will to enact a law precisely according to his views. Finally, when a bill passed by both Houses of Congress was presented to him he was importuned to veto it. He well knew that he would become immensely popular if he did so; but he also knew that if he grasped this alluring jewel he would do so at the risk of plunging his country into ruin, and he did not yield to the temptation that has perverted many a good man. The courage and patriotism involved in this act made no impression. The gathering storm broke and raged with impetuous, blind fury. He was condemned for refusing to veto a bill, not because it was a bad measure, but because it was not good enough. Though he showed that it was as good a tariff law as can ever be made under such conditions as we now have, though he freely

acknowledged its defects, though he pointed out the means by which such defects could be remedied in the future, his wise and honest words fell upon deaf ears. Once this angry dissatisfaction was aroused, pretexts were not found wanting to justify it till a ready prejudice attributed sinister motives to every act and plan of the administration. No important criticism, and, in fact, very little criticism of any sort, had been heard as to the manner in which the President discharged the duties imposed upon him by law; and a consideration of current events shows conclusively that the loss of confidence in the administration and all the embarrassments that followed in its train are clearly and directly traceable to the President's refusal to transcend the constitutional limitations, to exercise the extra-constitutional function of forcing Congress, or at least attempting to force Congress, to enact laws demanded at the moment by popular clamor.

That there is much justification for the wide-spread impression that there is something evil inherent in Congress, whether in its make-up or its management, cannot be denied. But is the remedy, unconsciously proposed by the people in their conduct, the setting-up of a power over and above Congress in the person of the Executive not more destructive than the disease complained of itself? This sentiment as to Congress and the Executive is of comparatively recent growth, and only of late has it become so conspicuous as to give rise to serious apprehension. It must be said that so far as most people are concerned our fundamental theories of Government are far more celebrated than well known. Perhaps the very familiarity with their visible product in the form of our concrete forces of Government has made study of what lies beneath seem superfluous. Yet the value of keeping ever fresh in mind those vital principles, of making our practices square with the precepts laid down for our guidance, cannot be overestimated if we continue to believe in the original virtue of those doctrines.

The framers of the Constitution were beset by two fears that explain the product of their labors. There was first the dread of a tyrannical Executive able to oppress the people. The War of Independence had been brought about because of Executive usurpation and oppression; the bugaboo of George III was still vividly before men's minds. Yet, though this dread continued to exercise an important influence, the years of anarchy and chaos

which had lately been experienced under the ineffectual Confederation had caused a new dread to predominate,—the dread of the recklessness and tyranny of an unrestrained majority of the people. As has been said by a noted writer, "the same tendencies to wanton abuse of power which exist in a despot or a ruling oligarchy may be expected in a democracy from the ruling majority, because they are tendencies incidental to human nature." Recognizing the force of this doctrine long advanced by philosophers, and strengthened in their belief by the vivid recollection of occurrences during the recent "Critical Period," the framers set about to tie the hands of the people. They understood the lesson of history that the people of a republic, unless constrained by stable forces to exercise self-control, will turn democracy into a curse instead of a blessing. Thus was produced the spectacle of a free people setting limitations upon the exercise of their own will; thus grew up a Government divided into legislative, executive and judicial branches, interwoven with mutual "checks and balances," so adjusted as to make them safe from each other. The legislative branch was fashioned that the people can obtain any laws within the limitations set by the Constitution which they earnestly and persistently insist upon having, yet so restricted as to prevent passing fancies from being transmuted into binding acts; the executive branch, free to carry out the laws with vigor and directness, vested with power to check possible haste or misconduct on the part of the Legislature, and, in turn, restrained by the latter from overstepping the bounds of his broad field of action; the judicial branch equipped to preserve the integrity of the Constitution and laws made in conformity thereto. That Constitution has these many years been regarded with peculiar and solemn reverence. It has withstood the wear and shock of changing conditions and public excitement; it has supplied the wants of Government as well for the petty republic of homogeneous people and simple conditions of a century ago, and its gigantic outgrowth of to-day with its heterogeneous masses gathered from all quarters of the world, moulded into a coherent body, living amid our complex social and economic arrangement. To preserve it the most stupendous war of modern times was fought, and it is for us in our day to guard it against innovations which, if permitted to insinuate themselves, will in the course of time wear away the foundations of that venerable

structure. Not that the fathers of the Constitution were endowed with supernatural wisdom or foresight, not that to-day we lack men perhaps just as wise; but because it seems impossible that the wisdom of to-day, fortified by more than a century of experience, could substantially improve the work done by those fathers, the heritage that they have handed down to us should be guarded as a priceless possession. It is, accordingly, with feelings of apprehension, neither idle nor unwarranted, that thoughtful men must view the growing disposition to look to the President as the real source of legislation and to insist that he assume powers sufficient to satisfy the demands upon him which such a function involves.

By the Constitution the President is charged with conducting foreign affairs, with seeing that the laws are executed, with appointing officials, with informing Congress of the state of the Union, and recommending measures for their consideration. To these general powers are added numerous others, express and implied, incidental and necessary, to the effective execution of the former. There is also the qualified veto power. He is made, as nearly as practicable, a purely executive officer. His so-called legislative functions are, on the one hand, merely advisory and, on the other, merely negative. The power to send bills back to Congress for further consideration, called the veto power, and which, in general, has had the effect of an absolute veto, was clearly not intended to be exercised in every case where the President personally disagreed with Congress on the expediency of a proposed law; it was expected that it would be reserved for exceptional cases, where, owing to haste, want of due deliberation or design, Congress had passed measures which appeared likely to produce evil results. In the early days there was also a general feeling among publicists that the legislative department would show a propensity to intrude upon and absorb the powers of the other departments. The veto would here serve as a safeguard. Nowhere, however, can there be found in the Constitution the slightest suggestion that would support such a development of the executive functions as to give to the President leadership and control over Congress. What might have been the form of our Government had the executive department, either through the President or through his Cabinet, been given a voice on the floor of Congress, what are the relative

merits of the English cabinet system wherein the executive department of the Government is dependent on the majority in Parliament, and our system of separated and independent departments, are mere academic questions, interesting and suggestive, but of no practical importance. What is of gravest importance to us is the present tendency on the part of the President to assume, with the approval of the people, a place in our legislative machinery not authorized by law.

The House of Representatives is so constructed that, under proper conditions, every shade of view may be represented. This body is intended to be close to the people and sensitive to their views. The Senate, on the other hand, with its longer term, and the restriction on sudden change in its complexion, acts as a check on the hasty zeal and radicalism usually inherent in a popular assembly. Over these again lies the Presidential veto power. In short, this entire framework is based on the purpose of preventing the sudden and ill-considered views of the people from being quickly turned into laws. Our early statesmen clearly foresaw that no oppression, not even that of an absolute monarch, could become so tyrannical as that of an unrestrained majority. Upon a monarch there is at least the sobering influence of public opinion; a majority which is public opinion rests under no restraint whatsoever if not limited by positive law. It was well understood that the power to enact laws swiftly and easily might result in wild and immature notions becoming binding statutes; that the most valued rights of large numbers of citizens might be readily destroyed under the pressure of popular passion and impulse. Such a structure was created, therefore, as seemed best suited to permit not the excited fancies, but only the deliberate will of the people from becoming law. For this purpose we have the bicameral system fortified with those expedients that make for conservation. The wheels of our legislative machinery grind slowly; but they were deliberately contrived to grind slowly, so that the people might not go too fast nor too far. "In the Legislature," says Hamilton, "promptitude of decision is oftener an evil than a benefit. The differences of opinion, and the jarrings of parties in that department of the Government, though they may sometimes obstruct salutary plans, yet often promote deliberation and circumspection and serve to check excesses in the majority." Thus far, in our history, we

have been singularly free from the tyranny of the majority usually found in republics; and this happy result is without question due to the fact that the limitations laid down in the Constitution have been constantly and substantially maintained.

If, however, we foster this tendency of making the President the dominant figure in the Government, of practically uniting in him those functions of Government which had been carefully divided among the departments, if practice shall be permitted to forge this extra-constitutional function into an inveterate custom clothed with the force of law, then with the significant feature of our Constitution overridden, with the bulwarks erected for its protection dismantled, the entire form of our Government is revolutionized. In the apparent willingness on the part of the people that this occur, if only all obstacles, great or small, standing in the way of their immediate desires be swept aside, lies the gravest cause for apprehension. They applaud the exercise of the veto power; they shriek with glee when the "big stick" is wielded on the heads of those whom they regard as their misrepresentatives; they hail as their champion the President who urges their views for the time being against the slow, hesitating, resisting body charged with the responsibility of lawmaking. If our Presidents, one after the other, shall, in order to win popular approval, resort to practices that will satisfy clamor, if they use the tremendous prestige of their office to coerce Congress, if members opposing the Presidential will shall be belittled and degraded before their constituents as unfaithful to their trust, if by such tactics Congress shall again and again be beaten into submission, will it not follow, in due course, that, having lost its power to resist the executive department armed with the approval of a majority of the people, it will sink into a condition of helpless subserviency? Will it not follow that able men, men of force and intellect, will contemn services in such an impotent body? And will it not follow that with the independence of Congress destroyed, with that body fallen under the dominion of the President, the entire framework of our much-admired and venerated Constitution will be torn and twisted out of shape? What becomes of our checks and balances among the departments? What of the restraint upon popular impulse? If the logic of the situation is pursued, and, through the power of appointment, successive Presidents should reform the Supreme Court with men

who will construe according to the popular notion of what the law ought to be, you have public passion finally in the saddle, free to give rein to its hates and its prejudices—a chaos, a *régime* of anarchy worse even than that under the Confederation.

That a President of the United States should become so powerful as to be able to carry out designs opposed by a majority of the people, that our President might become a despot able to oppress the people, is a contingency so remote, so highly improbable as to make it unworthy of serious consideration. But that a President armed with the power of public assent, abetted by a Congress depressed into a condition of obsequious compliance, a Congress which merely registered the Presidential decrees, would be a menace to our institutions, no serious-minded citizen can honestly deny. It is high time that the average man should give himself up to earnest contemplation of our fundamental law, and that he calculate the effect upon it which our present drift is likely to have. We live in a century when, having reached a point of high material development, we have suddenly become aware that, while our attention was monopolized in achieving that material success, evils have been growing in many directions unseen, though often under our very eyes. The shock of this sudden discovery to a people fundamentally imbued with high moral principle, a people keenly sensitive to suffering and inequality, has a natural tendency to rouse it from the extremes of inattention and inaction to extremes of reckless interference with rights heretofore deemed unapproachably sacred. We are not a philosophical nor a speculative people; we prefer to make trial of a proposed reform rather than consider carefully its relation to our institutions and its probable effect upon them. I do not mean to say that in the long run we are a superficial people; that we do not, if forced to mature judgment, reach, in general, just and correct conclusions. If this were not so our ship of state would long since have been wrecked. But I do mean to say that our first impressions are likely to be inaccurate, unsound and often dangerous. And for these reasons we should carefully and constantly maintain our checks on misgovernment at their highest state of efficiency. Unless we do this, those constitutional checks will be overturned by the very elements they were created to restrain.

We are at present in the midst of an era of reform. Un-

questionably we have many grave and complex problems to master, for the solution of which careful discrimination and profound thought are required. Among the people at large there prevails a vague idea of wide-spread evils; and though these are not clearly understood, the belief in their existence is sufficient to produce the contagious spirit of discontent that is sweeping over the country. Dissatisfaction engenders demand for remedial measures, with the result that the Government is asked constantly to interfere more and more in the affairs of its citizens. With such a spirit running high the demagogue is in his element. Charges are readily believed and specious projects for reformation as readily accepted. If, then, our Government shall be permitted to drift from its normal channels, and the people laboring under such sentiments shall be able to give prompt effect to their opinions, the danger of unwholesome, destructive legislation must be apparent. With the independence of Congress destroyed, with that body reduced to a condition in which it dares not resist public clamor, the pronunciamento of the President representing that public clamor will as surely and as promptly become law as that of a military dictator. With such conditions established, we face the peril of placing individual enterprise at the mercy of popular prejudices, of courting paternalism, of giving ourselves over, in short, to the inexorable tyranny of the majority.

But, it may be urged, so long as a majority demands a measure, what matters it how it is enacted? The majority shall rule; this is the principle of our Government. Such statements represent but half a truth; and half a truth is usually the most misleading inaccuracy. True it is that the deliberate opinions of the majority within constitutional limitations should and under our system must become law, but not temporary impulses. The will, not the whims of the people, should be enacted into the forms of law. Only their sober second thoughts should be inscribed in the statute-book. When the dust of temporary public excitement has been laid, and we are able to see clearly and calmly the relation and probable effect of proposed measures, then and only then can we build durably and well. Legislatures must not be hurried into ill-advised and immature action by transitory public sentiment. Than this nothing is more illusory and unstable. The febrile enthusiasm commonly incident to reform movements

is invariably succeeded by depression and reaction in proportion to its heat. In these days of experts and specialists, in every department of enterprise, surely the highly important function of making laws should not be left to the inexperienced public. Legislation is for the statesman. Breadth of vision, ability to preserve a just sense of proportion, calm foresight and freedom from the pressure of time are prerequisites to the proper discharge of legislative functions. Representatives are sent to legislative halls not to put into effect the transient opinions that pass current at the moment. Often they perform their highest service to the Republic in setting their faces bravely and immovably against passionate importunity. This matter has been epitomized in language that cannot be improved by the genius of political speculation of another age to whose matchless thought and expression we cannot too often recur. In these days when Congressmen who do not readily yield to the vociferous behests of press and people are so generally reprobated, we may study with profit the messages of Hamilton.

"The republican principle," he writes in the "Federalist," "demands that the deliberate sense of the community should govern the conduct of those to whom they entrust the management of their affairs; but it does not require an unqualified complaisance to every sudden breeze of passion, or to every transient impulse which the people may receive from the arts of men who flatter their prejudices to betray their interests. It is a just observation that the people commonly *intend* the *public good*. This often applies to their very errors. But their good sense would despise the adulator who should pretend that they *always reason right* about the *means* of promoting it. They know from experience that they sometimes err; and the wonder is that they so seldom err as they do, beset as they continually are, by the wiles of parasites and sycophants; by the snares of the ambitious, the avaricious, the desperate; by the artifices of men who possess their confidence more than they deserve it, and of those who seek to possess rather than deserve it. When occasions present themselves in which the interests of the people are at variance with their inclinations, it is the duty of the persons whom they have appointed to be the guardians of those interests to withstand the temporary delusion, in order to give them time and opportunity for more cool and sedate reflection. Instances might be cited in which a conduct of this kind has saved the people from very fatal consequences of their own mistakes, and has procured lasting monuments of their gratitude to the men who had courage and magnanimity enough to serve them at the peril of their displeasure."

If in Congress there is not found that ability for proper legis-

lation, that degree of fidelity to the public interest that should be there, the remedy is plain. The people should keep a vigilant eye on Congress, should make it the kind of body it was intended to be, should retire the inefficient and untrue and replace them with men of the right type. In this manner all proper legislation may be obtained and our Constitution kept intact. But if the present direction is pursued, if the people continue to seek legislation through the medium of executive control over Congress, all the evils described must follow; the balanced framework of our Constitution will be demolished, and with it those political ideas conceived in the hour of toil and trouble and confirmed by a century of fruitful experience. In these days of war upon monopoly and special privilege, the President should not be vested with the exclusive right of representing the people. Their wishes should be expressed through the established constitutional organs. The people should not shirk their plain duty of keeping watch over their Congress by relying upon the Executive to accomplish the ends they desire. This is far easier, but it is as dangerous as it is easy. As soon as we throw off this dependence upon the Executive attention will be riveted on Congress; and only in case this occurs may we hope to see such reforms in the structure and conduct of that body adopted as its present form seems to require.

Congress was intended to be the main instrument by which the people should exercise control over the management of their political affairs, and it must not be permitted to fall under the sway of the President unless we are foolish enough to court disaster for the sake of short cuts to legislation. Either the present drift will continue till the principle shall become firmly fixed that popular demand shall become law forthwith upon the proclamation of the President, through the fiction of a message to Congress, or we must face squarely about and plant ourselves again solidly upon our original principles of representative Government; either we must keep and guard what has proved immensely successful or forsake it for what has, in other instances, been doomed to miserable failure. Congress should remain what it was created, the independent legislative branch of the Government limited only as provided by the Constitution. Abuses which have no necessary connection with our scheme of Government must not be suffered to tempt us, in order to accomplish

immediate aims, to do those things which tend directly to break up the balance and efficiency of that system. The responsibility rests with the people. They will obtain representation no better nor worse than their vigilance merits. That responsibility should not be shifted to the President. He, in turn, should remain what the Constitution made him, and devote his talents and energy to the task of performing the functions assigned to him.

In facing political problems, we are always fortunate if we find that similar questions having presented themselves to the sagacious judgment and keen vision of Abraham Lincoln, pertinent advice from that practical prophet is available. He has spoken on the subject under consideration, and I quote from him liberally. In 1848 he wrote:

"It appears to me that the national debt created by the war renders a modification of the existing tariff indispensable; and when it shall be modified I should be pleased to see it adjusted with a due reference to the protection of our home industry. *The particulars, it appears to me, must and should be left to the untrammelled discretion of Congress.* . . . Finally, were I President, I should desire the legislation of the country to rest with Congress, uninfluenced by the Executive in its origin or progress, and undisturbed by the veto unless in very special and clear cases."

In the same year, answering the taunts of the Democrats on the floor of the House of Representatives, he said, in the course of a notable speech:

"My friend from Indiana has aptly asked, 'Are you willing to trust the people? Some of you answered substantially, 'We are willing to trust the people; but the President is as much the representative of the people as Congress.' In a certain sense, and to a certain extent, he is the representative of the people. He is elected by them, as well as Congress is; but can he, in the nature of things, know the wants of the people as well as three hundred other men coming from all the various localities of the nation? If so, where is the propriety of having a Congress? That the Constitution gives the President a negative on legislation, all know; but that this negative should be so combined with platforms and other appliances as to enable him, and in fact almost compel him, to take the whole of legislation into his own hands, is what we object to, is what General Taylor objects to, and is what constitutes the broad distinction between you and us. To thus transfer legislation is clearly to take it from those who understand with minuteness the interests of the people, and give it to one who does not and cannot so well understand it."

The soundness and logic of his views are sufficient to make them

stand on their own bottom without the support of his great name; with it they should be doubly impressive. Thus spoke the man who, when called to the Presidency, wielded, under the stress of his time, greater power than any other who has occupied the office; but who deplored the necessity which drove him to do it, and who would speedily have laid aside the assumed powers and would have receded within ordinary limits had he lived to do so.

Not that we should have a weak or pliant Executive. In his proper sphere, as defined by law, with its manifold duties and extensive powers sufficient to challenge the capacity of the ablest man, the greater the vigor, force and initiative the Executive brings to his tasks, the more will he benefit his country. "Energy in the Executive," to quote Hamilton again, "is a leading character in the definition of good government. It is essential to the protection of the community against foreign attacks; it is not less essential to the steady administration of the law; to the protection of property against those irregular and high-handed combinations which sometimes interrupt the ordinary course of justice; to the security of liberty against the enterprises and assaults of ambition, of faction and of anarchy." Moreover, not only does a feeble Executive convert the Government, no matter how good it may be in theory, into a bad Government in practice, but a languid, irresolute President would destroy the reciprocal forces of our Constitution as surely as would a degenerated Congress.

Nor should it be said that the President ought take no part whatsoever in legislation. He is nominated by a political party and goes before the people upon a platform enunciated by that party as its foremost exponent. In fact, it is generally said that the President is the head of the party. Whether, at any given time, the President is the real or merely the nominal head of his party depends upon the personal equation of the man. At any rate, there is a vast difference between his being the leader and the dictator of his party. Though great deference is naturally paid to him, owing to the dignity of his high office, he should at most be but one of the great leaders of the party to which he belongs. For any party which falls into a state of complacent submission to the will of any man, be he President of the United States or some other body, shows a lack of vitality and independent spirit which deprives it of capacity for useful service

to the country. Likewise a man occupying the Presidential chair who could not exercise an important influence in the councils of his party would obviously be so weak and spiritless as to be unfit for the duties in general devolving upon him. The President, then, as one of the leaders of his party, without involving himself in the petty, undignified and purely personal elements of party strife, should direct his influence, as a political leader, toward the realization of such wholesome aims as form the basis of his party's claim to preferment; he should, in conjunction with other party leaders, urge upon members of his party such measures as will carry out those aims. His success in such efforts should be dependent on the convincing force and logic of his arguments, not upon their official source. So far he should go, and no further. To insist that the President shall procure legislation and to hold him responsible for failure to obtain the enactment of measures widely demanded is to invite him to employ, if resisted, every available expedient to coerce Congress and save himself from being regarded as a failure. The functions of the President would become the instrument of the very evils they were intended to combat.

We must return to first principles if we would avert the dangers which have been pointed out; and we shall return to those principles only if the people at large become impressed with the wisdom of maintaining them. It is, therefore, upon the creation of public opinion in favor of this view that the preservation of those original ideas depends. President Taft, however, can do perhaps more than any one to bring about this result. Possessed of a judicial mind, a deep-seated veneration for law, and an inflexible determination to follow it, endowed not only with a just sense of proportion, a cool and strictly impartial judgment, but also with indomitable courage that hesitates neither to carry out plain duty nor to resist public clamor at any cost when it demands what he deems wrong or illegal, he is pre-eminently fitted to give this country an example of what the President of the United States should be; and by such an example he will ultimately do more to instil determination to resist the threatened change than could be done by volumes of argument and rhetoric. In the light of what we know of his character and conduct, we may confidently expect that the President will continue in his straight course and be the means of leading the American people

back to faith in their ability to work out the salvation of the nation within constitutional limitations, without doing violence to our organic law; of causing them to resolve, as Lincoln said, to keep our fences where they are and cultivate our present possessions. He has again and again braved condemnation to follow the dictates of his conscience and his conceptions of legal duty; he has stood like a rock in his refusal to veto a bill or to blight the reputation of men to secure for himself certain popularity; he has devoted himself with tireless energy and skill to the achievement through legal methods of those reforms which the country seems most to need, going fully as far as a President is justified in going to promote remedial legislation. During a period of wide-spread discontent and tumultuous criticism he has kept his poise; in the face of bitter and distracting attacks, he has kept his eye single to the fulfilment of the duties he assumed. It is easy and pleasant for a President to discharge faithfully the duties incumbent upon him when the performance of those duties happens to arouse the enthusiastic applause of the people; it requires a heroic nature to do so when it results in retarding the consummation of their impatient desires and elicits the acrimonious strictures of disappointment. But if Mr. Taft, by his unwavering fidelity to moral and legal precept, has brought down upon himself the hasty censure of the hour, yet as surely as the American people admire courage and esteem well-balanced judgment, as surely as they are a just, a clear-headed and a sound-headed people, so surely, when the mists of falsehood and flattery shall have been dissipated by the inevitable light of truth and reason, will they render to him the measure of praise he so richly deserves. This people, in its right mood, will not revolutionize its form of Government, and in the course of time will gratefully do justice to the President, who, by acting in accordance with its limitations, will open their eyes to the errors which have taken hold. Once convinced that this extra-constitutional function of the President strikes at the integrity of the Constitution, they will suffer neither personal government nor government by mob spirit and the certain consequences of its exercise, to become established; but will continue to cherish and protect that Constitution, their safeguard in the past, and the hope of their future.

SAMUEL J. KORNHAUSER.

CAN A TARIFF COMMISSION SUCCEED?

BY HARRISON S. SMALLEY.

THE Republican platform of 1904, in renewing the allegiance of the party to the policy of a protective tariff, declared that "the measure of protection should always at least equal the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad." Nothing was said to indicate that this difference in cost should be the absolute measure of protection. On the contrary, it was more than implied that duties might properly exceed that amount. But in 1908 far greater definiteness appeared in the pronouncement of the Republican party. It was then unequivocally affirmed that "in all tariff legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries." This declaration was made in view of the popular conviction that monopolies in this country have been able to charge extortionate prices because they have been shielded from foreign competition by excessively high tariff duties. The Republican party, therefore, in effect announced its belief that, while the protective system should be maintained, it should not be allowed to remain an instrument through which the trusts could oppress the people. And so, in theory at least, it established the principle of relative costs of production as a prominent feature of its party doctrine.

But it is a matter of common knowledge that during the special session of 1909, Congress found itself with very fragmentary and inadequate knowledge as to relative costs of production, and was therefore compelled, in its revision of the tariff, to ignore to a large extent the principle which the Republican party had affirmed. Realizing this situation, the President and others were eager to secure the establishment of a

permanent Tariff Commission authorized to investigate conditions of cost at home and abroad. This proposal, however, met with such vigorous opposition that only a very grudging concession to the idea was embodied in the Act. The President was authorized to employ such persons as might be required to secure information to assist him in applying the maximum and minimum provisions, and to aid the officers of the Government in the administration of the customs laws.

In pursuance of this authority the President appointed as "such persons" Messrs. Henry C. Emery, James B. Reynolds and Alvin H. Sanders, and these gentlemen, under the chairmanship of the first named, have since been commonly referred to as the Tariff Board. They have undertaken an investigation of cost conditions and in that work have the benefit of a special appropriation made by Congress at its last session. It is possible that this semi-unrecognized Board may gradually develop into a permanent non-partisan Commission with extensive powers in regard to the tariff, or that it may be supplanted by such a Commission. Almost beyond doubt one or the other of these events will presently take place. For the Republican party has so thoroughly committed itself to the principle of relative costs that it cannot now refuse to give that principle a fair trial. Moreover, the President is apparently much in favor of the plan, and the progressive element in the party is clearly disposed to insist upon it.

Now if a serious attempt is actually to be made to adjust our tariff duties according to differences in cost as found by an expert non-partisan Commission, and if the attempt succeeds, two notable achievements will have been attained. In the first place, we will have a "scientific" tariff—a tariff based on and determined by a governing principle in place of the haphazard creations which have hitherto existed. And in the second place, the tariff will cease to furnish monopolies with a ready means of extortion. It is, therefore, evident that much will be gained if this new experiment succeeds. It is also obvious that if it fails the Republican party will be placed in a most embarrassing position, so far as its attitude on the tariff issue is concerned. These facts lend interest to speculations as to the probable measure of success which will reward such efforts as may be made. It would, of course, be foolish to prophesy as to the final outcome; but

it is possible, even at this early day, to foresee certain obstacles which must be encountered and which render the prospects of ultimate success very doubtful. As an understanding of these inevitable difficulties will enable one to follow more intelligently the progress of the experiment, it is the purpose of this article to consider those which are of the greatest importance.

1. The difficulty of securing accurate and sufficient information as to costs of production at home and abroad is an obstacle which has already been encountered and which will persistently continue to impede progress in the application of the Republican principle. For in the first place, the exact determination of costs is not an easy matter even in connection with a single plant, while it becomes a very complicated problem when all similar plants throughout the nation must be taken into account, because in various sections of a single country production takes place under different conditions and different costs therefore naturally result. And in the second place, producers are usually unwilling to disclose their costs, owing to the fear that such information may in some way be used against them. For some time two members of the Tariff Board were abroad, seeking data as to European costs of production, but if reports in the public press are to be believed they found their task anything but easy. It was hardly to be supposed that foreign producers would cheerfully supply abundant and reliable intelligence as to the conditions of expense under which they operate; and there is still less prospect that American producers will cordially welcome the investigations of a Tariff Commission or will assist such a Board in its work. Furthermore, it is extremely doubtful whether they could be compelled by legal process to disclose the required facts.

Of course something may happen to change the producers' attitude, though what developments could accomplish such a result cannot easily be imagined. Probably they will maintain their present position, and in that event about the only way in which even substantially adequate information can be secured will be the skilful employment of a species of "bluff." By announcing as the costs of production figures which are altogether too low, thereby threatening a revision of duties unfavorable to the producers, a Commission might drive them to open their books and reveal the desired data. It was, in fact, some such method which wrested from German producers the facts contained in the

celebrated report submitted by the German Government during the special session of 1909. But, aside from its undignified character, such a method would lead to attacks upon the Commission and apparently well-founded criticisms of its competence which would weaken its prestige and imperil the success of the entire plan. On the whole, then, the difficulty of acquiring the knowledge essential to the application of the Republican principle seems very great.

2. In the second place, if the tariff system were conducted in accordance with Republican doctrine, it would be necessary to alter the duties whenever a change occurred in the costs of production either at home or abroad, and as such changes occur frequently this would mean constant modifications of the tariff. It cannot be doubted that the chronic state of uncertainty which would consequently exist with respect to the tariff would have a depressing effect upon business enterprise. True, American producers would have the satisfaction of knowing that the tariff system was avowedly protective, and that all modifications of the duties would be designed to leave an adequate measure of protection to American industries, but that fact would not altogether remove their fears. For there would always be the possibility that the Commission might err, that it might, on the basis of insufficient or erroneous information, reduce certain duties below the protective point. There would also be the possibility that when a change occurred in cost conditions which would call for an increase in duties the readjustment might not be promptly made. It might be several months before the producers could discover the facts, present them to the Commission, and satisfy that Board as to their truth. Meanwhile, home industry would be suffering because of inadequate protection. In effect, it is to be feared that a nicely adjusted system of duties designed to be exactly equal to the differences in costs of production would keep American producers in a constant state of anxiety and suspense which would to some extent impede the progress of business.

3. In carrying out the policy of relative costs it would be necessary to establish a special set of schedules for each foreign country. Duties could not be the same against all, but would have to be adjusted for each nation according to differences in costs as between it and the United States. Unless this were

done, the chief object of the Republican principle, which is to protect Americans against monopolistic extortion, could not be attained. This fact may perhaps be most clearly brought out by means of a hypothetical illustration. Suppose that, with respect to a certain article, the American cost of production, including reasonable profits, is $1.25, while country A can market such an article here at $1, country B at $1.10, country C at $1.15, and so on. Were the duty put at a uniform level of twenty-five cents, no foreigner could get into the American market for less than American producers could profitably sell, so that the principle of protection would be maintained. Moreover, it might seem at first glance that even if domestic producers combined and formed a monopoly they could not raise the price above $1.25, for that would invite competition from country A. But this would not necessarily be true. American producers might combine with the producers in country A and by agreement raise the price to $1.30 or even $1.34, which could be done without provoking B's competition. And even without such an arrangement, if A could not fully supply the American demand, our domestic trust would enjoy a considerable measure of liberty in fixing prices and could raise them above $1.25. To avoid these difficulties, therefore, a duty of twenty-five cents would have to be levied against articles originating in A, a duty of fifteen cents against articles originating in B, a duty of ten cents against those originating in C, and so on.

But a tariff system embracing separate sets of schedules for all the nations of the world would be so complicated as to be very difficult to administer. Moreover, it would inevitably lead to dissatisfaction on the part of foreign Governments and would arouse from them constant complaints of unfair discrimination by the United States. It would be difficult for us to convince country A that we were not giving country B an undue advantage through certain adjustments of tariff duties, while B might complain that C was enjoying certain unfair preferences, and so on, through the entire list of foreign countries.

4. The transportation problem imposes another difficulty of a very serious character. A duty which would bring domestic and foreign producers together in New York on an equal footing would not be likely to produce the same happy result in an interior city. Let us again bring out the point by means of a supposititious

case. Suppose that an American trust controlling plants in the various sections of the country could profitably sell its product in New York at $1.25 and in Omaha at the same price. Suppose also that English producers could deliver goods in New York at $1. A duty of twenty-five cents would place the rival producers on the same footing in New York City. But suppose further that the freight rate to Omaha is ten cents. Then, whereas the American trust could sell in that city at $1.25, English goods could be marketed there at no less than $1.35. The trust, therefore, could raise its price to $1.34 without incurring serious danger of English competition. On the other hand, if the duty were put at fifteen cents, the two nations would stand on the same basis at Omaha, but the English producers could undersell the American in New York. This simple case suggests a situation which would involve in almost hopeless complications a tariff system based on the principle of relative costs. The United States is a country of magnificent distances in which freight rates will always be an important element in the expense of marketing goods. Hence duties based on the costs which prevail in one place would produce discontent in other localities. With any adjustment of the tariff there would probably be complaints from consumers in certain districts, or from producers in other districts, or from both. That the system could be made generally satisfactory in so large a country as ours seems extremely doubtful.

5. A final obstacle, or rather set of obstacles, which the Republican principle of relative costs must meet, is the opposition which it is sure to provoke. This opposition will come from many different sources, but chiefly from the following three:

(*a*) All persons who on principle believe in free trade will naturally oppose the permanent establishment of the Republican plan, for it involves no concessions to free-trade doctrine. It is staunchly, though moderately, protectionist in nature, and therefore will be swept away if ever free-trade sentiment gains the ascendancy in this country.

(*b*) Politicians will also naturally oppose the principle of relative costs. Of course they will not manifest open and conspicuous hostility to it, so long as there is a strong sentiment in its favor throughout their party, but in their secret hearts they will detest it, and they will therefore resort to such subtle measures as they

can devise to prevent its application. For to apply the Republican principle would be to take the "politics" out of the tariff. It would prevent tariff amendments and revisions designed to secure purely political ends. It would make it impossible for politicians to use the tariff, as they have in the past, for log-rolling purposes, or to strengthen their personal support through duties agreeable to their constituents, or to strengthen their party by winning the favor of certain districts or certain classes of people through tariff adjustments ostensibly in the interests of such districts or classes. Solicitous care for the "husbandman," as shown in meaningless duties on various kinds of agricultural products, could no longer be manifested. Wavering elements in the party could not be clutched and firmly held through tariff concessions, as has been done in the past. In brief, the innumerable political uses of the tariff would come to an end.

In view of this fact, it is not likely that the party politicians in Congress will ever permit a full and true application of the principle. They will be exceedingly loath to leave the determination of duties to an expert non-partisan Commission. They will, indeed, be strongly inclined to insist on saying the final word themselves. But if Congress takes the matter into its own hands and substitutes its own judgment for that of the Commission, political forces will again be found at work, the tariff will again become the victim of political bargains and of party needs, and the principle of relative costs will vanish.

(*c*) The great protected interests can also be counted upon to offer bitter and strenuous and persistent opposition. Indeed, hostility on their part has already appeared. They have been accustomed during the last forty-nine years to a system of very high duties and will not willingly relinquish the advantages of such a system. They will resent the inquisitorial features of the new plan as an invasion of that secrecy which they deem themselves entitled to maintain with reference to their own affairs. They will find much to oppose in the new plan because of the transportation difficulties above considered. They will also stand in fear of a system which involves continual and often sudden changes in tariff duties. And finally, all the incentives still exist which have for many years led the protected interests to employ all manner of means, legitimate and illegitimate, to secure high duties. For these reasons such interests will resist the attempted

application of the Republican principle, and their influence at Washington will doubtless prove to be a factor of much practical consequence.

It will not be surprising if they insist that they should be allowed a small margin of safety in the shape of duties somewhat above the differences in costs. They will call attention to the fact that if anything occurs to increase their costs, or to lower the costs of their rivals abroad, an increase in duties can be secured only after an investigation by the Commission, during the course of which they will not have sufficient protection. They will also suggest the possibility of injury resulting from any ill-advised reductions in duties by the Commission. In view of these considerations, they will ask for a margin of safety. But if such a margin were granted at all, it would not be long before protestations would be heard that the margin was not large enough, and if different margins were allowed on different commodities complaints of discrimination would be sure to arise. Under such circumstances, there is at least a chance that one after another the margins would be increased, until the whole principle of relative costs would be lost to view.

There is one other ground on which opposition to the Republican principle would develop. The platform of 1908 declared that "the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, *together with a reasonable profit to American industries.*" Within limits, then, it remains with those who adjust the duties according to this principle to decide what is a "reasonable profit to American industries." They can determine how large a return an American trust should earn on its invested capital. By one adjustment of duties they can confine the profits to five per cent.; by others they can cause them to soar to ten or fifteen or twenty per cent. They can even affect to some extent the range of profits in non-monopolized lines of business. Thus the profitableness of all protected industries would be influenced and in some cases practically determined by the Federal Government.

Needless to say, this feature of the plan would arouse the opposition of all who disbelieve in governmental interference in industry. It would also provoke the antagonism of the great protected interests, which would find their profits determined

for them by governmental officers at Washington. Cries of unfair discrimination between producers in different lines would be raised and persistent efforts would be made to have the system abolished. Whether it could stand up under the assaults which would be made upon it is a matter as to which there is very grave doubt.

Thus it appears that there are numerous reasons which justify the fear that the principle of relative costs may fail. Yet, as was said at the outset, it would be unsafe to prophesy such an outcome, for new developments may appear which cannot now be foreseen, but which will increase its chance of success. Those who are interested in the prosperity of the Republican party will naturally wish to see it triumph over all obstacles, but whether from the point of view of the public at large its final success or its ultimate failure is the thing to be desired is a question upon which there cannot be unanimity of judgment. For one's view on that question must be determined by his convictions as to the general problem of protection and free trade. The success of the principle would unquestionably intrench protection more firmly in the policy of the nation, while its collapse would surely give a powerful impulse to the advance of free-trade ideas.

HARRISON S. SMALLEY.

THE LAWYER AND THE COMMUNITY.*

BY WOODROW WILSON.

THE whole history of society has been the history of a struggle for law, for the definite establishment and continuance of such relationships as seemed to those who had the choice to be best suited to the support of their own influence and to the maintenance of the community over which they presided. Law is simply that part of the established thought and habit which has been accorded general acceptance and which is backed and sanctioned by the force and authority of the regularly constituted government of the body politic. The whole history of liberty, that history which so quickens our pulses as we look back upon it and which so sustains our confidence in the power of righteousness and of all the handsomer, nobler impulses of humanity, has been a struggle for the recognition of rights not only, but for the embodiment of rights in law, in courts and magistrates and assemblies. Such must always be the form of every high endeavor made in the interest of men and of the ideals of political life.

We do not fight to establish theses. We do not pour our blood out to vindicate a philosophy of politics. There are two great empires of human feeling—the realm of religion and the realm of political aspiration. In the one realm we work spiritually, our liberty is of the thought; in the other we work structurally, our liberty abides in institutions, is real only when it is tangible, a thing that can be put into operation—not in our own souls merely, but in the world of action outside of us as well. A right in the field of politics is a power to command the action of others in our own behoof; and that is also a right in law. Religions are mighty forces of belief, and the Church, when it has

* The substance of this article constituted the annual address of Dr. Wilson before the American Bar Association on August 31st, 1910.

its genuine and entire liberty, lies outside the State; but political liberty lives and moves and has its being in the structure and practice of society. The two fields are not, indeed, sharply separated: religious freedom must be safeguarded by institutional arrangements; but religious freedom is the right to be ungoverned, political freedom the right to be governed justly and with equity as between man and man. We fight for law as well as for faith because we fight not only for the right to think, but also for the right to be and to do what we will within the limits of a just and equal order.

The old order changeth—changeth under our very eyes, not quietly and equably, but swiftly and with the noise and heat and tumult of reconstruction. The forces of society contend openly with one another, avow their antagonisms, marshal and discipline their hosts, and are keen to win, not very willing to accommodate their differences and come to a common understanding which will be for the common advantage.

All struggle for law has been conscious; very little of it has been blind or merely instinctive. It is the fashion, too, to say, as if with a superior knowledge of affairs and of human weakness, that every age has been an age of transition, and that no age is more full of change than another; but in very few ages of the world has the struggle for change been so wide-spread, so deliberate, or upon so great a scale as this which we are taking part in. The transition we are witnessing is no equable transition of growth and normal alteration, no silent, unconscious unfolding of one age into another, its natural heir and successor. Society is looking itself over, in our day, from top to bottom, is making fresh and critical analysis of its very elements, is questioning its oldest practices as freely as its newest, scrutinizing every arrangement and motive of its life, and stands ready to attempt nothing less than a radical reconstruction, which only frank and honest counsels and the forces of generous co-operation can hold back from becoming a revolution. We are in a temper to reconstruct economic society as we were once in a temper to reconstruct political society, and political society may itself undergo a radical modification in the process. No age was ever more conscious of its task or more unanimously desirous of radical and extended changes in its economic and political practice.

This is not a day in which great forces rally in secret. The

whole stupendous programme is planned and canvassed in the open, and we have learned the rules of the game of change. Good temper, the wisdom that comes of sober counsel, the energy of thoughtful and unselfish men, the habit of co-operation and of compromise which has been bred in us by long years of free government, in which reason rather than passion has been made to prevail by the sheer virtue of candid and universal debate, will enable us to win through still another great age without revolution. This thing that is going on about us is not a mere warfare of opinion. It has an object, a definite and concrete object, and that object is Law, the alteration of institutions upon an extended plan of change.

We lawyers are servants of society, officers of the courts of justice. Our duty is a much larger thing than the mere advice of private clients. In every deliberate struggle for law we ought to be the guides, not too critical and unwilling, not too tenacious of the familiar technicalities in which we have been schooled, not too much in love with precedents and the easy maxims which have saved us the trouble of thinking, but ready to give expert and disinterested advice to those who purpose progress and the readjustment of the frontiers of justice.

Lawyers constructed the fabric of our State governments and of the government of the United States, and throughout the earlier periods of our national development presided over all the larger processes of politics. Our political conscience as a nation was imbedded in our written fundamental law. Every question of public policy seemed sooner or later to become a question of law, upon which trained lawyers must be consulted. In all our legislative halls debate thundered in the phrases of the written enactments under which our legislators and our Governors exercised authority. Public life was a lawyer's forum. Laymen lent their invaluable counsel, but lawyers guided and lawyers framed the law.

The dependence of our political movement upon the judgments of courts has not been altered, and cannot be. So long as we have written constitutions, courts must interpret them for us and must be the final tribunals of interpretation. I refer to the prominence and ascendancy of lawyers in the practical political processes which precede the judgments of the courts. Until the Civil War came and the more debatable portions of our funda-

mental law were cut away by the sword, the very platforms of parties centred upon questions of legal interpretation and lawyers were our guiding statesmen. I suppose a more intensely legal polity never existed.

So long as passion was excluded, it was a tonic way of life. Statesmanship necessitated precise thinking. Every policy that was proposed had to be explicitly grounded upon precedent. At every step there was a re-examination of the fundamental principles which were alleged to justify or sustain it. Thought of the long history of English constitutional practice and of the avowed purpose with which government had been set up in America constituted the atmosphere in which everything was done. Every ancient, every recent contest for liberty threw its light forward upon the debates of Congress and of State Legislatures. The newest State shared with the oldest the long tradition, and all alike were thoughtful of what had been designed and hoped for by the men whose sacrifices had given life to our freedom. No doubt it stiffened the action of government. No doubt there was a formality and a scrupulous regard for the letter in the conduct of legislation better suited to a young country just finding itself and face to face only with large problems of simple and obvious character than to an older country, whose life has grown complex and confused and whose questions of exigency square with no plain precedents of constitutional practice. Lawyers will construct for you a very definite polity and construct it to admiration; they have not often shown themselves equally fitted to liberalize it or facilitate the processes of change. But the leadership of lawyers at least meant a repeated re-examination of principle and precedent, and was very instructive even when it was least enlightened. It prevented fluidity. A reason had to be given for every step taken—a reason which would commend itself to the courts after it had commended itself to statesmen. The statesman and the lawyer were clients and consorts, and the legal conscience of the people was constantly refreshed and strengthened. These are great influences. They make for character and for the solidity of institutions.

But they are gone. You have only to recall the many extraordinary interpretations of the Interstate Commerce clause of the Constitution upon which serious debate has been wasted in Congress in recent years to be convinced of it. Our lawyers them-

selves are not carefully trained as they used to be in the principles of our constitutional law. It does not stand in the foreground of their study or practice, but in the background, very vague and general, a thing to be resorted to only upon rare occasion. Our legislatures now listen to debates upon constitutional questions with ill-concealed impatience, as tedious and academic. The nation has grown keen after certain practical objects and will not willingly brook the impediments set up by constitutions. The temper of the age is very nearly summed up in a feeling which you may put into words like these: "There are certain things we must do. Our life as a nation must be rectified in certain all-important particulars. If there be no law for the change, it must be found or made. We will not be argued into impotency by lawyers. We are not interested in the structure of our governments so much as in the exigencies of our life."

There are many reasons why this change of temper and of point of view has occurred. It is not by chance that statesmanship has grown bigger than the bounds of mere legal precedent.

In the first place, the debates and constitutional struggles of the first seventy years of our political history settled most of the fundamental questions of our constitutional law. Solid lines of decided cases carry the definite outlines of the structure and make clear the methods of its action. We seemed after the Civil War to be released from the demands of formal definition. The life of the nation, running upon normal lines, has grown infinitely varied. It does not centre now upon questions of governmental structure or of the distribution of governmental powers. It centres upon economic questions, questions of the very structure and operation of society itself, of which government is only the instrument. Our development has run so fast and so far along the lines sketched in the earlier day of constitutional definition, has so crossed and interlaced those lines, has piled upon them such novel structures of trust and combination, has elaborated within them a life so manifold, so full of forces which transcend the boundaries of the country itself and fill the eyes of the world, that a new nation seems to have been created which the old formulas do not fit or afford a vital interpretation of. The confusion has clearly come about without intention. We have been engaged in enterprises which the law as we formerly looked

at it was clearly not meant to prevent or embarrass. We pushed them forward, therefore, without thinking of the effect they might have upon older conceptions of our legal processes. They seemed to spring out of the normal and necessary uses of the great Continent whose riches we have been exploiting. We did not think of the legal consequences one way or the other, and therefore did not need or seek the advice of constitutional lawyers.

Constitutional lawyers have fallen into the background. We have relegated them to the Supreme Court, without asking ourselves where we are to find them when vacancies occur in that great tribunal. A new type of lawyers has been created; and that new type has come to be the prevailing type. Lawyers have been sucked into the maelstrom of the new business system of the country. That system is highly technical and highly specialized. It is divided into distinct sections and provinces, each with particular legal problems of its own. Lawyers, therefore, everywhere that business has thickened and had a large development, have become experts in some special technical field. They do not practise law. They do not handle the general, miscellaneous interests of society. They are not general counsellors of right and obligation. They do not bear the relation to the business of their neighborhoods that the family doctor bears to the health of the community in which he lives. They do not concern themselves with the universal aspects of society. The family doctor is himself giving place to a score of specialists; and so is also what one might call the family solicitor. Lawyers are specialists, like all other men around them. The general, broad, universal field of law grows dim and yet more dim to their apprehension as they spend year after year in minute examination and analysis of a particular part of it; not a small part, it may be, perhaps the part which the courts are for the time most concerned with, but a part which has undergone a high degree of development, which is very technical and many-sided, and which requires the study and practice of years for its mastery; and yet a province apart, whose conquest necessarily absorbs them and necessarily separates them from the dwindling body of general practitioners who used to be our statesmen.

And so society has lost something or is losing it—something which it is very serious to lose in an age of law, when society depends more than ever before upon the lawgiver and the courts

for its structural steel, the harmony and co-ordination of its parts, its convenience, its permanency and its facility. In gaining new functions, in being drawn into modern business instead of standing outside of it, in becoming identified with particular interests instead of holding aloof and impartially advising all interests, the lawyer has lost his old function, is looked askance at in politics, must disavow special engagements if he would have his counsel heeded in matters of common concern. Society has suffered a corresponding loss—at least American society has. It has lost its one-time feeling for law as the basis of its peace, its progress, its prosperity. Lawyers are not now regarded as the mediators of progress. Society was always ready to be prejudiced against them; now it finds its prejudice confirmed.

Meanwhile, look what legal questions are to be settled, how stupendous they are, how far-reaching and how impossible it will be to settle them without the advice of learned and experienced lawyers! The country must find lawyers of the right sort and of the old spirit to advise it, or it must stumble through a very chaos of blind experiment. It never needed lawyers who are also statesmen more than it needs them now,—needs them in its courts, in its legislatures, in its seats of executive authority,—lawyers who can think in the terms of society itself, mediate between interests, accommodate right to right, establish equity, and bring the peace that will come with genuine and hearty co-operation, and will come in no other way.

The specialization of business and the extraordinary development of corporate organization and administration have led to consequences well worth the lawyer's consideration. Every one else is considering them and considering them with deep concern. We have witnessed in modern business the submergence of the individual within the organization and yet the increase to an extraordinary degree of the power of the individual—of the individual who happens to control the organization. Most men are individuals no longer so far as their business, its activities or its moralities, is concerned. They are not units, but fractions; with their individuality and independence of choice in matters of business they have lost also their individual choice within the field of morals. They must do what they are told to do or lose their connection with modern affairs. They are not at liberty to ask whether what they are told to do is right or wrong. They

cannot get at the men who ordered it—have no access to them. They have no voice of counsel or of protest. They are mere cogs in a machine which has men for its parts. And yet there are men here and there with whom the whole choice lies. There are men who control the machine as a whole and the men who compose it. There are men who use it with an imperial freedom of design, whose power and whose individuality overtop whole communities. There is more individual power than ever, but those who exercise it are few and formidable, and the mass of men are mere pawns in the game.

The present task of the law is nothing less than to rehabilitate the individual,—not to make the subordinate independent of the superior, not to turn corporations into debating societies, not to disintegrate what we have been at such pains to piece together in the organization of modern industrial enterprise, but to undo enough of what we have done in the development of our law of corporations to give the law direct access again to the individual,—to every individual in all his functions.

Corporations do not do wrong. Individuals do wrong, the individuals who direct and use them for selfish and illegitimate purposes, to the injury of society and the serious curtailment of private rights. Guilt, as Governor Harmon has truly said, is always personal. You cannot punish corporations. Fines fall upon the wrong persons, more heavily upon the innocent than upon the guilty, as much upon those who knew nothing whatever of the transactions for which the fine is imposed as upon those who originated and carried them through—upon the stockholders and the customers rather than upon the men who direct the policy of the business. If you dissolve the offending corporation, you throw great undertakings out of gear. You merely drive what you are seeking to check into other forms or temporarily disorganize some important business altogether, to the infinite loss of thousands of entirely innocent persons and to the great inconvenience of society as a whole. Law can never accomplish its objects in that way. It can never bring peace or command respect by such futilities.

I regard the corporation as indispensable to modern business enterprise. I am not jealous of its size or might, if you will but abandon at the right points the fatuous, antiquated and quite unnecessary fiction which treats it as a legal person; if

you will but cease to deal with it by means of your law as if it were a single individual not only, but also,—what every child may perceive it is not,—a responsible individual. Such fictions and analogies were innocent and convenient enough so long as corporations were comparatively small and only one of many quite as important instrumentalities used in business, only a minor item in the economic order of society. But it is another matter now. They span society, and the responsibilities involved in their complex organization and action must be analyzed by the law as the responsibilities of society itself, in all its other aspects, have been.

The corporations now overshadow partnerships altogether. Still more do they overshadow all individuals engaged in business on their own capital and separate responsibility. It is an arrangement by which hundreds of thousands of men who would in days gone by have set up in business for themselves put their money into a single huge accumulation and place the entire direction of its employment in the hands of men they have never seen, with whom they never confer. These men, these quite autocratic managers, are thereby made, as it were, multiple individuals. In them are concentrated the resources, the choices, the opportunities, in brief, the power of thousands. They could never of themselves, of their own effort and sagacity, have accumulated the vast capital they employ and employ as if it were their own; and yet they have not the full legal responsibilities of those who supplied them with it. Because they have the power of thousands they have not the responsibility common to those whose power they use! It is an extraordinary anomaly!

A modern corporation is an economic society, a little economic State—and not always little, even as compared with States. Many modern corporations wield revenues and command resources which no ancient State possessed and which some modern bodies politic show no approach to in their budgets. The economic power of society itself is concentrated in them for the conduct of this, that or the other sort of business. The functions of business are differentiated and divided amongst them, but the power for each function is massed. In some instances even the functions are not separated. Railroad companies have been known to buy coal-mines. Manufacturing combinations have been observed to develop a score of subsidiary industries, to spread a network of

organization over related enterprises, and sometimes even over enterprises whose relation to their main undertakings it is difficult for the lay mind to perceive. Society, in short, has discovered a new way of massing its resources and its power of enterprise, is building up bodies economic outside its bodies politic which may, if we do not find the means to prevent them, the means of disclosing the responsibilities of the men who compose them, dominate bodies politic themselves.

And these huge industrial organizations we continue to treat as legal persons, as individuals, which we must not think of as consisting of persons, within which we despair of enabling the law to pick out anybody in particular to put either its restraint or its command upon! It is childish, it is futile, it is ridiculous! One thinks of the old Confederation, which we had to abandon because it tried to govern States and could not command individuals. As well treat society itself as a unit; insist that it impose a fine upon itself for every wrong done, no matter how notorious it may be who did it; suggest that it embarrass all its processes of action and even break itself up into its constituent parts and begin all over again when the persons whom it has trusted prove depraved or selfish. It is not even interesting to continue such an experiment.

Society cannot afford to have individuals wield the power of thousands without personal responsibility. It cannot afford to let its strongest men be the only men who are inaccessible to the law. Modern democratic society, in particular, cannot afford to constitute its economic undertakings upon the monarchical or aristocratic principle and adopt the fiction that the kings and great men thus set up can do no wrong which will make them personally amenable to the law which restrains smaller men: that their kingdoms, not themselves, must suffer for their blindness, their follies and their transgressions of right.

It does not redeem the situation that these kings and chiefs of industry are not chosen upon the hereditary principle (sometimes, alas! they are), but are men who have risen by their own capacity, sometimes from utter obscurity, with the freedom of self-assertion which should characterize a free society. Their power is none the less arbitrary and irresponsible when obtained. That a peasant may become king does not render the kingdom democratic.

I have no feeling of hostility towards the men who have in our day given the nation its extraordinary material power and prosperity by an exercise of genius such as in days gone by was used, in each great age, to build Empires and alter the boundaries of States. I am drawing no indictment: no indictment that I could draw would be just. No indictment that has been drawn has been just, but only exaggerated and disquieting. The time for hostilities has gone by. The time for accommodations, for common understandings, for a surcease of economic warfare and the inauguration of the peace that will come only by common sacrifice and concessions, has come. I am simply trying to analyze the existing constitution of business in blunt words of truth, without animus or passion of any kind, and with a single, clear purpose.

That purpose is to recall lawyers to the service of the nation as a whole, from which they have been drifting away; to remind them that, no matter what the exactions of modern legal business, no matter what or how great the necessity for specialization in their practice of the law, they are not the servants of special interests, the mere expert counsellors of this, that or the other group of business men; but guardians of the general peace, the guides of those who seek to realize by some best accommodation the rights of men. With that purpose in view, I ask them to look again at the corporation.

It is indispensable convenience; but is it a necessary burden? Modern business is no doubt best conducted upon a great scale, for which the resources of a single individual are manifestly insufficient. Money and men must be massed in order to do the things that must be done for the support and facilitation of modern life. Whether energy or economy be your standard, it is plain enough that we cannot go back to the old competitive system under which individuals were the competitors. Wide organization and co-operation have made the modern world possible and must maintain it. They have developed genius as well as wealth. The nations are richer in capacity and in gifts comparable to the higher gifts of statesmanship because of them and the opportunities they have afforded exceptional men. But we have done things in pursuit of them, and have nursed notions regarding them, which are no necessary part of what we seek. We can have corporations, can retain them in unimpaired ef-

ficiency, without depriving law of its ancient searching efficacy, its inexorable mandate that men, not societies, must suffer for wrongs done. The major premise of all law is moral responsibility, the moral responsibility of individuals for their acts and conspiracies; and no other foundation can any man lay upon which a stable fabric of equitable justice can be reared.

It is perfectly possible to have corporations and serve all the necessities and conveniences of modern society by means of the great combinations of wealth and energy which we have found to be so excellent, and yet dispense with a large part of the quite outworn and now in many respects deeply demoralizing fiction that a corporation is an indivisible person. Of course we must continue to regard it as an artificial person so far as is necessary to enable it to hold such property as may be proper for the execution of its charter purposes, to sue and be sued, and to conduct its business through officers who speak for it as a whole, and whose signatures and orders are, under its by-laws and resolutions, binding upon it. It must act and live as a person and must be capable of enjoying, what individuals cannot enjoy, a certain perpetuity of power and authority, though individual men within it come and go, live, die, resign or are translated. But there its unity should stop.

In respect of the responsibility which the law imposes in order to protect society itself, in order to protect men and communities against wrongs which are not breaches of contract but offences against the public interest, the common welfare, it is imperative that we should regard corporations as merely groups of individuals, from which it may, perhaps, be harder to pick out particular persons for punishment than it is to pick them out of the general body of unassociated men, but from which it is, nevertheless, possible to pick them out—possible not only, but absolutely necessary if business is ever again to be moralized. Corporations must continue to be used as a convenience in the transaction of business, but they must cease to be used as a covert for wrong-doers.

The managers of corporations themselves always know the men who originated the acts charged against them as done in contravention of the law. Is there no means by which their names may be disclosed to the officers of justice? Every act, every policy in the conduct of the affairs of a corporation, orig-

inates with some particular office, committee or board. The officer, the committee, the board which orders an act or originates a policy contrary to the law of the land or intended to neutralize or contravene it is an insurgent against society: the man or men who originate any such act or policy should be punished, and they alone. It is not necessary that the corporation should be broken up. It is not fair that the stockholders should be mulcted in damages. If there are damages to be paid they should be paid out of the private means of the persons who are really guilty. An analysis of the guilt is perfectly feasible. It is the duty of lawyers, of all lawyers, to assist the makers of law and the reformers of abuses by pointing out the best and most effective way to make it.

It seems to me absurd, for example—and this by way of parenthesis — to extend the law of libel to corporations, to suffer one publishing corporation to sue another for defamation. Somebody in particular has uttered the libel, somebody in particular has been libelled. Character cannot be incorporated; writing cannot be corporately done. Are lawyers so incapable of ascertaining the facts that they cannot find out who it is that did the thing or who it is that has been injured in his reputation?

I know that the matter is not as simple as it sounds. I know that some corporations are in fact controlled from the outside, not from the inside: that it often happens that some man or some small group of men who are not even in its directorate dictate its policy, its individual acts, its attitude towards law and society, and that the men who act within it are little better than automata. But are they really beyond discovery? On the contrary, is it not generally matter of common knowledge who they are? Would it take extraordinary acumen and intelligence to devise laws which would reach them also? What we are after, of course, is to obtain laws which will prevent the use of corporations to the public hurt and disadvantage. We know that the man who shoots his enemy was not in the gun, that he simply used it, and that no part of the mechanism of the gun itself is criminally liable. We can generally discover who used the gun and how he used it, whatever his cunning and secrecy. We can also find out who uses the corporations against the public interest; and we can punish him, or them, if we will, whether they belong to the actual nominal organization of the corporation

or not. Our processes of evidence may have to be considerably altered, but we can alter them; our formal conception of parties in interest may have to be extended, but it is easy to extend it; our make-believe that we can see nobody in the transaction but those who are avowed and formal members of the organization may have to be discarded, but that ought to be a relief to our consciences. We have allowed ourselves to be ridiculously limited and embarrassed by the theory that a corporation is an indivisible person not only, but that nobody outside of it, no matter how intimate his use and control, may be brought into the suit by any genteel lawyer bred in the orthodox schools of law. A corporation is merely a convenient instrument of business and we may regulate its use as we please and those who use it. Here is merely an artificial, a fictitious person, whom God did not make or endow, which we ourselves have made with our own hands and can alter as we will. I see no law of nature in our way, but only some laws of evidence and of corporate theory which we have outgrown.

It will be said that in many instances it is not fair to pick out for punishment the particular officer who ordered a thing done, because he really had no freedom in the matter: that he is himself under orders, exercises no individual liberty of choice, is a dummy manipulated from without. I reply that society should permit no man to carry out orders which are against law and public policy, and that, if you will but put one or two conspicuous dummies in the penitentiary, there will be no more dummies for hire. You can stop the traffic in dummies, and then, when the idea has taken root in the corporate mind that dummies will be confiscated, pardon the one or two innocent men who may happen to have got into jail. There will not be many, and the custom of the trade will change!

There are other corporate matters worthy of attention, but they do not intimately concern my present theme. I think it must be admitted, for example, that the position of the minority stockholder is, in most of our States, extremely unsatisfactory. I do not wonder that he sometimes doubts whether corporate stocks are property at all or not. He does not seem to enjoy any of the substantial rights of property in connection with them. He is merely contributing money for the conduct of a business which other men run as they please. If he does not

approve of what they do, there seems nothing for it but to sell the stock (though their acts may have depreciated its value immensely). He cannot even inquire or protest without being told to mind his own business—the very thing he was innocently trying to do! There are many things which are not satisfactory about this putting the money of many men into one pile for the use of a board of directors, and to my mind it is clearly the task of the counsellors of society to make them satisfactory. It is the duty of the profession to see to it that no man's powers exceed or lie outside of his legal and personal responsibilities—that the corporation be made a mere convenience of business and not a means of irresponsible mastery, its interior and all men within it as accessible to the law as its exterior and the scattered individuals who have no corporate ambush from which to work their will.

I have used the corporation merely as an illustration. It stands in the foreground of all modern economic questions, so far as the United States are concerned. It is society's present means of effective life in the field of industry. Society must get complete control of its instrument or fail. But I have used it only as an illustration of a great theme—namely, the responsibility of the lawyer to the community he professes to serve.

Lawyers are not a mere body of expert business advisers in the field of civil law or a mere body of expert advocates for those who get entangled in the meshes of the criminal law. They are servants of the public, of the State itself. They are under bonds to serve the general interest, the integrity and enlightenment of law itself, in the advice they give individuals. It is their duty also to advise those who make the laws—to advise them in the general interest, with a view to the amelioration of every undesirable condition that the law can reach, the removal of every obstacle to progress and fair dealing that the law can remove, the lightening of every burden the law can lift and the righting of every wrong the law can rectify. The services of the lawyer are indispensable not only in the application of the accepted processes of the law, the interpretation of existing rules in the daily operations of life and business. His services are indispensable also in keeping and in making the law clear with regard to responsibility, to organization, to liability and, above all, to the relation of private rights to the public interest.

The structure of modern society is a structure of law rather than of custom. The lawyer's advice is more than ever necessary to the State, therefore. Communities as well as individuals stand in constant need of his guidance. This used to be commonplace doctrine amongst us. Why does it now need to be preached again? Is it mere accident that the relation of the legal profession to affairs has changed? Is it merely because the greater constitutional questions seemed for a time to be settled and legal debates gave place to industrial enterprise, a great age of material following a great age of political development? Has it been merely a change of circumstances, or has it been a change of attitude and spirit as well on the part of the profession itself? Has not the lawyer allowed himself to become part of the industrial development, has he not been sucked into the channels of business, has he not changed his connections and become part of the mercantile structure rather than part of the general social structure of our commonwealths as he used to be? Has he not turned away from his former interests and duties and become narrowed to a technical function?

Whatever may be the cause, it is evident that he now regards himself as the counsel of individuals exclusively and not of communities. He may plead the new organization of politics, which seems to exclude all counsel except that of party success and personal control; he may argue that public questions have changed, have drifted away from his field, and that his advice is no longer asked; but, whatever his explanation or excuse, the fact is the same. He does not play the part he used to play. He does not show the spirit in affairs he used to show. He does not do what he ought to do.

For there never was a time, in fact, when his advice, his disinterested and earnest advice, was more needed than it is now in the exigent processes of reform, in the busy processes of legislation through which we are passing, with so singular a mixture of hope and apprehension. I hear a great many lawyers join the cry of the business men that it is time legislators left business alone, allowed it to recover from the confusion and distraction of regulative statutes, altered tariffs and supervising commissions, find its natural methods again, and go forward upon a way of prosperity which will not be beset by fear and uncertainty. But the cry is futile, the impatience which gives rise to it is selfish

and ignorant. Nothing is settled or can be let alone when it is known to be wrong until it is set right. We have settled nothing in our recent reform legislation. That is the reason it is so unsatisfactory and why some prudent and thoughtful men grow tired of it. But that is only another reason for seeking out and finding what will be the happy and successful way of setting our economic interests in order. There has been no satisfactory settlement, but there must be one. Public opinion is wider awake about these matters than it has been within the memory of any man living, and it is not going to turn away from them until satisfactory reforms of the law are found. There will be no peace until a happy and honorable basis of peace has been hit upon. Lawyers may come into the settlement or stay out of it, as they please, but a settlement there must be. For one, I hope that they will not stay out. I fear that it would be disastrous for them to do so—disastrous to them and to society. I covet for them their old and honorable leadership in public counsel.

Just because they have so buried themselves in modern business, just because they have been so intimate a part of it, they know better than any one else knows what legal adjustments have and have not been made—know the practices that circumvent the law, even the existing law, and the provisions of statute and court procedure that might put a stop to them or square them with what the interests of the whole community demand, theirs is the special responsibility to advise remedies. Theirs has been the part of intimate counsel in all that has been going on. The country holds them largely responsible for it. It distrusts every "corporation lawyer." It supposes him in league with persons whom it has learned to dread, to whom it ascribes a degree of selfishness which in effect makes them public enemies, whatever their motives or their private character may be. And the lawyer—what does he do? He stands stoutly on the defensive. He advises his client how he may make shift, no matter how the law runs. He declares that business would go very well and every man get his due if only legislators would keep their hands off! He keeps his expert advice for private persons and criticises those who struggle without his countenance or assistance along the difficult road of reform. It is not a promising situation.

Our reforms must be legal reforms. It is a pity they should go forward without the aid of those who have studied the law in

its habit as it lives, those who know what is practicable and what is not, those who know, or should know, if anybody does, the history of liberty.

The history of liberty is a history of law. Men are not free when they have merely conceived what their rights should be. They are not set free by philosophies of right. Their theories of the rights of man may even lead them astray, may make them break their hearts in pursuit of hopes they can never realize, objects they can never grasp, ideals that will forever elude them. Nothing is more practical than the actual body of liberty. It consists of definitions based upon experience, or rather of practices that are of the very essence of experience. A right is worth fighting for only when it can be put into operation. It can be put into operation only when its scope and limitation can be accurately defined in terms of legal procedure; and even then it may amount to nothing if the legal procedure be difficult, costly or complicated. Liberty of speech is defined in the law of slander and of libel, and becomes mere license against which there is no protection if the law of slander or of libel be difficult or costly or uncertain to apply. Liberty of the person is defined only when the law has carefully enumerated the circumstances in which it may be violated, the circumstances in which arrests and imprisonments and army drafts, and all the other limitations upon which society may insist for its protection or convenience, will be lawful. Its reality, its solidarity, consists in the definiteness of the exceptions, in the practicality of the actual arrangements.

And it is part of its definiteness and reality that liberty is always personal, never aggregate; always a thing inhering in individuals taken singly, never in groups or corporations or communities. The indivisible unit of society is the individual. He is also the indigestible unit. He cannot be merged or put into combination without being lost to liberty, because lost to independence. Make of him a fraction instead of an integer and you have broken his spirit, cut off the sources of his life. That is why I plead so earnestly for the individualization of responsibility within the corporation, for the establishment of the principle by law that a man has no more right to do a wrong as a member of a corporation than as an individual. Establish that principle, cut away the undergrowth of law that has sprung up so rankly about the corporation and made of it an ambush and covert, and

it will give every man the right to say *No* again, to refuse to do wrong, no matter who orders him to do it. It will make a man of him. It is in his interest no less than in the interest of society, which must see to it that wrong-doing is put a stop to.

We are upon the eve of a great reconstruction. It calls for creative statesmanship as no age has done since that great age in which we set up the government under which we live, that government which was the admiration of the world until it suffered wrongs to grow up under it which have made many of our own compatriots question the freedom of our institutions and preach revolution against them. I do not fear revolution. I do not fear it even if it comes. I have unshaken faith in the power of America to keep its self-possession. If revolution comes, it will come in peaceful guise, as it came when we put aside the crude government of the Confederation and created the great Federal State which governed individuals, not corporations, and which has been these hundred and thirty years our vehicle of progress. And it need not come. I do not believe for a moment that it will come. Some radical changes we must make in our law and practice. Some reconstructions we must push forward which a new age and new circumstances impose upon us. But we can do it all in calm and sober fashion, like statesmen and patriots. Let us do it also like lawyers. Let us lend a hand to make the structure symmetrical, well proportioned, solid, perfect. Let no future generation have cause to accuse us of having stood aloof, indifferent, half hostile or of having impeded the realization of right. Let us make sure that liberty shall never repudiate us as its friends and guides. We are the servants of society, the bond-servants of justice.

WOODROW WILSON.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

SOCIETIES FOR MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

ALMOST every time the postman whistles at the door of those who have the habit of giving, he hands in one or more appeals for aid. These appeals come from the managers of Boys' Clubs, from Children's Aid Societies, Societies for Improving the Condition of the Poor, from churches, missions, crêches, free kindergartens, hospitals; from societies fighting tuberculosis, fighting vice, crime, poverty, ignorance and injustice. There appears to be no ill that flesh or spirit inherits that has not been recognized, charted, studied: none that brave and unselfish human beings have not banded together to abolish or ameliorate. Every resource of science, every discovery of medicine, of psychology, of industrial progress, is laid under contribution to solve the current problems of society. Very nearly every member of society contributes something, either in personal effort or money, and many give freely of both.

There is one feature of this universal war against ignorance, wrong and pain that seems not to have received sufficient attention. The war is waged in the cities. And the cities grow and grow by arithmetical progression. Every decade shows an enormous increase of this clotting of the population into urban environment, despite heroic endeavors to replace the people on the land, to colonize, to distribute many of the juvenile victims of its untoward influences among the farming population. Every decade demonstrates the irresistible centripetal forces sweeping back again into the streets the people charitably deported, and drawing to the cities those who were born and bred to rural life. Thin rills flow out, huge rushing streams of life pour in and the balance never turns countrywards. This problem of

the congestion of population has not escaped notice and many explanations and remedies are suggested, none of which have seemed to reach the root of the matter.

Some few here and there, however, are beginning to suspect that the very means taken to attenuate the results of this human swarming, only succeed in increasing the conflux. Perhaps the individual emigrant to the town does not define the instinct that draws him to the buzzing hives of men, but the pull of instinct is always toward the centres in which the conditions of life are easiest. From the tragic stories of want, overcrowding, unsanitary conditions, high rents, excessive cost of living, with all the resultant stunting and disease, one would not imagine these crowded centres of population would present a suggestion of ease, but the efforts of the charitable and of the social worker have the result of bringing about this impression. Illness from the cities' untoward influences is more probable in the towns, but one is in close touch with hospitals, with free dispensaries, with district nurses, with chemists—with all the means of mitigating bodily distress. The sick in countryside neighborhoods have ordinarily to depend upon unskilled friends or members of the patient's family for attendance, and, unable to command free medical aid, are driven to experiment with the ubiquitous patent drugs. No Boys' Clubs offer costly gymnastic appliances, talking-machines, moving-pictures, lectures or games to the farmer's son. He must drowse or squabble in the kitchen, or sneak away to the cross-roads grocery to eavesdrop at the endless dull gossip of the rural loafers. The country girl is not provided with the dances and music of the Girl's Friendlies, or the classes in typewriting, dressmaking, millinery or cooking of the Y. W. C. A.'s. The overdriven country mother cannot have her troublesome babies cared for at a crêche, or amused at a kindergarten while she faces the long days of her extreme toil. The child in the country school cannot benefit by free dentistry, free care from oculists, has no manual training in his preparation for life-work. The laborer in the soil has no means of raising the suddenly needed loan by pledging his property at the kindly provident loan society, or even with a less amiable pawnbroker. The country church asks insistently for contributions to support its feeble life instead of dispensing the alms of richer members in the nourishing and aiding of its poorer parishioners.

The amusements are sparse and expensive in the country, the means of cultivation for eager minds are hard to come by, and in the face of such conditions it is natural that the rural population tends more and more to the centres where in ever-increasing volume provision for the needs of human beings is eagerly poured out by willing hands and purses, heroically endeavoring to supply all wants, make up all personal deficiencies.

Of what use is it to preach the evils of overcrowding, to vaunt the value of air and space to the eager girl and boy yearning for life, for opportunity, for amusement? Of what use to tell the parents that three generations of city life sap the vigor of the family? They are not the third generation. If the grandchildren are threatened with anæmia and stunting by urban life let *them* go back to the soil. The man and the woman want to live *now,* and they are more hopeful of getting what they need in their own time by moving into the radius of that incessant shower of interest and beneficence that gushes like a fountain from the kindly hearts of the town.

It is not that the country hearts are less kind, but the power of the many is so much larger than that of the few. A thousand dimes are so much greater in sum and efficiency than the dollar of one. It is useless to labor to hold back from the place where so much pleasure and help is to be had those who need pleasure and help.

This truth is becoming evident to a few, and those who are awaking to it are instituting a much-needed change of philanthropic base. They have been awakened to the necessity of a decentralizing movement in social effort. Instead of joining the cry of "back to the soil," they are pondering means to keep their neighbors on the soil by transplanting to it what the human plants need. They are plucking up courage to shut their hearts to the poignant cries for aid from the victims of the cities, and are devoting their energies to lessening the supply of the victims who so cruelly need that aid.

The first step in this new social effort is to recognize that in the country some of the advantages of the city must be afforded. The next, that concerted effort can achieve more than is within the power of any individual, and that the banded efforts of the countryside rightly applied will secure for the dwellers there the most desirable opportunities of city life.

These leagues have been called by various names, but perhaps the most proper title would be "Societies for Minding Our Own Business." One early member of a neighborhood league thus defined the appositeness of this subtitle: "What is our own business? Why, to see that our taxes are properly spent; that the elected officials do their duty; that our roads are kept in order; the public health guarded; the laws obeyed; the schools maintained at a high standard; the beauty of the countryside preserved and increased, and that every one of us has an opportunity for healthful pleasure."

To which definition one of the women members added, crisply: "It's just good housekeeping on a larger scale. To keep one's house economically, to see that it's clean, wholesome, pretty and agreeable, and that the children are educated, is what every self-respecting woman among us is giving her energies to. Keeping the neighborhood is just a part of it, for the individual home is dependent on the neighborhood being well kept for its health, for comfort, beauty and for education. Attending to all this is certainly minding our own business."

Two communities, near New York City, with this idea in mind have formed leagues which include every local man, woman and child who is willing to work towards these ends; the wealthy summer residents, the local merchants, the clergy, the schoolteachers, men and women of all trades and occupations, day-laborers and the children. The membership is divided into three classes: those paying twenty-five dollars in yearly dues, ten dollars and one dollar, but all three classes having equal voting rights and being eligible for office. Practically every member is an official, for the entire association is divided into committees on Membership, on Law and Order, Lights and Roads, Health and Cleanliness, Education, Libraries, Amusements and Neighborhood Improvement. Each committee works for its special object, but reports to the whole body and so dovetails its work into the efforts of the other committees as to make "one hand wash the other." As, for example, the committees on Health and Cleanliness, Law and Order, Lights and Roads, and Neighborhood Improvement combine in the work of seeing that the highways are well maintained and lighted, that they are kept clean, wayside trees planted and preserved, and that users of the highways are forced to observe the speed laws and rules of the

road. The various committees again come together in keeping a supervision of the drinking-water and the ventilation of the schools, beautifying the school and library grounds, and making the library a centre for educational lectures, for musical and literary clubs, games and moving-picture shows, and talks on hygienic matters.

Convinced that the taxes paid, if honestly and economically administered, would make many local improvements possible which they now lacked, the leagues undertook to maintain a voluntary supervision of public works and expenditures with some very enlightening results. As one member expressed it: "If you paid your butcher for ten pounds of meat, and he only delivered two and a half, you'd be considered a feeble fool if you submitted to it, and yet that's what we're all doing about our taxes."

The local politicians were inclined to take a high tone at first with the Leagues' Committees, but on having presented to them a list of the voters enrolled in the association, they assumed a more conciliatory attitude, and a prompt enforcement of many neglected laws ensued, and money was found to be available for a number of necessary improvements.

Both of these leagues have founded and supported excellent libraries through local efforts and without appealing for outside aid. These are free to all the members, and the aim is to make them centres of the neighborhood's development. To make their grounds a model of the possibilities of beauty that can be achieved at small expense by the means of neatness and taste in gardening and planting. To use them as meeting-places for the local clubs, literary societies, singing-schools and musical societies, and for the encouragement of reading and study among the school children. For their support and development the local ball clubs charge admission to their games, dances are given, fairs and rummage sales held.

One of the leagues established a kindergarten where the busy country mothers could send their children "to be out from under their feet" during the pressure of morning work, assured of their being happy and cared for and receiving training and development in many ways. And the other turned its energies towards the development of manual training in the public schools.

A trained nurse has been hired by the year to give skilled

assistance in illness to those who cannot afford to pay for such costly needs, and—incidentally—to teach a thousand needed lessons in hygiene and preventive medicine. It is hoped that eventually a small cottage hospital may grow up where prompt and not costly aid may save many who find it difficult to leave home in search of help from the great institutions in the city.

One committee compelled an abandonment of the deposit of sewage and garbage in local waters. Forced a new cleanliness in the care of cesspools; encouraged the burning of all waste matter; inaugurated a mosquito crusade and screening against the deadly house-fly. Another fitted up an old beach cottage as a bathing pavilion, where all the members might benefit, in cleanliness, comfort and safety, by their nearness to the health-giving salt baths. Seeds were distributed to the school children, and prizes were offered for the neatest and most successful cottage gardens. A permanent sales centre of local handiwork was instituted at one of the libraries, where orders could be given for any work desired. The larger gardens contributed their superfluous vegetables and fruit for the support of the libraries, insuring the supply of cheap, fresh and wholesome food at moderate prices for those without gardens. The libraries also served in a measure as local intelligence offices.

This is but a very slight outline of the efforts and the hopes of these societies for minding their own pressing and urgent business. Perhaps their greatest value has been in their social influence.

In all democracies the barriers between human beings are far wider and more rigid than in aristocratic countries. Where no differences are authorized the individual protects himself with far more sternness and impatience, and however the orator may prate in America of equality, every candid person is aware that the check-book divides man and man more completely than does the book of the Peerage.

In these leagues the teacher, the carpenter, the fisherman and the Italian "dago" meet in committees in the banker's or broker's or publisher's parlor to concert for the general good of the community. The butcher discovers, to his surprise, that the banker is a kindly neighbor, fond of telling funny stories, and free with his cigars when once he has broken through his shyness. The broker is equally pleased to discover how well-mannered, shrewd

and able is the man who reroofed his house, and the publisher's wife finds the wife of her friend's gardener a sympathetic companion who likes the same novels and has the same views on bringing up children as she herself.

There is no need of settlement work here. Each leads his life as before, but gains a new respect and liking for his neighbors, a new understanding of the points of view, the difficulties, the hopes and aims of his fellow men and women. It was shown by the bringing together of the community that most of its richer members were contributing money and personal labor to help the poor of New York City, and yet rarely became aware of the illness and poverty at their own doors.

The leaders in this new movement hope to see it grow, and look forward to a not very distant day when every county will have its dozen or more leagues, all uniting to send delegates to a central county committee. They look forward to, in this way, purifying local government and checking the headlong flow of all charity and philanthropic efforts to the cities, and the consequent and inevitable drift of the people to where it is to be found. They have heard so much of the "reconcentrado camps" of the cities, with their attendant horrors, that they have begun humbly, but hopefully, to inaugurate a deconcentrado movement. They are convinced that that there would be less need for minding other people's business if there was an earnest and concerted effort to mind our own. That by this concerted effort it will be possible to bring to the rural communities very many of the pleasures, the aids and the opportunities offered by the cities. That instead of telling the people to go back to the land, it is better to so enlarge the scope of life upon the land that they will not wish to leave it.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

THE NEW POLITICS.

PARTIES AND MEN.

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN.

NONE of us are entirely content with our political parties as they are. A good many of us hardly ever mention them except to abuse them. But only one prominent American, Mr. W. R. Hearst, has of late years made any persistent effort to get rid of the old ones and substitute new; and he does not seem to have had any great success. No one has seriously proposed that we try to get on without any parties whatsoever. Parties of some sort are the only device we have for making our Government work. We can deal with the issues presented by the new politics only through parties; through the old ones if they do not divide too hopelessly when they come to face those issues; through new ones if they do. In any case, however, we shall at least begin with the old parties.

I will repeat the statement I have made of what seems to me the present task of democracy in America, the problem presented by the new order which has come about in industry and business almost simultaneously with the final coming of the Republic into a sense of the limitations of its material resources. The present task and problem of democracy is twofold: to secure for the state, the people, some effective ultimate control over the natural sources of all wealth; and to secure, in an industrial system no longer controlled by competition, protection and opportunity for the individual.

The contest now forced upon us is, of course, but another form or phase of the immemorial struggle with privilege. But the phase of that struggle upon which we are now entering may, I think, be not unreasonably considered the most important, the most crucial of all. And for this reason: The kind of privilege

with which we must now join battle is the product, not of monarchy or aristocracy or priestcraft, but of democracy itself. It has grown up out of a free soil. The new organization of industry into great combinations, which has gone so far towards crushing out competition, began itself in the freest competition; it was in fact accomplished through the methods of competition. First competition, then absorption — that has been the process. But for the freedom which our laws and usage allowed—the free play they gave to all kinds of ability, the opportunity they opened to all kinds of talent—it is doubtful if these tremendous aggregations of energy and wealth and system could have been built up so swiftly. Certainly, no country where the older forms of privilege prevail has ever matched them. Being, therefore, products of a society established in opposition to the entire conception of privilege, they may seem to prove that there is something in the very nature of great human societies which makes for privilege—that there is something, perhaps, in human nature that makes for it. But whatever the fundamental trouble, the root of the evil, may be, it is not entirely unreasonable to hope that this time, since we are dealing with a kind of privilege native to democracy itself, we may eventually get at it. What I mean is that we may eventually find our struggle turning into a warfare with the very life-principle of privilege; that it may, therefore, prove to be the final war—the last of the long series that began either with the first raising up of the head of authority in some pristine democracy or else with the first glimpse of the face of freedom in some original despotism.

That, of course, is a long, long hope; and these are large and bold conceptions. To pass from them to a study of our Democratic and Republican parties of to-day is rather an anti-climax—like turning from Burke or Milton to the newspapers. But I know no other way to be practical.

The tendency in all self-governing or partly self-governing societies is to have at least one party which is distinctly, at any rate habitually, the party of privilege and at least one party which is habitually opposed to privilege. There may be other parties, advocating special causes. One or the other of the two great parties may from time to time split and divide on particular issues. They may both from time to time fall into inconsistencies, failing to adhere to their essential motives and life

principles. All sorts of departures and variations occur. But this remains the normal division and alignment. One may prefer, with Mr. Bryce, to call one party the party of order and authority and the other the party of progress. But the choice of words is not particularly important. The general character of the division is fairly well indicated by either set of terms.

I have elsewhere ventured to argue that Mr. Bryce and de Tocqueville, and other foreign observers as well, have erred in denying that the two great American parties have stood, on the whole, for this normal party division, and I still hold that opinion. But I admit freely that none of our parties has stuck steadfastly to its proper rôle. Apart from the forces that ordinarily make against consistency in politics, the Federal form of our Government has been the cause of a long series of divisions—divisions over the powers of the States and of the Nation—that have often obscured the more universal division. Now and then these old questions—questions of State rights and Federal powers—reappear. But they have lost their heat. They have lost much of their interest. There is something academic about all the present-day discussions of them. I think it is clear that they now play a far less important part than they used to play in our politics, and have much less effect than formerly on our party divisions. These may, therefore, be expected to follow hereafter more closely than they have hitherto followed the general usage of parties in representative governments. One will stand rather more distinctly than formerly for order, authority, system, effectiveness; and that will be the party through which privilege will most naturally seek protection and extension. The other will rather more distinctly than formerly stand for democratic aspiration, for the rights and the hopes of the individual, for equality of opportunity; and that will be the party which on the whole will offer the most antagonism to privilege.

But of the two great parties now in existence, which will be which?

Until quite recently, I do not think many of us would have hesitated on this point. Although the Republican party began as the party of freedom, of manhood rights, and in opposition to one of the worst forms of privilege that ever existed, the institution of slavery, I think most of us would have said that in its later history it has been pretty distinctly the party of order

and authority in this country, and therefore the party to which privilege would most naturally look for favor and protection. It has had that character for several reasons. It has had a majority of the wealthy in its ranks, and it has naturally been more responsive to their views than its rival. It is the party to which people who have had, as the saying is, a stake in the country have naturally gravitated; and one potent reason for their coming into it has been its long ascendancy, the long lease of power which the country granted it after the Civil War. It has had control of the Government. Strong, successful, practical men have turned to it because it could do things, and men of that character have become its ruling spirits. Great interests of all kinds have attached themselves to it. As it gradually committed itself to the policy of protection, those who profited or hoped to profit by that policy became inseparably attached to it. As the issues which it was formed to meet disappeared its character changed. It became more and more the champion of the great interests which filled its campaign chest and demanded in return the legislation they wanted. A more thoroughly business-like party never existed. It has for decades commanded the best practical ability in the country. As our industrial system altered, when first the great corporations were formed, and then the trusts, until from many fields competition disappeared, nothing was more natural than that the men at the head of the great combinations should find this party sympathetic. They were the same kind of men, not infrequently they were the same men, who were already dominant in its councils. Both from its composition and from its association with great business interests, the Republican party was apparently certain to become the political representative of the new order; the representative of power; the representative of wealth; the representative of combination as opposed to competition, of co-operation and co-ordination and system as opposed to individualism; the party, therefore, of privilege—of the new kind of privilege.

Certainly, its rival was not well fitted for that rôle. The Democratic party had, it is true, at a certain time in its history, stood for a great special interest. The long lease of power which it enjoyed before the Civil War had the usual effect of power on a party of liberal principles. It grew more complacent with things it had come into existence to oppose and less fiery for the ideas

it had come into existence to advance. It became more complacent with authority, less fiery for liberty. The genuinely democratic impulse which it had received in Jefferson's time and again in Jackson's had no renewal under Polk and Pierce and Buchanan. While it was in this state the slavery issue came to dominate all others; and both the old parties divided over it. The Whig party went to pieces. Among the Democrats, the Southern or pro-slavery faction got the upper hand and kept it until the disruption of 1860. Unfortunately, two truly democratic principles, the principle of individual liberty and the principle of local self-government, both thoroughly sound within reasonable limits, had been brought, by the anomalous fact of slavery in a republic, into a kind of conflict. The distracted party held to the principle of local freedom, of State rights, and abandoned the principle of individual liberty, of the rights of man. The slavery interest, the very greatest single interest in the country, for a time controlled it. For a time, therefore, it may be said to have been the party of the established order, the party of privilege.

But for the last half-century the Democratic party has had very little of the power that corrupts and demoralizes. Neither has it had the kind of membership that would make it complacent with privilege, nor yet have the great material interests attached themselves to it. It has, indeed, from time to time won as recruits independent men of wealth; but its principal gains have been among the working-people of the great cities, particularly among the foreign-born and among the plain farmers of the West. The old slave-holding interest of the South has, of course, disappeared, and the large Southern membership of the party has had, since the war, an influence on its policy very different from that which the slave interest exercised before the war. For the South has been poor; it has been relatively weak; it has felt itself on the defensive, on the outside of things and not on the inside. In the South, moreover, the plain man, the man with neither wealth nor distinction of birth, has been steadily coming to the front. The old Southern aristocracy has lost its political ascendancy, and the new industrial oligarchy has been slower to develop there than elsewhere. The voice of the South in that party has accordingly been, since the war, the race issue alone apart, decidedly against any kind of condoning of privilege.

On the whole, therefore, I think we may say that as the new issues began to force themselves upon the country, as the great changes in our industrial system came about, and the new kind of privilege began to make itself felt and understood, it was decidedly the Democratic party to which one had best reason to look for opposition to that new kind of privilege. That was the party which seemed, on the whole, to have decidedly the best right to claim support as the party of individual liberty, of democracy in the full meaning of the word.

And that, I think, has been its real bent. For the past ten years its specific proposals have been, for the most part, unfortunate. It has suffered also from bad management, from bad organization, from factional divisions. It has suffered from lack of intelligence. As contrasted with the business-like control and direction of the Republican organization, its leadership has been pitiably weak. The party has been distrusted, and the people have refused to grant it power, because they have felt it to be incoherent, unbusiness-like, ineffective, more like a mob than an army—but not because it has not been democratic in animus and temper and composition. For years, in fact, it has wanted only able and intelligent leadership and firm organization to commend it to popular favor. A majority of the American electorate would many times have preferred to support that party if they had not been afraid to.

Such, then, was the general state of both parties when the new aspect of industry and finance forced itself upon the attention of the people in a way to demand a distinctly political attention. Then two things happened which have profoundly altered the party situation. One was Mr. Roosevelt's promulgation of what have come to be called the Roosevelt policies. The other was the Progressive or Insurgent movement in the Republican party.

The two things were certainly not unrelated. Which began first will doubtless in the future be discussed by historians, but to determine whether ex-President Roosevelt really got his cue from the Western Progressives or they got theirs from him is not of the first importance. Both he and they had come to feel that to retain the confidence of the country their party must somehow counteract the impression, already wide-spread, that it was subservient to great private and corporate interests; that it must,

therefore, strike out on a new line and consider more candidly the changed conditions of industry. Both he and they had vision enough to see that there was growing up and becoming powerful in this country a kind of discontent somewhat different from that which has produced most of the revolutions and political overturns of the past; a discontent not so much with actual as with relative material conditions, not so much with actual suffering or poverty as with inequalities, and particularly inequalities of opportunity.

The fact and the volume of that discontent in America is a striking and a creditable thing. Many of our people who are most dissatisfied are living fairly comfortable lives. They do not lack bread or shelter. They have work, and their earnings seem, as compared with the earnings of the same kinds of labor in other countries, decidedly high. But they see other men enjoying not merely greater wealth, but a kind of power which they themselves cannot hope to attain. They perceive that they are mere parts of systems, the control of which has passed to a few men; that these systems are growing constantly bigger and absorbing more and more of the industrial energy of the country; that it is, therefore, no longer reasonable, as it once was, for every man of character and intelligence and energy to hope to make himself the independent master of his own business, whatever it may be. Instead of that, they find all the main industries, including the various forms of commerce, tending to combination and consolidation, with a very small group in control, and the workers of all but the highest grade or rank deprived completely of initiative, and indeed reduced to be mere parts of a great machine, valueless and powerless if detached. Of course this change has caused some actual hardship. But the discontent with it has been something more than a mere clamor for a bigger share of the good things of life. The democratic instinct, the instinct and principle of individualism, of independence, of human rights, has been at the bottom of it. That instinct has taken alarm, and the alarm has spread through both the parties. The reason why this feeling has had more striking and visible effects in the Republican party than in the opposition has been that it had more to overcome in that party than in the opposition.

Whether we give the credit for originality in this matter, for first perceiving the coming on of a new democratic impulse, to

ex-President Roosevelt or to the Western Progressives, whether we consider that he acted as patriot and leader and prophet or only as an astute politician, there can be no denying that his political instinct was keen and correct. But ex-President Roosevelt, when he went out of office, had merely announced a general policy concerning the combinations and had done little more than that concerning the conservation of our resources. And even in his very general announcements of policy he on one point either differed from the Western Progressives or at least failed to go their lengths. He made no attack on the system of high protective tariffs. He failed, therefore, to strike at all at that particular bond between his party and the great interests which many have regarded as the least defensible of all. The Western Progressives did strike at it, and it was that part of their programme which, as we all know, brought them first into open conflict with the conservative wing of their party.

That conflict has now widened and deepened into a positive breach or schism which cuts through the party everywhere except, perhaps, in the South. The division has, for the time being, altered the face of American politics, and it has upset all calculations and forecasts.

To attempt a forecast even of the course of the schism itself would be venturesome. But either the Progressives or the Conservatives will win, let us say, in their present fight for control inside the lines of the party lines. If the Progressives win, the party will be profoundly changed. But in that case the chances are at least even that the Conservatives will not withdraw; they may feel that they have no other place to go; and if they remain in the party their presence will be enough to keep it from becoming radical—to keep it from becoming more than moderately liberal. If, however, the Conservatives win, the Progressives are not so likely to acquiesce and remain loyal. On the contrary, there is a very strong probability that they will secede; that they will either attempt a new movement and organization of their own or join with the present opposition or some part of it. It is a question, therefore, whether they or the present Democratic opposition will be the true liberal party of the future. But to that liberal party of the future, whatever form and name it may take, both the Progressive Republicans and the present opposition will contribute of their membership; and, on the other

hand, we may be sure that wherever, in the new alignment, the Conservative Republicans, the so-called "Stand-patters," the men who for some decades have been the real rulers of this country—that wherever these shall find themselves, there will be the party of authority and order, the party of the new kind of privilege. To them will doubtless be joined many conservative men, Tories in temperament or by conviction or from the character of their personal interests, who now call themselves Democrats. The composition of the two parties of the future seems in fact fairly easy to predict.

But whether they will be two new parties, with new names, or merely the two old parties materially changed in composition and much more sharply differentiated in policy than they now are—that depends on the character and the effectiveness of the leadership of the immediate future. A leader of the Republican Progressives comparable to Hamilton or Jefferson or Lincoln could in all probability make of them a true and complete party, so strong that a great part of the opposition would in the long run be drawn into its ranks. The rise of such a man among the Democrats would, on the other hand, probably have a precisely contrary effect.

There are people, many people, who feel that the Republican Progressives already have such a man. There are also people, though not so many, who would contend that the opposition has such a man; and the claims of this sort that are made for Bryan are as sincere as those that are made for Roosevelt. But they are not at present taken so seriously. It is said that Mr. Bryan has been for years proclaiming the issues and advancing the ideas which are now transforming our politics; that he was in this respect far in advance of Roosevelt. This is measurably true. There are demands in the Progressive programme, there are "planks" in Roosevelt's Ossawatomie "platform," which were urged by Mr. Bryan before the terms "Progressive" and "Insurgent" came into use, before Roosevelt became President and announced his policies. But along with these things Mr. Bryan has put forth other ideas, other proposals, which have been utterly and deservedly rejected; and he has supported them with a kind of reasoning which many of us find not merely shallow and unconvincing, but culpably sophistical. Whatever sincerities and whatever soundness there may be in him, a great body of

thoughtful and sober-minded Americans, many of them members of his own party, are fixed in the conviction not merely that he is an untrained mind, a mind lacking in judgment as well as training, but that he is too unstable to be trusted with power. It is hardly conceivable that his prestige and his hold on public opinion will ever be greater than they have been. They are now less than they have been; and they seem likely to continue to diminish.

With Roosevelt it is different—very different. He still fills the public eye as no other man of the time has done. Apparently, his going out of office has not lessened at all the interest in his personality and his career or at all narrowed his extraordinary access to public opinion. It is many years since any American has had so great a fame as his or such obvious and wide-spread influence. Every public utterance he makes reaches the entire country. He can have an instant hearing for any proposal, any contention, he cares to put before the Republic. Moreover, he plainly desires to continue to lead. He seeks to put himself at the head of the Progressive Republicans; and all the signs are that the majority of the Progressive Republicans wish him for their leader. When, therefore, it is asked, why he is not the man of the hour, the man of the age, the man providentially raised up to be the captain of all the forces of democracy in the warfare against the new kind of privilege, a convincing answer does not at once frame itself.

He will not fail to play that rôle from any lack of energy or of shrewdness or of the instinct for affairs—the instinct of leadership. No more skilful politician, in the full and not invidious sense of that much-abused word, has ever lived in this Republic, if in any Republic. It is by no means preposterous to compare him with either Cæsar or Napoleon if one has in mind only their civil and not their military characters and careers. Neither in revolutionary France nor in the overgrown and decadent Roman Republic could such a man have been kept down. His detractors merely hurt their case when they refuse to acknowledge the uncommon force there is in him. In face of his actual performance in self-advancement, it is difficult to doubt that he possesses "the thews that throw the world." Perhaps it is true that he has no particular gift or power which can properly be called genius; that he has won his battles solely by an extraordinary use and

development of gifts not extraordinary in themselves. But that does not leave him any the less extraordinary in the actual effect. Such will and energy are themselves as rare as genius—and far surer to prevail. It is they, in truth, that make the conqueror as we know him in history; and that is plainly the type to which Roosevelt belongs. His sleepless ambition and ever-growing egoism are entirely in keeping with it. The frail body disciplined to robust strength and hardihood, the student and idealist turned into the ultra-practical man of affairs, the halting speaker and writer become a monopolist of public utterance, the appetite for action and for power, once aroused, growing ever with what it feeds on, until it is become insatiable—what is all this but the normal course and development of the character that all through history has belonged to the setters-up of dynasties, the regenerators or overthrowers of kingdoms, the founders or the subverters of republics?

Fairness will concede extraordinary attraction as well as extraordinary force. There have been admirable, even noble, impulses; the gift of comradeship; zest in human relationships, and love of nature, and joy in life; integrity in private dealings, and continence, and domestic virtues. There has been, of course, courage always and an inspiring sense of opportunity and of the range and possibilities of life. There has been a ceaseless intellectual activity, never, it is true, particularly fine or original, but keen and quick and wide of reach, playing over the entire field of human interests. It is a personality that can win as well as overcome.

Yet I cannot feel, and I do not believe that many dispassionate and painstaking observers of this career can feel, that here is the right leader of our American democracy in its present crisis. Many, on the contrary, are coming to feel that in precisely such a man there may be more immediate danger to the American democratic ideal than even in those new industrial forces against which his leadership is invoked. It is becoming a commonplace that those forces and our present industrial conditions were not contemplated when our system was founded; that the fathers did not foresee them and could not, therefore, set up safeguards against them. But the fathers were not without forethought of the danger of the coming of such a man as is now risen up among us—a man too popular, too powerful, and too ambitious. It is

clear from their debates that they had in mind both the misadventures and the preventive usage of the ancient and mediæval republics, in every one of which there dwelt a constant terror of the man too long in power and in the public eye, the man with too great a following, the man too pre-eminent above his fellows. It was of the essence of the spirit of the ancient republics, as it was of the spirit of Republican Florence, not to expect to find the virtue and forbearance of their great men equal to their strength, and to refuse, therefore, to risk the safety of the State upon the doubtful hazard of the conflict of ambition and patriotism in any human breast. Our own founders limited the term for which a President could be elected to four years, and they also undoubtedly intended the device of an electoral college to operate as a check upon popular impulse. That device failed. But when Washington retired at the end of his second term his example was quickly seized upon and converted into a precedent —a precedent which has hitherto proved strong enough to keep any of his successors from serving longer than he did.

That precedent has undoubtedly had great weight with the electorate, but it has also had the effect of an admonition and an appeal to Washington's successors themselves; and to not one of these has it ever appealed so logically as it does to-day to Theodore Roosevelt. All that I have said and all that can be said, in praise of his character and his achievement, merely makes it so much the more applicable to his case. For the kind of danger contemplated in the apprehension which has made that precedent so effective could not come from a weak man, but only from a strong man; it could not come from an unpopular man or a man generally distrusted, but only from a man grown too popular, a man trusted too widely and too slavishly. Of course, too, the man to be feared must be ambitious, and that Roosevelt has from first to last been keenly ambitious even his admirers do not deny. He has proved himself not merely ambitious, but of an imperious and arrogant impatience with whatever hinders or stays him, whether it comes from men or from laws. With men he has again and again displayed, now a tyrannous and coarse violence, now an indirection and sharp practice, which simply cannot be condoned. However one considers such things as his dealings with Quay and Platt and Harriman, or his brutal fury with his critics of the press and with Judge Parker and other

political rivals, or his entire behavior concerning campaign contributions in 1904, or the bullying and unfairness with which he has repeatedly met opposition, one's republican instincts and one's instincts as a gentleman are equally outraged. With laws he has been even more high-handed than with men. From first to last he has been egregiously lacking in that scrupulous and reverent sense of law, of precedents, of institutions, which has been hitherto the rule of both American and English statesmanship, and none of his public utterances shows the lack of that sense more glaringly than his recent setting forth of the "New Nationalism." Of all his predecessors in the White House only Andrew Jackson can be compared to him in this respect. And Jackson, demoralizing as his "reign" was, never was half so really dangerous. For Jackson had no such consuming ambition, no such sweeping designs of change; and when he came into national power he was already elderly and infirm. Should Roosevelt again take the first place in the Republic, no one would expect to see him conduct himself as an ordinary President in time of peace. His power would be greater than Jackson's at its height; and there is every reason to believe and none to doubt that he would wield it with a worse than Jacksonian disregard of legal and constitutional limitations.

One may have the firmest faith in our system and still shrink from submitting it to such a strain. No doubt, Lord Morley's observation in "Compromise" is sound: A reasonably healthy state has immense strength; it has abundant reserves of vitality to throw off disease and recover from shocks and confusions and derangements of its order. But every departure from its right order, every lapse from its essential principles, leaves it more open to the next. I do not believe that Roosevelt, I do not believe that Napoleon or Cæsar, could in a day or a generation subvert the institution of this country; but not for that reason ought a Napoleon or a Cæsar to be welcomed; and not for that reason should any intelligent American disregard the danger that there is in Roosevelt.

Clearly, unmistakably, the precedent we have made from Washington's example is apposite, applicable. The warning of it comes home. It warns us against him. But may we not hope that also, since he also is an American, since we need not believe that he does not really love his country, it will in time, and

potently, warn him against himself? That he will yet, and in time, take to heart some of the words forever on his lips, and read aright the lives he has so often commended to us—Timoleon's, Hampden's, Washington's, Lincoln's? That he will learn at last the supreme nobleness, rise to the supreme opportunity, of self-abnegation? That the ideals of youth will yet revive in him and conquer the coarser impulses of manhood? That he will yet, and in time,

"Curb the liberal hand, subservient proudly"?

By no conceivable self-assertion could he now render to his country such a service as it is open to him to render by crucifying his own ambition; and in no other way could he make his own fame so secure. Nor would the act cut him off from such service, such leadership, as would in truth be most truly valuable to the country and most honorable to him. Let him once pledge himself in plain words never again to seek or to take the Presidency, and his power to advance causes, his hold on public opinion, his opportunity to contribute what he has to contribute to the solution of the new problems, would not be less, but greater. If, however, he will not do that, his leadership, so far from helping us with our new perplexities, will merely complicate them with the old problem and danger which from time to time has beset every experiment in republican government—the problem and danger of "the man on horseback."

We shall proceed better, because more safely, more in accord with the spirit of our own and the English law and usage and institutions, with less risk of either destroying what we have or establishing what we shall have to destroy, if we go on without recourse to anything at all in the nature of a dictatorship. Our emergency is not of the character that demands such a remedy; nor could such a remedy work us any lasting good. Our need is of a permanent adjustment to conditions likely to endure; of laws thoroughly considered and carefully framed; of deep-reaching changes in our social habit and usage—such changes as can only be brought about slowly, with a wise patience. For work like that such a temper as Roosevelt's would be almost the worst conceivable. That of his successor, though less inspiring, is far better. But it is doubtful if any one man's leadership will bring us far upon our road. For the long and hard enterprise now be-

fore democracy in this country the best abilities of many men will be needed, and those abilities will need the best training to be got from schools and colleges and from life and experience. There must be an extraordinary co-operation, a difficult and unprecedented bending of countless energies, in many fields, to the same general and impersonal ends. Ordinary popular leadership will not suffice; from the one-man power in whatever form, from masterful and swift determinations of whatever kind, we have little to hope. American politics are become a hard occupation. The Republic has never before demanded a more serious and patient attention to its affairs, or from so many men. For, whatever the changes that shall in the end make our system valid and firm against the new conditions, they must extend through the whole of it, in all its Federal vastness. The test to which our public opinion and our great electorate are thus submitted is no less than this: that there must be a wide-spread, an intelligent, and a stubborn patriotism.

The demand of the Republic for many men who shall be not merely patriotic, but of a high intelligence and highly trained, who shall combine common honesty with shrewdness and insight, is indeed severe. And for the difficult service demanded the reward may not be high. It may well be martyrdom instead of gratitude; to be misunderstood rather than to be honored; to be used and then cast aside.

But the immemorial promptings to nobleness abide. It is, after all, service and not self-seeking which oftenest in the end prevails. Though many men who seek only their own advancement or their own profit in this country's affairs win to their goals and have their low desire, they and their works pass swiftly.

"In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake."

They who, on the other hand, give themselves sincerely to the common service—and they, too, are many, for it is not for nothing that we have been so long a free people in a favored land—will find that what they have wrought will stand; that it has been as if some gracious and tutelary power guided their hands to noble and enduring workmanship. They will find—as good men always find in the end—that they have builded better than they knew.

WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN.

L'ECOLE PRIMAIRE EN FRANCE EN 1910.

PAR PAUL SABATIER.

Si l'éminent Editeur de la North American Review m'a demandé une étude sur nos écoles primaires, c'est qu'il désire, j'imagine, non pas des données statistiques sur le nombre des écoles, des élèves, des instituteurs ni même des indications sur les programmes, sur le recrutement du personnel enseignant, sur les locaux scolaires, sur les lois qui régissent notre éducation nationale élémentaire,—renseignements extérieurs et matériels en quelque sorte, fournis avec une parfaite exactitude par les expositions internationales,—il désire un aperçu de la situation intellectuelle et morale de nos écoles, une sorte d'examen de conscience, dans lequel un Français indépendant se demandera où en est l'instruction primaire de son pays à l'heure actuelle et vers quel avenir elle s'oriente. C'est là, du moins, ce que je vais m'efforcer de donner. S'il a songé à me proposer ce sujet, cela vient aussi, sans doute, du retentissement qu'ont eu à l'étranger les très vives critiques dirigées contre l'école laïque de France par le S. Siège et une partie de la presse catholique romaine.*

* Cest très intentionnellement que je m'exprime ainsi, car, si l'on veut être juste et exact, il faut bien se garder de confondre soit le gouvernement de l'Eglise, soit la presse cléricale avec la masse des catholiques. Nous faisons la distinction entre nation et gouvernement, quand il s'agit des peuples: il faut apprendre à la faire en ce qui concerne les églises. Vers la fin de septembre, 1909, les agences télégraphiques répandaient la nouvelle d'une "Lettre pastorale collective des cardinaux, archevêques et évêques de France" contre l'école laïque. Je puis affirmer de la façon la plus catégorique que ce document, daté du 14 Septembre, 1909, est bien loin d'être l'œuvre libre et vraie de ceux dont il porte la signature. L'idée même en avait été suggérée un an auparavant, à Rome. Les efforts tentés pour la faire rédiger par l'épiscopat français ayant échoué, le S. Siège se décida à faire lui-même ce travail et ne fit appel aux lumières des prélats français que pour des détails et la forme extérieure du document. Quand il fut publié, plusieurs évêques, dont la signature avait été apposée d'office, ne connaissaient même pas sa teneur exacte. Le but évident de cette offensive inattendue était de frapper vivement l'opinion publique à la veille des élections législatives. Le résultat fut celui qu'on méritait: le dédain devant ces tentatives, et la déroute des candidats adversaires de l'école laïque.

Nos écoles primaires publiques, les écoles laïques comme on les appelle d'ordinaire, sont très mal connues: d'abord, parce qu'en France même elles ont des adversaires résolus, qui ne sont qu'une très petite fraction de la nation, mais qui disposent de puissants moyens d'action; puis, parce que les étrangers qui les visitent sont naturellement disposés à les comparer à l'école primaire de leur propre pays. Or, cette comparaison involontaire, fatale peut-être, est une erreur de méthode. L'enseignement primaire a chez nous sa physionomie propre, comme dans chaque pays. A certains égards il est peut-être inférieur; à d'autres il est certainement supérieur. Cette étude aura pour but de préciser, si possible, son originalité, d'indiquer comment l'instituteur, en particulier, comprend sa mission. S'il fallait, dès maintenant, noter une différence intime entre l'école française et celle des nations les plus évoluées, on pourrait dire que la nôtre vise moins à instruire qu'à éveiller. Nos écoliers sont moins munis de connaissances pratiques, leur mémoire est moins meublée, leur main moins exercée; mais leur intelligence est plus désireuse de poursuivre son travail et ses efforts. La grande préoccupation du maître n'est pas, comme en Allemagne, de préparer chaque enfant à devenir un rouage bien discipliné d'un grand Empire, elle est de l'aider à donner sa note personnelle, à déployer ses énergies propres. On lui inculque surtout des idées; on fait sans doute effort pour se rappeler que demain il sera commerçant, ouvrier ou agriculteur, mais le but que l'on se propose n'est pas tant de le préparer à avoir une situation prospère, matériellement indépendante, elle est de faire de lui une individualité capable d'initiative, ne fuyant pas les responsabilités, dirigeant sa vie, capable de lutter contre ses propres instincts, considérant l'abdication du citoyen devant la force matérielle comme la honte suprême. Et ce n'est pas là quelque chose de voulu ou de cherché; c'est le résultat des circonstances, des mœurs, d'une longue évolution historique.

Il n'y a pas de question sur laquelle les Français soient en plus vif désaccord que sur la question de l'école: le Français clérical veut que l'école soit en quelque sorte le porche de l'Eglise; le Français anticlérical veut que l'école prépare l'enfant à l'exercice indépendant de sa pensée: mais, comme on le voit, les deux adversaires s'accordent sur l'essentiel, ont des préoccupations au

fond identiques. L'école, orientée vers la conquête du pain ou du bien être, ne les satisferait pas plus l'un que l'autre.

Est-ce un bien? Est-ce un mal? C'est un fait, qu'il faut constater et ne jamais perdre de vue. Il montre pourquoi la France dans son puissant effort scolaire ne peut pas songer à aller chercher des exemples ou des conseils à l'étranger, et pourquoi aussi elle comprend si mal les crises scolaires de l'étranger.

L'école laïque, corps et âme, date, comme tant d'autres choses en France de 1870. Les régimes antérieurs avaient eu des écoles; mais, jamais, comme en 1871, un irrésistible courant ne s'était formé, d'un bout à l'autre du pays, en faveur de l'éducation publique. Battu sur les champs de batailles, obéré par une formidable contribution de guerre, le pays se recueillait, séchait ses larmes, regardait ses frontières et pensait peut-être encore plus à l'effort intime qu'il devait faire pour reconquérir son rang moral.

La France, qu'on croyait blessée à mort, faisait déjà un rêve sublime, celui de mettre à profit les leçons de sa défaite.*

Elle se tourna vers ses conducteurs spirituels, elle envahit les cathédrales, se porta vers les sanctuaires anciens, en improvisa de nouveaux; partout, ou à peu près, elle rencontra des prêtres désireux de la secourir, prêts à organiser des messes de *requiem* pour les soldats morts au champ d'honneur; mais ces excellents prêtres croyaient guérir toutes les blessures de la patrie, en racontant des apparitions de la Vierge, ou du Sacré Cœur, et ne comprenaient pas qu'on attendît d'eux autre chose encore: le viatique nouveau d'une étape nouvelle.

A ce peuple, qui aurait eu besoin d'un nouveau Moïse pour être conduit vers un nouveau Sinaï, on recommandait quelques dévotions mécaniques, sans contact avec son cœur et son intelligence. A ce peuple crucifié, qui aurait eu besoin d'un nouveau Christ pour lui parler de résurrection et le conduire vers la montagne de l'Ascension, on prêchait la guerre contre l'Italie pour aller restaurer le pouvoir temporel, on conseillait un pélerinage

* Si l'on veut se faire une idée un peu exacte des sacrifices que la France s'est imposée au lendemain de ses déroutes pour la réorganisation de l'enseignement primaire, il faut étudier les débats parlementaires. On trouvera tous les documents principaux pour la période 1870-1882 dans le magnifique Dictionnaire de Pédagogie publié sous la direction de F. Buisson. Paris, 4 vol. in 8o, 1882-1887.

à Montmartre, à Paray-le-Monial, à Lourdes ou à la Salette. Ce fut une déroute pour l'Eglise. Elle ne comprenait pas plus le langage de ses enfants, que ses enfants le sien.

Cette incapacité du catholicisme à se mettre à la hauteur de sa mission, cette abdication tacite de son empire sur l'âme du pays avait été précédée d'une autre expérience, sur laquelle les historiens contemporains n'ont guère insisté, et qui constitue pourtant un des grands courants d'influence intellectuelle qui ont façonné la conscience de la France actuelle.

Avant 1870, l'élite du pays avait été élevée dans une sorte d'admiration de l'Allemagne. Dans les universités, les professeurs parlaient de la science allemande sur un ton de respect qui auréolait tout ce qui arrivait d'au delà du Rhin. Beaucoup d'esprits distingués se rapprochaient du protestantisme, cherchaient à le propager, parce qu'il leur paraissait comme la cause efficiente de la prospérité intellectuelle et morale du peuple allemand. La guerre arriva, et s'il y eut en France quelques insensés pour la présenter comme une sorte de duel entre les deux civilisations catholique et protestante, des voix allemandes qui, elles, étaient autorisées, la présentèrent comme une croisade sainte. On vit, jour après jour, l'empereur lui-même et ses collaborateurs, qui avaient sans cesse le nom de Dieu à la bouche, écraser une nation au nom du droit du plus fort. Chacun des bulletins de victoire de Guillaume Ier remerciant le Dieu des armées, n'était pas seulement une goutte de plus au calice du vaincu, c'était un scandale qui blessait sa conscience. La religion allemande apparaissait comme une utilisation blasphématoire de Dieu et de son Christ.

Telle était la situation morale de la France au lendemain de la guerre: son Eglise n'était pas capable de lui venir en aide; quant au protestantisme, elle avait en quelques mois perdu ses illusions sur lui.

Voilà comment et pourquoi, du jour au lendemain, tout notre peuple se tourna vers l'école, l'acclama, et lui demanda de répondre à des préoccupations auxquelles l'école ne répond dans aucun autre pays.

Ce ne sont ni les volontés du législateur, ni les efforts des instituteurs, ni mêmes les habiles manœuvres de quelque secte qui donnent à l'école en France une mission nouvelle, c'est la force même des choses.

L'âme de notre école est le résultat des désastres de 1870 et tous les efforts pour revenir à la notion de l'instituteur telle qu'elle était auparavant ont échoué.

Notre instituteur n'est pas seulement un instructeur. L'administration est naturellement portée à voir en lui surtout un mandataire de l'Etat, pour ne pas dire du ministère; mais lui se sent une tout autre mission: il aspire à être le porte-voix de la petite patrie, la France, et de la grande patrie, l'humanité. Dans certains salons et dans beaucoup de sacristies on sourit devant ces prétentions, on plaisante volontiers les visées des philosophes de village. Peut-être serait-il plus élégant encore de voir que le simple désir d'aspirer à jouer ce rôle idéal est déjà un commencement de réalisation. Le peuple de son côté veut sans doute que ses enfants apprennent à lire, à écrire, à compter, mais il veut surtout qu'on les prépare au rôle de citoyens et d'hommes.

Comprend-on maintenant pourquoi au moment où la France paraissait appauvrie et même ruinée pour longtemps, elle trouva d'inépuisables ressources pour bâtir des écoles? On a souvent répété la phrase de ce chroniqueur du Moyen âge qui dit qu'au XIII siècle la France s'émailla d'innombrables églises, comme une prairie qui au printemps s'émaille de fleurs. Un élan analogue s'est manifesté depuis 1873 pour la construction des écoles. C'est, à bien des siècles de distance, la même cause se manifestant par des réalisations un peu différentes. Ceux qui aujourd'hui bâtissent les écoles sont les très légitimes fils de ceux qui bâtirent les cathédrales. La France est restée fidèle à elle-même et ce sont seulement des gens de courte vue qui peuvent voir une antithèse entre la cathédrale d'hier et l'école d'anjourd'hui. Malheureusement l'administration de l'Eglise fit tout de suite cette opposition.

Tout de suite et par tous les moyens, elle s'efforça d'empêcher le vote des lois consacrant la gratuité, la laïcité et l'obligation. C'est au S. Siège, à une minorité d'évêques batailleurs, et surtout à une certaine presse, qui se prétend catholique et qui n'est que violement, éperdûment, anti-républicaine, que remonte la responsabilité. On crut habile dans ces milieux d'organiser la guerre à outrance contre l'école, on l'attaqua d'abord au parlement, ce qui était légitime; mais, comme ces efforts furent sans résultat, après la lutte contre les projets de loi, on essaya d'empêcher l'application des lois; enfin on passa à la lutte contre les personnes:

dans certains villages les instituteurs furent boycottés, de venimeuses campagnes de presse ourdies contre les institutrices. Il y eut des contrées où l'institutrice n'arrivait pas à trouver un boulanger qui consentît à lui vendre du pain; d'autres, en arrivant prendre possession de leur poste, voyaient le seuil de l'école obstrué d'immondices. Plus ces malheureuses étaient pieuses, exactes à remplir tous leurs devoirs religieux, plus la guerre contre elles était impitoyable, car elles risquaient de faire crouler toute l'argumentation cléricale et de prouver aux plus obtus que le gouvernement ne propageait pas l'anti-religion d'Etat. On ne saurait s'imaginer les moyens par lesquels on essaya alors d'intimider, d'affoler, de salir des jeunes filles sans défense, perdues au milieu d'une population fanatisée. Et tout cela était fait à l'instigation de meneurs, qui se proclamaient les défenseurs de l'Eglise, les champions de Dieu!

On conçoit les blessures profondes faites par de tels actes. Si, aujourd'hui que l'école laïque est victorieuse, il y a çà et là des actes de représailles, nous avons le devoir de les déplorer, et de tout faire pour les empêcher. Mais on ne doit pas les juger, sans tenir compte de ce qui précède. Ceux qui parlaient au nom de l'Eglise Romaine propagèrent alors de détestables mœurs politiques. Ils échouèrent, mais on les combat quelquefois avec les tristes armes dont ils avaient enseigné l'usage. Puisse du moins cette leçon leur servir!

Il y avait sans doute dans l'Eglise beaucoup d'esprits droits et clairvoyants qui condamnaient ces procédés, mais leur voix n'arrivait pas à dominer le tumulte de l'hétéroclite armée qui se jetait à l'assaut du pouvoir, unie sur un seul point, la haine des institutions nouvelles que la France s'était données. Cette armée avait déclaré la guerre, sans même songer à la possibilité d'un insuccès; sans se rendre compte qu'en cas d'échec, la défaite de ceux qui, sans pudeur et sans prudence, se donnaient pour les soldats de Dieu, devrait paraître la défaite de Dieu lui-même.

D'ailleurs, les adversaires de l'école laïque, en escomptant la victoire, n'étaient pas complètement fous. Certains succès étaient de nature à les enhardir. Ils étaient déjà arrivés à conquérir une influence prépondérante dans certaines grandes écoles qui sont comme la pépinière intellectuelle et administrative du pays. Dans l'armée, dans la magistrature, dans la haute industrie, ils avaient habilement crée des courants où il était de bon ton de dénigrer

la démocratie, de s'organiser pour le jour où on aurait renversé la République.

De plus, vers 1890, une partie de la bourgeoisie française était désemparée, hésitante; elle ne comprenait guère que le gouvernement pût avoir d'autre préoccupation que celle de maintenir l'ordre et de lui donner les moyens de jouir tranquillement.

Mais le peuple veillait. En face de ceux qui prêchaient la réaction, comme en face de ceux qui réclamaient un arrêt, lui, sentait, confus et impérieux, le besoin de poursuivre la marche en avant. Et comme alors le paysan et l'ouvrier trouvèrent, presque partout, dans la personne de l'instituteur un confident sympathique et un ami, le prestige et l'autorité morale du maître d'école s'affirma de plus en plus. Naturellement le paysan qui prenait plus souvent le chemin conduisant chez le maître d'école, oubliait peu à peu celui de la cure ou du château.

Si je me suis bien expliqué le lecteur doit comprendre combien l'école laïque française est quelque chose de complexe et d'original. Il y a des règlements qui en déterminent le caractère officiel; mais ni ces définitions, ni celles que nous pourrions formuler, ne sauraient donner une idée vraie de ce qu'elle est, si on perd de vue les circonstances dans lesquelles elle est née, sur lesquelles elle s'est façonnée. Ses amis, aussi bien que ses adversaires, commettent souvent l'erreur de vouloir trop préciser: on ne dissèque pas un corps vivant; on ne peut pas définir complètement une institution d'un caractère nouveau, création de tout un peuple, formée à son image et à sa ressemblance, où il prend conscience de lui-même et dans laquelle il tâche de se surpasser lui-même.

L'école laïque française a déjà évolué beaucoup, elle continuera; elle doit continuer. Elle est maintenant victorieuse de ses ennemis du dehors, et désormais ses efforts peuvent tendre à se fortifier et à comprendre toujours avec plus de délicatesse ce que le pays attend d'elle.

L'examen du programme scolaire ne donne pas plus l'idée de nos écoles qu'un schéma kilométrique de la voie ferrée ne nous ferait soupçonner ce que peut être un voyage en Palestine. C'est l'âme qu'on met dans ces formes qui importe. L'instituteur devient de plus en plus un éducateur. On l'accuse de se substituer peu à peu au curé, au pasteur, et au rabbin. Mais est-ce sa faute, si le peuple attend chaque jour de lui un secours intellectuel et

moral plus énergique? Est-ce sa faute, si les quatre cinquièmes des Français aujourd'hui se sont détachés de toute église, non par incrédulité, mais par foi, non par manque d'idéal, mais parce que l'idéal que leur offrait leur église leur paraît puéril, n'a pas de prise sur leur cœur et leur conscience?

Les plaintes trop vives du clergé ne sont-elles pas un aveu de faiblesse . . . d'incrédulité, puisque le prêtre a à son service tous les moyens d'action de l'instituteur et beaucoup d'autres en plus? N'a-t-il pas par la tradition, le célibat, les cérémonies, un prestige incomparable? N'a-t-il pas les sacrements, ces sources divines où il peut puiser pour lui et ses catéchumènes une force ineffable? Au fidèle ayant la foi, la foi robuste et sincère, la guerre du prêtre contre l'instituteur devrait apparaître comme un non sens et une lâcheté.

Les adversaires de l'école laïque disent: "Le rôle de l'instituteur est très différent de celui du prêtre. Les organisateurs de l'enseignement laïque avaient solennellement déclaré que le terme de laïque était synonyme de *neutre entre les diverses dénominations religieuses* et de *non-confessionnel.*" C'est parfaitement exact. Et on peut dire qu'avec une réelle bonne volonté, notre enseignement primaire s'est efforcé de ne pas empiéter sur le terrain religieux; mais, très vite, la masse des enfants, vivant en dehors de toute formation religieuse, a été amenée à attendre du maître la nourriture spirituelle qui ne lui était pas fournie ailleurs.

S'imagine-t-on que l'instituteur puisse leur répondre: "Je n'ai pas qualité pour vous apprendre autre chose qu'à lire, écrire et compter?"

L'instituteur français a été ainsi amené, malgré lui, il faut le répéter, à avoir un rôle de direction idéale qu'il n'a dans aucun autre pays.

Y réussit-il parfaitement?

La perfection n'est pas de ce monde. En tout cas il siérait à l'Eglise Romaine de ne pas se montrer trop sévère et de penser, quand elle veut juger, aux résultats qu'elle obtient dans les pays où elle est maîtresse absolue de l'enseignement.

En quarante ans, l'école laïque a conquis sur notre pays une influence incomparablement plus profonde que celle du clergé, du gouvernement ou de la presse; c'est elle qui peu à peu tend à

constituer une opinion publique réelle, réfléchie et qui ne se laisse émouvoir ni par les troubles nerveux d'une capitale comme Paris, ni par les coups de tête d'un gouvernement.

Là est la force de l'école laïque, ce qui fait que ses bâtiments fleuris, ouverts, aérés, ne sont dans nos plus petits hameaux qu'un symbole bien imparfait de l'empire qu'elle a pris sur l'âme française. Sans fracas, presque sans s'en apercevoir, elle crée une mentalité nouvelle.

Qui ne voit, par exemple, que c'est à elle qu'est due la stabilité politique du pays, alors qu'au XIX siècle aucun des gouvernements n'avait pu vivre plus de vingt ans?

Mais il y a une question plus intime et plus troublante encore pour laquelle l'école laïque nous a montré la voie à suivre. Je veux parler de la question d'Alsace. Depuis quarante ans, la France a dû céder une partie de son territoire; et, après ce long espace de temps, les deux provinces annexées à l'Empire allemand protestent avec autant de fermeté que le premier jour contre la violence qui leur a éte faite. La France, elle non plus, n'a pas oublié; elle attend. Elle n'attend pas l'occasion de se venger de l'Allemagne. La revanche n'est pas populaire du tout. On ne veut pas céder aux mouvements irréfléchis; et ce n'est pas par peur d'une guerre dont l'issue serait aléatoire, c'est parce qu'on sent le devoir de préparer l'avènement d'un nouveau droit des gens. Si quelque miracle pouvait nous rendre les provinces perdues, écraser l'Allemagne, sans qu'une goutée de sang français fût versé, nous n'en voudrions pas, parce que, ce que nous voulons, c'est que les conflits internationaux en arrivent à se solutionner par des voies nouvelles; c'est que, si la liberté de l'Alsace nous tient à cœur, la dignité de l'Allemagne ne nous est pas indifférente; nous voulons serrer sa main dans notre main, loyalement et sans arrière-pensée.

Il y a tout un département de l'activité humaine pour lequel l'école laïque s'achemine vers des horizons encore plus nouveaux: cléricalisme et anti-cléricalisme, religion et anti-religion, foi et incrédulité, soumission au dogme et rationalisme absolu paraissent à beaucoup d'hommes comme deux camps absolument séparés. Et presque tout le monde croit que l'école laïque organise avec une sorte de frénésie le camp de l'anti-cléricalisme.

L'erreur est excusable, puisque l'Eglise avait déclaré la guerre

à l'école, et que si l'école en masse n'a jamais accepté ce défi, il y a eu cependant des cas où elle a rendu coup de dent pour coup de griffe.

Plus souvent, pourtant, l'école a cherché une *via media,* où on agissait selon l'occasion, l'opportunité, les directions des chefs, sans norme et sans esprit de suite.

Je ne crois pas me tromper en espérant que l'école est en train de tracer une voie nouvelle qui n'est ni avec le cléricalisme, ni avec l'anti-cléricalisme, ni même à égale distance de ces deux extrêmes. Je veux parler de la voie scientifique. Un exemple concret fera comprendre ma pensée.

Voici la Bible. Pour l'Eglise, elle est la révélation; pour les adversaires de l'Eglise, c'est un recueil sans relation avec la vie moderne et dans beaucoup de ses parties d'une valeur morale très discutable. L'homme du juste milieu vient et déclare qu'il est bien simple de faire une anthologie des beaux morceaux de la Bible et de laisser tomber le reste.

Or l'école paraît s'orienter vers une solution toute différente. Elle remettra la Bible à sa *place dans l'histoire de la pensée humaine.* Aussitôt celle-ci redeviendra un livre vivant, celui dans lequel notre civilisation a pendant de longs siècles inscrit les étapes de son pélerinage vers l'idéal.

La Bible sera ainsi reconquise. Et ceux qui auront compris cet enseignement seront à tout jamais préservés de l'idolâtrie de certains croyants, adorant le livre comme une sorte de talisman, et de l'insupportable suffisance de certains pontifes du rationalisme, incapables de rien comprendre au mystérieux travail de la nature, au sentiment, à la vie.

C'est ainsi que l'histoire scientifique débarrassera l'école des métaphysiques et des anti-métaphysiques. Formuler *la* vraie religion restera l'affaire des églises; la sienne sera d'étudier *les* religions, de les montrer comme les pages les plus tragiques de l'ascension de l'humanité vers la vérité et vers la liberté. En apprenant à s'intéresser aux pensées, aux progrès de civilisations dont nous sommes séparés par de longs siècles, nos écoliers apprendront à respecter et à aimer ceux qui sont le plus loin de nous. En voyant la lenteur et les souffrances à travers lesquelles l'humanité a fait quelques-unes de ses conquêtes les plus élémentaires, ils apprendront la loi du travail, et trouveront même des indications utiles pour devenir à leur tour les collaborateurs

de l'œuvre qu'ils n'ont pas inaugurée, qu'ils n'achèveront pas, mais à laquelle ils peuvent concourir efficacement.*

Sans doute l'histoire des religions ne peut pas s'enseigner en détail à l'école primaire, mais quand les maîtres, dans les écoles normales, auront pris une idée générale, un peu exacte, du long labeur de l'humanité, tout leur enseignement profitera de cette vue si conforme à la réalité et pourtant si élevée et si généreuse.†

Quelques personnes trouveront peut-être que les vues de cet article ne s'accordent guère avec certains faits dont on a fait grand bruit à l'étranger. On a beaucoup parlé, par exemple, de certains manuels scolaires, où, dans des morceaux choisis, le nom de Dieu avait été éliminé et remplacé souvent d'une façon burlesque.

Le fait est matériellement exact. Il n'est pourtant pas vrai. Voici comment. En France, chacun peut faire imprimer un ouvrage qu'il intitulera, si cela lui plaît, "Manuel de morale scolaire." Dans les articles où il était question de ces manuels, on suggérait au lecteur l'idée qu'ils étaient d'un usage courant et pour ainsi dire normal. Or la vérité, c'est qu'ils n'ont pas eu le moindre succès.

Quelques excentricités maladives et isolées ne sauraient compromettre l'école. Un fait qui montre bien que ce n'est pas un esprit d'anti-religion vulgaire qu'on propage dans nos écoles c'est qu'un des journaux les plus répandus parmi les instituteurs, "Le Manuel général de l'Instruction publique," dirigé par F.

* Ces vues sont celles qui inspirent toute la politique de M. Briand. Sa sérénité, sa courtoisie à l'égard du parti clérical ont fait croire à quelques personnes qu'il donnait un coup de barre à droite. C'est bien mal comprendre la situation. Un gouvernement, qui a derrière lui toutes les énergies vitales du pays, se grandit encore en se montrant impassible ou magnanime devant une minorité aux abois. On a souvent dépeint on Amérique M. Briand comme un persécuteur. Il vient pourtant de donner une nouvelle preuve de son parfait libéralisme. *L'Encyclique Editæ sæpe* que le S. Siège n'a pas pu publier en Allemagne, l'a été, en France, sans la moindre difficulté.

Pour en revenir à l'école laïque et à l'idée que s'en font les partis les plus avancés on devrait bien lire, en particulier, le beau discours du leader du parti socialiste, Jean Jaurès, à la Chambre des Députés (21 et 24 Janvier, 1910).

Il a été publié en tirage à part sous le titre *Pour la laïque* à la librairie de l'Humanité, 16 rue du Croissant, Paris (0.10 cent. l'exemplaire).

† Pour avoir l'idée claire de l'esprit dans lequel commence à s'orienter la question de l'enseignement de l'histoire des religions, voir les articles de M. Loisy dans la Correspondance mensuelle de l'Union pour la Vérité (1909-1910) 21 rue Visconti, Paris.

Buisson—un des fondateurs et l'organisateur infatigable de l'école laïque en France—a pour rédacteur de la partie morale, Charles Wagner, l'ami de M. Roosevelt, bien connu en Amérique et en Europe comme un des plus vaillants champions du progrès de la vie religieuse.

L'autre publication pédagogique la plus importante est intitulée *Le Volume:* elle est dirigée par Jules Payot, le célèbre auteur de " l'Education de la volonté " et de tant d'autres œuvres qui ont mis son nom au premier rang des moralistes contemporains.* Représenter de tels hommes comme d'impudents et haïssables sectaires n'est possible que devant des auditoires incapables de vérifier. La presse catholique mène pourtant des campagnes de ce genre, sans s'apercevoir qu'elle disqualifie la cause qu'elle croit servir.

Ces cabales n'ont pas le moindre résultat. L'œuvre de laïcisation est irrésistible, parce qu'elle n'est pas l'œuvre d'un groupe ou d'un parti. Les Jules Ferry, les Pécaut, les Steeg et ceux que je viens de nommer, sont, ou ont été, les interprètes de la conscience du pays. Leur œuvre n'a rien de factice, elle est la conséquence directe du progrès intellectuel et moral de la démocratie. Les coalitions en apparence les plus fortes ne pourront pas plus la renverser qu'elles n'ont pu arrêter la marche victorieuse des conquêtes de 1789. *Portæ inferi non prævalebunt.*

* Jules Payot est depuis quelques années l'homme le plus attaqué de France par la presse cléricale. En agissant ainsi, celle-ci n'a pas manqué de clairvoyance, et le spectacle serait beau, si ceux qui prétendent représenter Dieu étaient des lutteurs sérieux. Malheureusement, ce n'est souvent pas le cas. Les collaborateurs de la "*Correspondance de Rome*," périodique qui s'est chargé de styler l'opinion cléricale dans le monde entier, ont des procédés de polémique qui ne font de mal qu'à celui qui les emploie. La seule manière de connaître les vues de Jules Payot sur le rôle de l'école primaire, c'est de lire son "*Cours de Morale*" où il les a exposées de la façon la plus claire. Paris, in 12, 1904.

PAUL SABATIER.

THE MISSION OF RICHARD WAGNER.

BY JOSEPH SOHN.

"THE world globes itself in a drop of dew . . . so do we put our life into every act." This statement of Emerson is peculiarly applicable to men of genius. Our best poets and musicians have left the indelible impress of their personality upon every line that they penned; and the greater the personality, the more simple the attributes revealed. Indeed, as we approach the mountain peaks of art,—the giants that tower above the centuries,—we shall find that each stands as the embodiment of one extraordinary power—one central idea in which all other faculties focus; and with this idea the artist's mission is intimately associated.

Our foremost leaders in the domain of art have all been intrusted with such a mission; and the mistake hitherto frequently made has been either to overlook this entirely or oftener to extract it from some particular doctrine or isolated work. This mode of procedure has been applied also to Wagner; and the absence of criticism based on close psychological analysis is here still painfully evident. No man, it is true, has more clearly enunciated his own theories. But the very vastness and complexity of the structure that Wagner has created, necessitates the establishment of an inward organic sequence and development; and it is the failure to grasp this, "*den inneren Faden,*" as the Germans designate it, that has led to a multitude of conflicting opinions, a few of which it may be well here to review.

Some time ago I listened to the following very characteristic discussion as to the merits of the Wagnerian drama; said *A:* "Wagner is to me nothing but a continuous crash, bang! I cannot conceive how any one can call so loud and discordant a performance 'music'!" *B* (a musician): "But you thoroughly enjoyed the performance of 'Lohengrin' which we attended."

A: "Several of the 'airs' were very beautiful, but the meaningless recitative between them was insufferably tedious." *B:* "Well, Wagner's music is not easily understood. It is very deep and must be heard often to be appreciated." *C:* "As for myself, I regard Wagner as the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century; *some of his scenes, however, might well be curtailed, as they extend the performances to an unnecessary degree.*"

All these strictures apply to the interpreters of Wagner, but not to himself; and it is to the same source that we must trace that widespread misconception, according to which the great composer is pictured as something colossal, titanic and ponderous—as a sort of Bismarck of music, capable of wielding and manipulating great masses of tone. Nothing could be further from the truth than this conception; for the rich expressional material that Wagner has employed is but the efflorescence of an exquisitely delicate and sensitive nature. It is not my purpose here to show how these peculiar views originated; suffice it to say that they are thoroughly erroneous. Not less so is the idea that Wagner was primarily a poet. On the contrary, his was the most distinctively musical organization on record—*i. e.*, if we apply the composer's own definition of the musical element as the direct expression or efflux of the emotional nature. Here lies the key to the proper comprehension of Wagner's life and mission. Although in view of his stupendous achievement the statement may appear somewhat paradoxical, Wagner was not *primarily* a poet compelled to draw upon external life for his material, but a vibrant instrument in the mighty hand of Nature, destined through suffering to sound the depths of the human heart and to reveal its possibilities.

Richard Wagner was the embodiment of the emotional nature in its perfect purity and infinite intensity. The emotional nature of man, *per se (das menschliche Gemueth)*, is the most delicately perfect organization of which we have knowledge, constituting as it does the very kernel of our being, the invisible, delicate, yet most powerful bond of union between us. Here, above all, is the one element which may be called purely and distinctly human; for, while all communications by means of the intellect presuppose a knowledge of the external world, the manifestations of our emotional nature are innate and instinctively understood. To illustrate this let me ask, What is it that distinguishes the human

body, so delicate and exposed, from every other organism? Is it not the possibility of intensest suffering and of intensest sympathy? And does not this element find its deepest and most direct expression in the human voice? Our very first manifestation when, laid bare to all impressions, we are ushered forth into the world, is the cry with which we announce our entry into the communion of man; and this cry is the distinctively human appeal for sympathy, which can find a response only in another breast.

In Richard Wagner these conditions were infinitely intensified; and it would seem as if Nature had kept all knowledge of the world from him in order to develop his deep inner life alone. Thus, from the beginning to the end of his career, where he introduces "Parsifal" to us,

"Through pity knowing, the artless one,"

Wagner was and remained a child. He was ever distinguished by purity, innocence, guilelessness and impulsiveness, the charming attributes of childhood; and it is this impulsiveness—the intense emotional fervor of his nature—combined with the other characteristics I have mentioned that gave direction to his genius.

At the beginning of Wagner's career we notice a complete absence of aim or purpose. One study, one pursuit after another, is taken up in fleet succession; and into each he throws himself with all the ardor of his being, to the point of complete self-surrender. Gradually, however, he is brought into closer contact with the arts, Shakespeare, Mozart and Beethoven being the powerful magnets that attract him; and their influence was to be permanent. For the communication between men of genius from century to century is instantaneous as the passage of the electric spark from continent to continent; the infinite here, despite dissimilarity of endowment, ever attracting the infinite. The influence of his predecessors, therefore, in the case of Wagner, manifested itself in accordance with his exuberant emotional nature. In the arts he beheld a wealth of expressional material; and this was employed by him according to the conditions of the time and in a purely superficial manner. A vast amount of material was to be used in the presentation of some drama modelled upon a scale of unparalleled magnificence—"the poetry of Shakespeare and the music of Beethoven were to be combined in it." Some of Wagner's earlier works are the wildest extrava-

ganzas. It is but natural that such a nature should have been powerfully attracted by Italian grand opera; and "Rienzi" reveals Wagner in the full storm and stress of his early career.

He who has the gift to read between the lines should be able to trace even upon the first pages of Wagner's "Autobiography,"* in these short, hurried sentences and incredibly rapid transitions, the inevitable psychological reaction which was to take place within his nature. As a child, in the eager pursuit of a coveted object, will stray through many devious paths until at last it finds itself empty-handed and alone amid strangers, so Richard Wagner, in the ardor of his soul, had pursued all the phantoms of modern life until at last, completely disappointed and disheartened, he felt that he was a solitary wanderer upon the face of the earth.

SIEGMUND.

"Where'er I fared,
If for a friend
Or fair I wished,
I could not win what I asked for;
Ill luck lay on me.
When recking I was right,
Wrong to others I wrought;
And things ill, as I thought,
Others hotly upheld.
I fell in feud
Wherever I fared;
Strife came
Wherever I strayed;
Did I seek pleasure,
Pain but appeared;
They call me then 'woeful' rightly;
Unwitting, woe I must wreak."

("Walküre," Act I, Corder's Translation.)

The faculties requisite to modern society, calculation and reflection, were exactly the reverse of those which existed in the nature of Wagner. Imagine this man surrounded by the calm, conventional, case-hardened natures among which he was thrown and everywhere misunderstood and coldly rebuffed by them—in his intensely rapid career through modern life, meeting with disappointment after disappointment—is it astonishing that Wagner, at last completely disheartened, should have felt that society

* A brief autobiography, written early in life.

had cast him out? It is useless, however, to condemn society for the trials it imposes on the individual. The conditions under which the nature of Wagner might have expanded simply did not exist. They were to come from the depths of his own soul, which was to be tried in the crucible of suffering. While many may have suffered greater actual hardships than he, I know of but few that have been exposed to such intense spiritual anguish. For degrees of suffering cannot be measured by external circumstances, but by the nature of those upon whom this suffering is inflicted. It is very characteristic of our age to judge men in the lump and to make the individual conform to the arbitrary standard thus created. This is an error. The same keen blast which will but stimulate a powerfully resistant nature will chill a human being just as perfectly but more delicately organized to the marrow. It is upon this psychological basis that we must follow the second period of Wagner's career.

With slender means, friendless and despairing, Wagner sailed for England inspired by a faint hope of bettering his condition. Tossed and buffeted about for weeks, shipwrecked on the coast of Norway, and again subjected to the mercy of wind and wave, he finally despaired of ever reaching shore. While thus brooding over his fate, the spectre-like figure of ancient tradition became invested with a fearful reality. Like Vanderdecken, Wagner felt that he, too, was doomed to roam forever upon the ocean of life; and as to the Flying Dutchman, so to Wagner, yearning for peace and rest, there appeared far upon the edge of an apparently endless horizon a gleam of hope; and in that distant sunrise he beheld the radiant figure of Senta with arm outstretched to lift his doom. Faintly from far across the deep arose beckoning strains of sweetest music, the welcome of that loving heart that would save him from perdition.

This opera, "The Flying Dutchman," with which Wagner enters upon the second period of his career, has a deep significance. We must pass with Dante through Hell and Purgatory before we can behold Beatrice, an angel in Paradise. Goethe, in his "Faust," reveals the sum of his manifold experiences; yet it is in woman that he at last finds the guardian angel of man, and to him also she appears as a celestial vision. In "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner has transported her from the clouds. She becomes a palpable reality, the actor in a great human drama, in which

the actual life of the author himself is depicted. It is true that the early folk-lore furnished the material and the inspiration for this drama. Yet these legends and traditions of the folk, which had been handed down through the ages, had become mere phantoms. It was Wagner, in his infinite desire for a closer communion of the heart, who filled and reanimated the extremely slender materials which he found with the breath of life.

The tragic element in the nature of Wagner lay in the fact that he was swayed entirely by the irresistible impulse of his intensely emotional nature. From this point of view we can understand the velocity with which he was hurled from one extreme to another: from the fearful spiritual suffering, the utter isolation, darkness and despair, depicted in "The Flying Dutchman," to the Bacchanalian revel with which "Tannhäuser" opens. A wild longing takes possession of the wanderer who had so long been condemned to roam alone and forsaken amid darkness and tempest—a longing to forget the past, to flee from it as from a fearful dream and to plunge once more into the fulness of life. We can almost hear his frenzied cry, "Back, back to life's glowing hearth and to the warm embrace of love!" In the "Tannhäuser" we behold Wagner seeking that material enjoyment of life which has ever been the dream of youth. He enters into it with all the intensity, yet with all the purity of his being. For it is not sensual pleasure alone that he seeks, but that alluring vision which we believe tangible, yet which ever flees from us as we pursue it. Never before has the fundamental conflict to which every undegenerate human soul is subjected been described as in this opera.

In the National Gallery at Berlin there is a masterpiece of art. A youth, mounted upon a steed in mad career, is pursuing a fleeing vision, a female form of ravishing beauty. Before him is an abyss bridged by a single fragile plank; at his elbow, guiding the bridle, is Death's grinning image. But the youth neither sees nor hears in the madness of his pursuit. Convert this picture into sound and you have an approximate idea of the Bacchanale of the "Tannhäuser," indescribable in words—a wild dream, an intoxication of the senses, the Inferno of the passions. It is with a cry of despair that Tannhäuser at last awakens out of the night that threatens to engulf him: "Ah, that I might once more behold the blessed light of day! that I might find peace,

though it were in death!" We know the rest, and that the fearful conflict between the irresistible fascination of the senses and the desire for redemption was stilled at last by that divine agency, the noble love of a pure and unselfish woman.

And now it is directly in the heart of woman that Wagner, in his infinite longing to find an abiding-place upon the ocean of life, seeks his ideal. That sense of isolation which characterizes "The Flying Dutchman" becomes greatly intensified upon the completion of "Tannhäuser." It was caused partly by the psychological struggle through which Wagner had passed in the latter opera, but was in a still higher degree the result of concomitant external circumstances. Wagner himself tells us that with "Tannhäuser" he had signed his death-warrant so far as the true recognition of his personality by modern society was concerned.* Thus completely isolated, Wagner realizes his affinity to Lohengrin.

Lohengrin, by reason of his lofty station elevated far above his fellow men, is yet alone, for his heart is barren of love—a truth how wide in its significance! The exalted knight, a vision almost celestial, descends out of the infinite, out of the clouds, from the land of nowhere, to mingle with mankind in order that he may find his salvation in the heart of the woman who will love him for his own sake alone. He conceals his name, his lineage, his rank, in order that the longing of his soul may be fulfilled. *But the human heart desires the fullest confidence of the beloved object, that heart which Lohengrin so earnestly seeks, but which he does not comprehend.* Thus, at last, the spell is broken when Elsa, in the fulness of her love, implores Lohengrin to break the one barrier between them.

It is in "Tristan and Isolde," the greatest drama of love ever written, that Wagner reaches the climax of his longing. In "Lohengrin" it is the heroine who is completely unselfish. It is she who sacrifices all, who, in the intensity of her human passion, seeks to break through the reserve that Lohengrin so jealously guards. Name and fame, earthly power and glory, even death, are as nothing to the love she cherishes for the object of her affection, whom she wishes to possess wholly. In "Tristan and Isolde" the complete surrender of two human souls to the love-passion is at last realized, and the tragic element lies in the

* Wagner: "*Eine Mittheilung an meine Freunde.*"

greatness of the sacrifice. Never did a more glorious possession sink away so suddenly before the irresistible spirit of love. Tristan and Isolde are willing to renounce all but honor; and realizing that their condition is insupportable, they seek to put an end to their lives. But love is triumphant over death. They must live and suffer to the last, until consumed, as it were, by their very passion they sink into the night together united in an everlasting embrace. Having traced the development of Wagner through the second period* of his career, I shall now endeavor to point out the deeper significance of the work accomplished.

The word "sympathy," in its widest significance, denotes "*Mitgefuehl,*" a fellow feeling, and is inseparable from the idea of fellowship or fraternity. It is, therefore, in its very essence completely unselfish. It is not this principle, enunciated by the Founder of Christianity, but that of suffering, evolved amid conditions when the actual destruction of the world itself was considered imminent, which has ever been accentuated by the Church. The element of sympathy was relegated to a region beyond the clouds; and men could but long for that which practically did not exist on earth. With the consciousness of a sympathetic bond of union or fraternity, we at once joyously enter as individuals into that which is universal; suffering without sympathy, on the other hand, becomes self-centred. It desires all, and gives nothing; and the element of the "ego" enters into its loftiest aspirations. Within the nineteenth century, and, in a measure, at the close of the eighteenth, this longing at last degenerated into a contemptible, petty, self-bewailing spirit, disgusting us by its impotence and justly subjected to ridicule. This spirit may be said more particularly to lie at the basis of that class of the literature referred to in which the emotions and the social relations play a leading part. "Woman" is the primal moving agent of all this bric-à-brac, yet what pitiful inward beggars are her devotees. Centuries ago, however, this spirit of yearning had a loftier signification; for then it was the expression of a need felt by the entire community, and individuals, otherwise most powerful and heroic, were subject to its influence. During this period it is woman, although entirely *spiritualized,* who becomes the intercessor in Heaven; and with the greatest poets, from Dante to

* I believe the first period should terminate with "Rienzi," the second with "Tristan," and the third and last with "Parsifal."

Goethe within the past century, it is the divinely feminine heart that pleads for the salvation of man. An eternal truth lies at the basis of this sentiment. For not only the soul of genius, but the ancient spirit of the folk instinctively recognizes woman in the highest type as completely unselfish; and thus she stands as the highest symbol of human *society*. To the early Christian communities she so remained; and even when the soul of man had become homeless on earth, it still fondly clung to the heart of woman as emblematic of the deepest human associations. Wagner, throughout the entire second period of his career, unconsciously sought human society under natural conditions. We have seen how, guided by the innate impulses of his being, he at first seeks the ideal woman—*i. e.*, the *symbol* of this society. This he finds among the early Christian communities and here his own psychological condition finds support.

"The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin" and "Tristan" are, therefore, the great *trials* to which Wagner was subjected. In these he had sounded the depths of the human heart. He was as one who, completely isolated, sinks ever deeper into the shadow of night and death, and in the extremity of his need cries out into the boundless void for sympathy. This cry becomes ever more tragic in its significance, while the answer to it is ever as the voice of the Magdalene, soothing and comforting; until at last to the question of Tristan (Act II), it is as if we heard the words: "Ay! Even into the shadow of death, my beloved, will I follow thee!" and here the spirit of longing is stilled forever in death—*the death of self*. Such is the sublime signification of the earlier dramas; and he who regards them merely as beautiful operas, unconscious of the fact that they constitute the Passion of *the most profoundly human of all poets*, will be incapable of grasping their inner psychological sequence and their bearing upon the revelation that Wagner was now destined to receive.

Wagner never obtained a full dramatic realization of his immediate psychological condition until he had discovered a historic analogy. Each of his dramas owes its inception to such a discovery; and however meagre the material, it kindled into life at his touch. This ceaseless search or exploration for the environment befitting his condition is an idea underlying all the work of the man whom in "The Flying Dutchman" we behold as the

Ahasuerus of the sea, in "Tannhäuser" as a pilgrim, and in "Lohengrin" as a stranger. I have hitherto detailed in their proper sequence Wagner's psychological experiences only. Broadly viewed, however, they are the successive stages of his career—the career of a solitary wanderer who penetrates ever farther into the dim background of time; and we must hold fast this truth to realize that upon the completion of "Tristan," Wagner's actual position very closely approximated that of the explorer who, completely exhausted, despairingly succumbs at last to his unremitting search, sinks into insensibility and oblivion, but on awakening finds that, unconsciously to himself, the goal has been reached. Although, perhaps, a slight digression, the following paragraph will prepare the reader more fully to appreciate the vast scope of Wagner's achievement in the "Trilogy":

"Wo der gelehrte Arzt kein Mittel mehr weiss, de wenden wir uns endlich verzweifelnd wieder an—die Natur."—WAGNER: *"Die Kunst und die Revolution."*

We know that after a long period of bodily or spiritual suffering the senses become preternaturally vivid and susceptible to outward influence and impression. The various exemplifications of this marvellous compensation of nature may be traced from the healthful passivity of the patient who has successfully passed the crisis to the state of clairvoyance distinguishing the prophet whose spirit, broken by incessant trials, has thereby been prepared to receive a revelation. All the great founders of our religions, Buddha, Moses, Jesus and Mahomet, have thus received their mission in the solitude or the wilderness; and the same psychological phenomenon is repeated in the experience of Richard Wagner and in a no less exalted sense: for the Nibelungen saga, the deep import of which Wagner was now destined to reveal, is also a "Book of Genesis"—the Genesis of that Germanic race which is revolutionizing the world.

A great revelation probably comes first as a sudden gleam, gradually broadening into the refulgence of day; and the complex psychological phenomena which immediately led to the conception of the "Trilogy" may perhaps very approximately, if not accurately, be expressed by extending the before-mentioned simile. In "Tristan and Isolde" the power of suffering and of longing alike are broken; the idea of self is annihilated; and the wanderer, on awakening from insensibility and oblivion, hears about

him the deep voice of Nature, which to him seems to come from the infinite depths of existence. It is the first gleam of a revelation; and to Wagner, who here experiences a veritable rebirth at the hands of Nature, the great fabric of the Nibelungen saga, which pictures the genesis of *all* creation, now becomes invested with the reality of dramatic conviction. Nature had whispered to him her secret, and with the same emotional intensity with which he had before endeavored to give expression to his *own* suffering he now endeavors to portray the primal unfolding of the deepest and most fundamental passions of the human breast in the "Trilogy."

In the ancient northern saga, that open "Book of Genesis" of the Germanic race, all nature is figured as a tree of gigantic proportions whose roots are deeply imbedded in the heart of the world, whose mighty trunk soars aloft, piercing the clouds, whose innumerable branches constantly spread and extend in every direction, covering the universe. "The rustle of it is the Noise of Existence, onwards as of old! It grows there, the breath of human Passion rustling through it; or stormtossed, the storm-wind howling through it like the voice of all the gods."* It is the victorious growth and expansion of the tree of life as it sprouts forth from the very *root* of being that Wagner now reveals.

If we hold fast this fundamental symbol of the northern saga, we may trace the rise of Wagner's elemental drama of existence from root to crown. The application of the special points of analogy as bearing upon the "Trilogy" must be left to the reader; what is of immediate importance here is to point out the fundamental signification of the great master's achievement which, in its scope, was (1) primary, elemental, and (2) perennial.

PRIMARY.

In the "Nibelungen Trilogy" we behold the germination, the budding and, ultimately, the growth and expansion of the whole tree of life in accordance with natural laws. Primeval creation arises before us in rugged grandeur. We become conscious of the sway of elementary forces, and finally youthful man steps upon the scene. We behold the human race as it springs from the very fountain-head of being, in glorious communion with Nature, freely developing under her mighty influence and stimulated by

* Thomas Carlyle: "Heroes and Hero Worship."

her to deeds by which the very tree of life itself is shaken to its basis; these deeds centring in the eternal conflict between love and ambition, between the fascination of woman and world dominion—in the *ultima ratio* of all human endeavor.

PERENNIAL.

All this is elemental, and with adequate representation should appeal to us with the power of a revelation. But the tree of life is also perennial. Its most glorious flowering is the human race, whose free and spontaneous activity in its highest form should ever *anew* inspire to artistic representation. Such are the faint outlines of the vast fabric that Wagner has reared—a fabric so thoroughly grounded in nature that I have hitherto thought it advisable to hold fast that fundamental symbol which must here ever constitute our surest guide.

The efforts toward a re-establishment of a rational relation between nature and man may be said to date from the period of the Renaissance. Not until the advent of Rousseau, however, did the social element become strongly accentuated; and it is more particularly within our own day that to the question of physical human needs (now pressing for solution) there have been superadded those bearing upon the deeper relations of the individual to society. It was reserved for Richard Wagner to elucidate the *crowning phase* of this evolution of centuries by establishing the sacred relation between the human individual of the *highest type*, the *Poet Priest* or *Kuenstler* and the *Society of the Future* (1), enunciating as the *Religion of the Future* (2), the voluntary and free representation of the eternal *Drama* of human existence (3).

THE DRAMA.

To revert to my fundamental symbol, "The tree of life reaches its most perfect flowering in the human race whose free and spontaneous activity *in its highest form* should ever anew inspire to artistic representation." Now, this highest form of activity, or, to put it somewhat differently,—for at present activity cannot be dissociated from purpose in the narrower sense,—society attains its most perfect bloom in the human being whose excess of individual life stamps him as hyperhuman *(uebermenschlich)*. He is the hero of the race; and his life, its budding, flowering

and decay becomes the subject of dramatic representation. Here, then, we have hero-worship in the most exalted sense. The individual is all in all. He sets the standard and becomes the centre of the play of life to be enacted (*des freien Lebenspiels,* as it may be called). He, broadly speaking, strikes the leading *motif* from which all others are gradually evolved; it is about him and his deeds that the other characters are grouped; and it is he that invites the obstacles that, as in the case of "Siegfried," *der freie Held,* may be freely opposed, or, as in "Parsifal," successfully resisted.

Now, as to the hero's ideal of life. With the society of the future, according to Wagner, life will have no ulterior aim: it will be its own purpose. With the absence of every form of coercion and unnecessary want the individual will cheerfully perform that for which he is best adapted; and activity, free and unhampered, and relieved from the necessity of supplying immediate wants, will naturally become artistic. Hence, the more the idea of utility wanes, the greater the degree of leisure to which men will attain; and thus life will ultimately become what it is intended to be—play. The foremost actor, however, in this play of life is man himself—free, strong and beautiful—not an artificial, but a natural product; and it is in his deeds that the interest of the community will pinnacle. These deeds will no longer, as in our own day, be directed toward the acquisition of objects of material tenure. Under the stimulus of an environment such as I have mentioned, men will be free to pursue *ideal* ends, as symbolized, for example, in "Siegfried" by the winning of the ring, the token of world dominion through self-sufficient heroism, and in "Parsifal" by the redemption of the beautiful symbol of the Holy Grail.

The "Trilogy" and "Parsifal," apart from their classic beauty, can serve merely as the *prototypes* of this drama; and the artist cannot build upon these unless he also, according to his specific endowment, has experienced a psychological development which will enable him to grasp Wagner's *Lebensanschauung* (view of life) and find support in it. In this sense Wagner has hitherto had no followers, but a number of feeble imitators who have exploited the whole domain of the northern saga in order to write *kraftvolle Germanische musik* (genuine Germanic music). Several have misappropriated in a purely superficial and meaningless

manner the mere technique of his instrumentation; while others —most pitiful of all—have endeavored to write in Wagner's style by imitating his melodic sequences and harmonic construction even to the chord of the ninth—all distinctive characteristics of the great master's intensely emotional nature and, therefore, entirely peculiar to himself. It becomes imperative, therefore, in a discussion of the drama of the future, to point out the distinction here between the specifically Wagnerian (individual) and the universal.

Of the psychology of the drama I have spoken in the preceding paragraphs, and in this sense the "Trilogy" and "Parsifal" can serve only as an inspiration; for the artist capable of constructing a music-drama upon correct psychological principles will undoubtedly arrange his *motifs* according to inward necessity. The immediate value of Wagner's dramatic prototypes, psychologically considered, is briefly this: Siegfried is "the childlike hero," Parsifal, "the guileless innocent." Both mirror the nature of Wagner and present the *nucleus* of a more natural type of man. As Froebel, a kindred spirit, bases the educational system of the future (so much being still unaccomplished here) upon the study of child-nature and expects from this a regeneration of society, Wagner, in "Siegfried" and "Parsifal" presents the childheart—the emblem of simple, pure and innocent manhood, and says in effect: Whomever you may choose as the hero of your play, let his development be perfectly spontaneous and in accordance with natural laws.

Far more direct in its bearing upon the artist of the future is the vast fund of *expressional material* that Wagner has bequeathed to posterity. The combination of all the arts, the establishment of their interrelation, the analysis of the essential nature of each and all, and *their foundation in life*—here is a rich material endowment for the artist. Unfortunately, however, the difficulty here is the failure on the part of Wagner's interpreters, exponents, and so-called "followers" to perceive the foundation of this expressional material in life; and it is this circumstance chiefly that is responsible for our present wholly inadequate conception of the magnitude of Richard Wagner's achievement.

JOSEPH SOHN.

DIPLOMACY DE LUXE.

BY M. HONDA.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT was characterized by a Japanese Professor of International Law as "a great but dangerous person fond of war." This gave the American press an occasion of commenting, favorably or otherwise, both upon the ex-President and the professor's country. The propounder of "Big-stickism" is so popular the world over that even to abuse him is a kind of tribute to his marvellous qualities. Nor was Dr. Terao the only Japanese professor to criticise Mr. Roosevelt's personality. Dr. Inouye, Professor of Philosophy in the Imperial University of Tokio, denounced his African hunting before the Humane Society of Japan. Certainly the animals slaughtered by the fierce American must have thought he was more than "dangerous and warlike." To kill, not from necessity, or for practical or scientific utility, but primarily as a pastime, and then to make proud trophies of the horns and hoofs of the poor victims —is this a pursuit worthy of a mighty peacemaker of the world and an acknowledged champion of Western civilization?

For all that has been said and will be said by his friends and foes, no one can deny that Mr. Roosevelt is the typical American, impersonating the aspirations, possibilities, tendencies and requirements of his country. It is as such and as an international politician that his sayings and doings concern us Japanese, more directly than as a Guildhall orator or big-game shooter. In so far as it affects the welfare of Japan and the Far East, it is our right, as well as our privilege, to measure the dimensions of his diplomacy.

When the school question and the labor problem seemed to threaten the traditional friendship between the United States and Japan, President Roosevelt tried to frighten the Californians

into observing treaty obligations. He assumed the attitude of resorting to armed force, if necessary, to make the will of the Federal Government obeyed by a recalcitrant State. Upholders of the old doctrine of State autonomy must certainly have thought their Chief Executive a dangerous and warlike person, whereas Japan could not be sufficiently grateful to this mighty Daniel born again. In a later stage of this unfortunate situation he expressed his genuine fear of Japan's armed invasion to a member of another Government, with whom he sat in consultation over the Japanese immigration question. Just before starting for Africa, though no longer as President, he gave the world to understand that his country or any section of it had the sovereign right to exclude laborers of any nationality or race, and therefore should have brute force enough to enforce that right. This time it was Japan who began to doubt that Mr. Roosevelt was all peace and friendship. All the time, however, he was aiming at a more centralized government and bigger armaments, in which no other nation would fail to recognize true statesmanship. That nation, however, which was singled out as a means or an occasion to accomplish this end, whether in the name of doing justice to or in anticipation of an attack from that nation, could not help viewing this feat of diplomacy with a somewhat critical eye.

We are told that "even if the strenuous ex-President is fond of war, his martial ardor has in it much of the schoolboy's irresponsibility." "Roosevelt the fighter," says another critic, "rather than Roosevelt the peacemaker, is the man the people admire." Can we not safely say, then, that the fitful outbursts of hostile or martial severity, which characterize the representative American, also characterize the diplomatic conduct of his country; that occasional ungenerous and inconsiderate measure tend to destroy the good feeling produced by a broad, liberal, even altruistic attitude toward weaker nations? This style of diplomacy the present writer designates, for want of a better term, "diplomacy *de luxe*," in contradistinction to another kind of diplomacy such as that actuating Japan—the diplomacy of necessity. Of course it is an enviable distinction for a nation that it can afford to please or displease other peoples at will without incurring much risk to its own interests. But at the same time it is a cause for thankfulness that there are not many such truly *independent*, not *interdependent*, nations.

In high, broad generalizations, perhaps, the foreign policy is guided by the true spirit of the whole nation at a given moment; but is this true in matters of practical detail? Perhaps the country is so big or the local interests so diverse that there cannot be any universally recognized standard or policy. Thus the alarmist or the agitator gets his opportunity, urging this measure and that as necessary to safeguard American interests and prestige abroad. This patriotic admonition, in its turn, cannot be free from some ulterior object or individual fanaticism. Still, there is always a need for awakening and stimulating the central authorities. And because the loudest is heard the best, there is a constant danger of mediocre or worse counsel prevailing. Thus the nation may wake one morning to find itself plunged into a newspaper war. This same need of spurring on the Government is largely responsible for that spasmodic indulgence in unmerited censure, now of England, now of Germany, now of Japan. This is possible only in a country where a peculiar combination of circumstances, moral and physical, makes its people feel sure that no outside Power can take serious offence with them without injuring itself, but that they can administer justice to the whole world whether the latter is willing or not to accept their authority. This attitude of the alarmists and agitators is that of the schoolboy from a wealthy but ill-regulated family.

Diplomacy *de luxe* has strength and advantages altogether of its own. No other kind of diplomacy can possibly aspire to these. Diplomacy of necessity, with all its sordid commonplace, pales before the spectacular brilliancy of logical and rhetorical flourishes. Moreover, in Japan, an inexperienced novice, diplomacy of necessity has evolved not much to show, far less to boast of. By way of commentary on diplomacy *de luxe,* however, let us briefly survey what Japan has been doing in her international relations since the reopening of the country in 1854.

Some sections of the Japanese had been gradually awakening to the absolute necessity of opening the door to Western intercourse, but they did not feel sufficiently prepared when Commodore Perry knocked so forcibly. Through the lack of resisting power, we were then obliged to try a new national career. Though unwillingly done, the deed seemed highly opportune as subsequent history has proved, and we all bless the memory of the man who forced us to do it. Peace and friendship with all nations

became the national policy dictated by necessity for internal reorganization and development. Korea next claimed our attention as the standing bone of contention between China and Japan. To put Korea on the road to modern progress and to keep her intact as a buffer state between Japan and China became our settled policy. One great aim of the Chino-Japanese war was to make Korea a virtually independent nation. Then Russian influence was invoked both by China and Korea, and it became absolutely necessary for Japan to fight the northern Power for self-preservation. Thirty years' patient work on the part of Japan proved the futility of her efforts. Korea became a protectorate and was then annexed.

The triple intervention which wrested from Japan a substantial part of her victory over China rudely awoke us to a new necessity, the necessity for political friends over and above moral supporters. The Anglo-Japanese alliance was absolutely natural, as well as absolutely necessary, in view of the inevitable conflict with Russia. In the midst of Portsmouth Peace negotiations we began to notice early signs of a revulsion of feeling toward Japan. Both Europe and America looked with uneasiness and foreboding at the sudden rise in power of the hitherto negligible nation. To assure and reassure the whole world of her peaceful intentions and of her necessity for friendly intercourse with all nations, Japan entered into a series of agreements and conventions to safeguard the *status quo* in the Far East. Though not uniformly successful in the attempt, she has never swerved from the decision of making friends even of her erstwhile antagonists, China and Russia. With regard to the United States, special pains are being taken to keep unassailed the traditional and unbroken friendship of a half-century, in spite of, or rather, on account of a little cloud of unpleasantness which has appeared recently on the clear horizon of American-Japanese relations. Whatever construction may be given by outside critics, the new convention between Russia and Japan is neither more nor less than a tangible proof of our established policy of taking everybody as friend who is not an irreconcilable enemy, the only policy left to us if we would secure our national existence and safety.

How much of American foreign policy falls under the category of diplomacy *de luxe* is not within the scope of this paper. Suffice it to give just one instance to illustrate the meaning of our

novel title. Secretary-of-State Knox's proposal for the neutralization of Manchurian railways closely followed the State Department's careful examination of, and express satisfaction with, the condition of things then prevailing in Manchuria. And the plan was submitted to Powers without previous consultation with the two whose consent was the only key to its realization. Did Mr. Knox think the Japanese part of Manchurian interests could be purchased at the market value of $100,000,000? Our rights and concessions were obtained at the outlay of ten times as many dollars and of 130,000 of human lives, and these rights and concessions Japan is entitled to retain until 1938. To safeguard China's sovereignty, to insure equal opportunity for all nations, and to establish lasting peace in the Far East—these are certainly very worthy objects of international statesmanship. But the practical statesman must first see unalterable facts as the foundation of his reasoning. Liaotung Peninsula was once formally ceded to Japan and then taken from her by force. Neither China nor any other Power prevented Russia's all but complete occupation of Manchuria. Japan did it for her self-preservation at an enormous expenditure of money and blood. If any person thinks that eastern China could be restored to its condition before the Cassini Convention in 1896 or before the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05, such a person is certainly anything but a practical statesman. A man of Mr. Knox's shrewdness and ability must certainly have seen the impracticability of his proposal. If he made it for some other object, such as a judicial record or moral prestige, then he belongs to the class "diplomatists *de luxe*."

Outside the responsible Government there is in evidence a great deal of diplomacy *de luxe* in this country. Mr. Hearst's papers, for instance, are a notorious case in point. Another instance is furnished by individual speakers and writers, such as Congressman Hobson and Mr. T. F. Millard. That there is a demand for their speeches and writings seems to indicate that those alarmists and agitators serve some useful purpose in the community. They may be promoting business interests of some kind, or awakening people to the need of more armaments, or chastising wrong-doers in the field of world politics. But the fact that they do their work to the apparent injury of their own country or somebody else's is what makes them playing-with-fire politicians.

What a luxury, what an unnecessary expenditure of national energy they indulge in!

Mr. Millard's recent article, for example, is a capital achievement in belittling the State Department and raising the Japanese Government to a superhuman height. He gathers facts and circumstantial evidence from what he "considers reliable sources" and puts them in a splendid martial array to lead up to his favorite theme and foregone conclusion, that, in the name of civilization and for American prestige and interest, Japan must be checked with something more effective than moral pressure.

Yuan Shih-kai's fall, Mr. Millard declares, was a great opportunity for Japan to press her demands on the Peking authorities. But he carefully, or innocently, ignores the fact that Japan really regretted the retirement of the great Chinese statesman. She knew well that, if he had continued in power, her negotiations with China would have been conducted more smoothly. His clear foresight on important matters would have seen the disadvantage of quarrelling with Japan on minor affairs. Mr. Millard, again, strongly objects to Mr. Knox's acquiring his knowledge of Far-Eastern conditions from Mr. Wilson, Assistant Secretary of the State Department, who lived in Tokio many years and is a Pro-Japanese American. Mr. Denison, American adviser to the Foreign Office of the Imperial Government, also incurs Mr. Millard's displeasure for imparting useful knowledge to Mr. Wilson and thus influencing Mr. Knox indirectly. The State Department's request to Mr. Crane, the Minister to China, to proceed to his post *viâ* Tokio was a terrible blunder, in this writer's judgment. No well-balanced mind, however, will fail to recognize the kindness and justice of consulting and weighing Japan's claims before an American diplomatist begins to handle Far-Eastern affairs. Mr. Millard's single desire being that a high-handed American policy be thrust in the face of Japan, sympathetic consideration of the latter's position in Manchuria is, of course, out of the question.

He alleges that, if Mr. Crane had gone to China through Europe and Siberia as was originally planned, he would have dropped in upon the Ito-Kokovtseff meeting at Harbin and "his presence might have injected a new element, which, in its psychological effect upon the situation in the East, would have been far-reaching." Therefore, Mr. Millard laboriously infers, Japan ma-

nœuvred to make the American Minister to China travel through Tokio instead. Are the Washington officials so helpless before the wiles of their Tokio colleagues? Is it not saner to believe that the State Department had its own reasons, not Japan's, in asking Mr. Crane to change his route? If Mr. Crane's casual presence in Harbin could have frustrated the object of that Russo-Japanese conference, perhaps his magical influence might have saved Prince Ito from assassination!

The Knox proposal gave Japan a rude awakening, says the same writer, after a long period of easy twisting of American diplomacy around her fingers. It is true, Japan was puzzled by the contents of the proposal and the manner of its presentation. But whether the Tokio Government was put out or not, only the previous and subsequent course of action can tell. Perhaps this proposal proved an occasion for bringing the latest agreement with Russia to an earlier consummation. In a similar way, the American-Japanese convention of 1908 was concluded soon after Tang Shao-yi's visit to Washington. Persistent rumors decided that the convention was to offset the proposed alliance between America and China. But hard facts reveal that a similar *entente* was set on foot by the previous Ambassador from Japan in the preceding year.

On the whole, this method of attributing all appearances to the worst possible motive will only injure both countries concerned. Such a policy is worse than wasteful. Mr. Millard has convinced us that there is no altruism in diplomacy, but he has yet to learn that unnecessary hostility is poor diplomacy.

National pride forbids recounting the diplomatic blunders Japan has scored against herself. But fairness demands adverting to a few of them, to illustrate that diplomacy of necessity is not always successful, as no kind of diplomacy can be, so long as it is handled by frail mortals. Neither are Japanese statesmen so miraculously astute and far-seeing as Mr. Millard would make them. In the humiliation and consternation of the Triple intervention, one thought of vital importance did not occur to them—the thought of restoring Liaotung Peninsula to China on the explicit condition of not ceding or leasing that part of Manchuria to any power. This could have been done without much difficulty and would probably have forestalled future conflict with Russia. We allowed the Germans to lease Kiaochou without a

word of protest, either to Germany or to China, in spite of the fact that Germany was one of the three Powers that was opposed to Japan's presence in continental China as prejudicial to the peace of the Far East. The Philippine Islands fell into the hands of the United States with blessings from some statesmen of Tokio. They said at the time that, if the Filipinos could not govern themselves, America surely was the best country to rule them and the safest to be so near Japan. What a radical change from the former attitude of feeble resistance to America's annexation of the Hawaiian Islands! Now that the possession of the Philippines has furnished grounds for "striking the Oriental eyes" with a huge demonstration of American navies, for self-appointed diplomats to claim boldly the "American domination of the Pacific" as an Asiatic Power, for an occasional alarm of the approaching necessity for an armed opposition to Japan's policy in Manchuria, we deeply regret not having bought the islands, however onerous the burden of national debt, while there was such a possibility some years ago.

To prevent misunderstanding, this point requires further explanation. Suppose Japan were a nation ten or twenty times richer and stronger. Suppose she came to own the Philippine Islands. Suppose next that circumstances forced Japan to be master of the Hawaiian group. Suppose, when these stepping-stones were acquired on the ocean, that Japan thereby was calling herself a Pacific Power, and using or talking of using that position of vantage for enforcing the "open door" in the United States for Oriental immigration, or for interfering in the affairs of a South-American Republic where Japan had some commercial or immigration interests. In these imaginary circumstances, the United States, without the least desire for territorial aggression, would certainly curse the day when she failed to buy or take the Sandwich Islands.

Japan made a bad blunder of the San Francisco school episode, as we now view it. Eager to have her national dignity respected, forgetting that her sudden rise in power had caused alarm and suspicion even in the most friendly nation, altogether too much fuss was made of an insignificant, local affair. As a result, America suspected Japan of evil designs, first on American wealth, then on her oversea possessions, and finally on Manchurian provinces. Through a quick succession of understandings and

agreements with European and American Powers, Japan earned China's nervous suspicion as to whether all these diplomatic instruments were not really directed against herself. Our high-handed policy in the Tatsu Maru incident and in the reconstruction of the Antung-Mukden railway has alienated China to some extent, after sincere efforts had been made on both sides toward *rapprochement* on the ground of cultural and racial affinity.

A third kind of foreign policy, which may tentatively be called "truckling diplomacy," is represented by China—the diplomacy of appealing to a third Power for protection or interference in order to check the influence of the second. This policy followed in a minor scale has spelled the practical ruin of Korea. To palliate the aggression of China and Japan, the peninsular Government used to pay tribute to both alternately or simultaneously. When the Chinese power waned in the peninsula as a result of the Chino-Japanese war, Russia was invited and encouraged to cause subsequently that tremendous struggle which made Korea Japan's protectorate. If she had conducted herself worthily, if her strong neighbors had been in harmony, the Hermit Kingdom might have earned a position of honorable neutrality, as of Switzerland in Europe. Turning to China, when defeated by Japan, apparently she appealed to the northern Power for interference. Liaotung Peninsula was thus saved for a while, but later the court at Peking found itself losing the whole of Manchuria, including the part restored to China through the triple intervention. As a sequel to the Russo-Japanese war, China is now inclined to lean on the United States to minimize and, if possible, to expel all foreign domination. Should America take an active and warlike part in the affairs of China, that in itself may hasten the evil day of the latter's final dissolution. If, on the contrary, America lets China clearly understand that nothing but moral support and sympathy is forthcoming from the trans-Pacific Power, that may yet awake the ancient Empire to its last and only means of salvation, and save China at last by dint of self-determination and self-dependence. This policy of losing the whole in a vain effort to save a part has its counterpart in the Chinese proverb, "To try to rectify the horns and kill the bullock."

M. HONDA.

REBELLION.

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON.

For certain crimes mankind has ordained penalties of exceptional severity, in order to emphasize a general abhorrence. In Rome, for example, a parricide, or the murderer of any near relation, was thrown into deep water, tied up in a sack together with a dog, a cock, a viper, and a monkey, which were probably symbols of his wickedness, and must have given him a lively time before death supervened. Similarly, the English law, always so careful of domestic sanctitude in women, provided that a wife who killed her husband should be dragged by a horse to the place of execution and burnt alive. We need not recall the penalties considered most suitable for the crime of religious differences—the rack, the fire, the boiling oil, the tearing pincers, the embrace of the spiky Virgin, the sharpened edge of stone on which the doubter sat, with increasing weights tied to his feet, until his opinions upon the heavenly mysteries should improve under the stress of pain. When we come to rebellion, the ordinance of English law was more express. In the case of a woman, the penalty was the same as for killing her husband—that crime being defined as "petty treason," since the husband is to her the sacred emblem of God and King. So a woman rebel was burnt alive as she stood, head, quarters and all. But male rebels were specially treated, as may be seen from the sentence passed upon them till the reign of George III. These were the words that Judge Jeffreys and Scroggs, for instance, used to roll out with enjoyable eloquence upon the dazed agricultural laborer before them:

"The sentence of the Court now is that you be conveyed from hence to the place from where you came, and from there be drawn to the place of execution upon hurdles; that you be hanged by the neck; that

you be cut down alive; that your bowels be taken out and burnt in your view; that your head be severed from your body; that your body be divided into four quarters, and your quarters be at the disposition of the King: and may the God of infinite mercy be merciful to your soul. Amen."

"Why all this cookery?" once asked a Scottish rebel, quoted by Swift. But the sentence, with its confiding appeal to a higher Court than England's, was literally carried out upon rebels in this country for at least four and a half centuries. Every detail of it (and one still more disgusting) is recorded in the execution of Sir William Wallace, the national hero of Scotland, more generally known to the English of the time as "the man of Belial," who was executed at Tyburn in 1305.* The rebels of 1845 were, apparently, the last upon whom the full ritual was performed, and Elizabeth Gaunt, burnt alive at Tyburn in 1685 for sheltering a conspirator in the Rye House Plot, was the last woman up to now put to death in this country for a purely political offenee. The long continuance of so savage a sentence is proof of the abhorrence in which the crime of rebellion has been held. And in many minds the abhorrence still subsists. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, for instance, one of our greatest authorities on criminal law, wrote in 1880:

"My opinion is that we have gone too far in laying capital punishment aside, and that it ought to be inflicted in many cases not at present capital. I think, for instance, that political offences should in some cases be punished with death. People should be made to understand that to attack the existing state of society is equivalent to risking their own lives."†

Among ourselves the opinion of this high authority has slowly declined. No one supposed that Colonel Lynch, for instance, would be executed as a rebel for commanding the Irish Brigade that fought for the Boers during the South African War, though he was condemned to death by the highest Court in the Kingdom. No Irish rebel has been executed for about a century, unless his offence involved some one's death. On the other hand, during the Boer War, the devastation of the country and the destruction of the farms were frequently defended on the ground that, after the Queen's proclamations annexing the two

* See "The History of Tyburn," by Alfred Marks.
† "History of the Criminal Law of England," Vol. I, p. 478.

Republics, all the inhabitants were rebels; and some of the extreme newspapers even urged that for that reason no Boer with arms in his hands should be given quarter. On the strength of a passage in Scripture, Mr. Kipling, at the time, wrote a pamphlet identifying rebellion with witchcraft. A few Cape Boers who took up arms for the assistance of their race were shot without benefit of prisoners of war. And in India within the last three years many men of unblemished private character have been spirited away to jail without charge or trial and kept there for months—a fate that could not have befallen any but political prisoners.

Outside our own Empire, I have myself witnessed the suppression of rebellions in Crete and Macedonia by the destruction of villages, the massacre of men, women and children, and the violation of women and girls, many of whom disappeared into Turkish harems. And I have witnessed similar suppressions of rebellion by Russia in Moscow, in the Baltic Provinces, and the Caucasus, by the burning of villages, the slaughter of prisoners, and the violation of women. All this has happened within the last thirteen years, the worst part within six and a half. Indeed, in Russia the punishments of exile, torture and hanging have not ceased since 1905, though the death penalty has been long abolished there except for political offences. Last summer I was also present during the suppression of the outbreak in Barcelona, which culminated in the execution of Señor Ferrer under a military Court.

From these recent events it is evident that Sir James Stephen's attitude towards rebellion is shared by many civilized governments. Belligerents—that is to say, subjects of one State engaged in war with another State—have now nominally secured certain rights under International Law. The first Hague Conference (1899) framed a "Convention with respect to the Laws and Customs of Wars on Land," which forbade the torture or cruel treatment of prisoners, the refusal of quarter, the destruction of private property, unless such destruction were imperatively demanded by the necessities of war, the pillage of towns taken by assault, disrespect to religion and family honor (including, I suppose, the honor of women and girls), and the infliction of penalties on the population owing to the acts of individuals for which it could not be regarded as collectively responsible.

In actual war this Convention may not be invariably observed, but in the case of rebellion there is no such Convention at all. I have known all those regulations broken with impunity, and in most cases without protest from the other Powers. Just as, under the old law of England, the rebel was executed with circumstances of special atrocity, so at the present time, under the name of crushing rebellion, men are tortured and flogged, no quarter is given, they are executed without trial, their private property is pillaged, their towns and villages are destroyed, their women violated, their children killed, penalties are imposed on districts owing to acts for which the population is not collectively responsible—and nothing said. That each Power is allowed to deal with its own subjects in its own way is becoming an accepted rule of international amenity. It was not the rule of Cromwell, nor of Canning, nor of Gladstone, but it has now been consecrated by Sir Edward Grey.

Last summer, it is true, the rule was broken. The present Sultan of Morocco was reported to be torturing his rebel prisoners according to ancestral custom, and rumors came that he had followed a French King's example in keeping the rebel leader, El Roghi, in a cage like a tame eagle, or had thrown him to the lions to be torn in pieces before the eyes of the royal concubines. Then the European Powers combined to protest in the name of humanity. It was something gained. But no great courage is required to rebuke the Sultan of Morocco, if England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy and Spain combine to do it; and his country is so desirable for its minerals, barley, and dates that a little courage in dealing with him may prove lucrative in the end. When Russia treated her rebellious subjects with tortures and executions more horrible than anything reported from Morocco, the case was very different. Then alliances and understandings were confirmed, substantial loans were arranged, Kings and Emperors visited the Tsar and the cannon of our fleet welcomed him to our waters amid the applause of our newspapers and the congratulations of a Liberal Government.

It is evident, then, that, in Sir James Stephen's words, subjects are in most countries still made to understand that to attack the existing state of society is equivalent to risking their own lives. Under our own rule, no matter what statesmen, like Gladstone and Lord Morley, have urged in favor of the mitigation of penal-

ties for political offences, such offences are, as a matter of fact, punished with special severity; unless, of course, the culprit is intimately connected with great riches, like Dr. Jameson, who was imprisoned as a first-class misdemeanant for the incalculable crime of making private war upon another State; or unless the culprit is intimately connected with votes, like Mr. Ginnell, the Irish cattle-driver, who was treated with similar politeness. Otherwise, until quite lately, even in this country we executed a political criminal with unusual pain. In India we recently kept political suspects imprisoned without charge or trial. And in Manchester and Liverpool we lately sentenced three women to six weeks or two months' hard labor apiece for having broken some panes of glass valued at a few pence while they were imprisoned for political offences four months earlier—a sentence that certainly would never have been imposed on any but a political offender.

This exceptional severity springs from a primitive and natural conception of the State—a conception most logically expressed by Hobbes of Malmesbury under the similitude of a "mortal God" or Leviathan, the almost omnipotent and unlimited source of authority.

"The Covenant of the State [says Hobbes] is made in such a manner as if every man should say to every man: 'I authorize and give up my right of governing myself to this man, or to this assembly of men, on this condition that thou give up thy right to him and authorize all his actions in like manner.' This done, the multitude so united is called a Commonwealth, in Latin Civitas. This is the generation of that great Leviathan, that mortal God, to whom we owe, under the immortal God, our peace and defence."

Hobbes considered the object of this Covenant to be peace and common defence. "Without a State," he said, "the life of man is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short." The preservation of the State was to him of transcendent importance.

"Loss of liberty is really no inconvenience, for it is the only means by which we have any possibility of preserving ourselves. For if every man were allowed the liberty of following his own conscience, in such differences of consciences, they would not live together in peace an hour."

Under such a system, it follows that rebellion is the worst of crimes. Hobbes calls it a war renewed—a renouncing of the

Covenant. He was so terrified of it that he dwelt upon the danger of reading Greek and Roman history (probably having Plutarch and his praise of rebels most in mind)—"which venom," he says, "I will not doubt to compare to the biting of a mad dog." In all leaders of rebellion he found only three conditions—to be discontented with their own lot, to be eloquent speakers, and to be men of mean judgment and capacity (*"De Corpore Politico"* II). And as to punishment:

> "On rebels [he said] vengeance is lawfully extended, not only to the fathers, but also to the third and fourth generations not yet in being, and consequently innocent of the fact for which they are afflicted."

We may take Hobbes as the philosopher of the extreme idea of the State and the consequent iniquity of rebellion. His is the ideal of the Hive, in which the virgin workers devote their whole lives without complaint to the service of the Queen and her State-supported grubs, while the drones are mercilessly slaughtered as soon as one of them has fulfilled his rapturous but suicidal function for the future swarm. The ideal found its highest human example in the Spartan State, which trained its men to have no private existences at all, and even to visit their own wives by stealth. But we find the ideal present in some degree among Central Africans when they bury valuable slaves and women alive with their chief; and among the Japanese when mothers kill themselves if their sons are prevented from dying for their country; and among the Germans when the drill-sergeant shouts his word of command.

In fact, all races and countries are disciples of Hobbes when they address the Head of the State as "Your Majesty" or "Your Excellence," when they decorate him with fur and feathers, and put a gold hat on his head and a gold walking-stick in his hand, and gird him with a sword that he never uses, and play him the same tune wherever he goes, and spread his platform with crimson though it is clean, and bow before him though he is dishonorable, and call him gracious though he is nasty-tempered, and august though he is a fool. In the first instance, we go through all this make-believe because the Leviathan of the State is necessary for peace and self-defence, and without it our life would be solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short. But we further endow the State with a personality we can almost see and handle, and

we regard it as something that can not only protect our peace but shed a reflected splendor on ourselves, giving us an importance not our own—just as schoolboys glory in their school, or Churchmen in their Church, or cricketers in their county, or fox-hunters in their pack of hounds.

It is this conception that makes rebellion so rare and so dangerous. In hives it seems never to occur. In rookeries, the rebels are pecked to death and their homes torn in pieces. In human communities we have seen how they are treated. Rebellion is the one crime for which there is no forgiveness—the one crime for which hanging is too good.

Why is it, then, that all the world loves a rebel? Provided he is distant enough in time and space, all the world loves a rebel. Who are the figures in history round whom the people's imagination has woven the fondest dreams? Are they not such rebels as Deborah and Judith* and Joan of Arc; as Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the Gracchi and Brutus, William Tell, William Wallace, Simon de Montfort, Rienzi, Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, Shan O'Neill, William the Silent, John Hampden and Pym, the Highlanders of the Forty-five, Robert Emmet and Wolf Tone and Parnell, Bolivar, John Brown of Harper's Ferry, Kossuth, Mazzini and Garibaldi, Danton, Victor Hugo, and the Russian revolutionists? These are haphazard figures of various magnitude, but all have the quality of rebellion in common, and all have been honored with affectionate glory, romance and even a mythology of worship.

So, too, the most attractive periods in history have been times of rebellion—the Reformation in Germany, the Revolt of the Netherlands from Spain, the Civil Wars in England, the War of Independence in America, the prolonged revolution in Russia. Within the last hundred years alone, how numerous the rebellions have been, as a rule how successful, and in every case how much applauded, except by the dominant authority attacked! We need only recall the French revolutions of 1832, 1848, and 1870 to 1871, including the Commune; the Greek War of Independence up to 1829, the Polish insurrections of 1830, 1863 and 1905; the liberation of the Danubian Principalities, 1858; of Bulgaria and Thessaly, 1878; of Crete, 1898; the revolution in Hungary,

* Judith was not strictly a rebel, except that Nabuchodonosor claimed sovereignty over all the world and was avenging himself on all the earth. See Judith II, 1

1848; the restoration of Italy, 1849 to 1860; the revolution in Spain, 1868; the independence of the South-American States, 1821 to 1825; the revolution in Russia, Finland, the Caucasus and Baltic Provinces, 1905; the revolution in Persia, 1907 to 1909; and the revolution of the Young Turks, 1908 to 1909. Among these we must also count the Nationalist movements in Ireland, Egypt and India, as well as the present movement of women against the Government in our own country.

Under these various instances two distinct kinds of rebellion are obviously included—the rising of subject nationalities against a dominant Power, as in Greece, Italy, the Caucasus, India and Ireland; and the rising of subjects against their own Government, as in France, Russia, Persia and Turkey, or in England in the case of the Suffragettes. It is difficult to say which kind is the more detested and punished with the greater severity by the central authority attacked. Was the Nationalist rising in the Caucasus or the Baltic Provinces suppressed with greater brutality than the almost simultaneous rising of Russian subjects in Moscow? I witnessed all three, and I think it was, chiefly because soldiers have less scruple in the slaughter and violation of people whose language they do not understand. Did our Government feel greater animosity towards the recent Indian movement or the Irish movement of thirty years ago than towards the rioters for the Reform Bills of 1832 and 1867? I think they did. Vengeance upon external or Nationalist rebels is incited by racial antipathy. But, on the other hand, the outside world is more ready to applaud a Nationalist rebellion, especially if it succeeds, and we feel a more romantic affection for William Tell or Garibaldi than for Oliver Cromwell or Danton; I suppose because it is easier to imagine the splendor of liberty when a subject race throws off a foreign yoke.

So the history of rebellion involves us in a mesh of contradictions. Rebels have been generally regarded as deserving more terrible penalties than other criminals, yet all the world loves a rebel, at a distance. Nationalist rebellions are crushed with even greater ferocity than the internal rebellions of a State, and yet the leaders of Nationalist rebellions are regarded by the common world with a special affection of hero-worship. Obviously, we are here confronted with two different standards of conduct. On one side is the standard of Government, the State

and Law, which denounces the rebel, and especially the Nationalist rebel, as the worst of sinners; on the other side we have the standard of the individual, the soul and liberty, which loves a rebel, especially a Nationalist rebel, and denies that he is a sinner at all.

Let us leave the Nationalist rebel, whose justification is now almost universally admitted, except by the dominant Power, even if he is unsuccessful, and consider only the rebel inside the State —the rebel against his own Leviathan—whose position is far more dubious. Job's Leviathan appears to have been a more fearsome and powerful beast than the elephant, but in India the elephant is taken as the symbol of wisdom, and when an Indian boy goes in for a municipal examination, he prays to the elephant-god for assistance. Now the ideal State of the elephant is the herd, and yet this herd of wisdom sometimes develops a rebel or "rogue" who seems to be striving after some fresh manner of existence and works terrible havoc among the elephantine conventions. Usually the herd combines to kill him and there is an end of the matter. Yet I sometimes think that the occasional and inexplicable appearance of the "rogue" at intervals during many thousand years may really have been the origin of that wisdom to which the Indians pray.

Similarly, mankind, which sometimes surpasses even the elephant in wisdom, has been continually torn between the Idol of the Herd and the profanity of the rebel or Rogue, and it is perhaps through the rebel—the variation, as Darwin would call him—that man makes his advance. The rebel is what distinguishes our States and cities from the beehives and ant heaps to which they are commonly compared. The progress of ants and bees appears to have been arrested. They seem to have developed a completely socialized polity thousands of years ago, perhaps before man existed, and then to have stopped—stopped dead, as we say. But mankind has never stopped. If a country's progress is arrested—if a people becomes simply conservative in habits, they may die slowly, like Egypt, or quickly, like Sparta, but they die and disappear, unless inspired by new life, like Japan, or by revolution, like France and possibly Russia. For, as we are almost too frequently told, change is the law of human life.

And may not this be just the very reason we are seeking for—

the very reason why all the world loves a rebel, at a distance? Does not the world unconsciously recognize in him a symbol of change, a symbol of the law of life? We may not like him very near us—not uncomfortably near, as we say. For most change is uncomfortable. When I was shut up for many weeks in a London hospital, I felt a shrinking horror of going out, as though my skin had become too tender for this rough world. After I had been shut up for four months in a siege, daily exposed to shells, bullets, fever and starvation, I felt no relief when the relief came, but rather a dread of confronting the perils of ordinary life. So quickly does the curse of stagnation fall upon us. And in support of stagnation are always ranged the immense forces of Society, the prosperous, the well-to-do, the people who are content if to-morrow is exactly like to-day. In support of stagnation stands the power of every kind of government—the King who sticks to his pretty clothes, the Lords who stick to their lands and titles, the experts who stick to their theories, the officials who stick to their incomes and leisure, the Members of Parliament who stick to their seats.

But even more powerful than all these forces in support of stagnation is the enormous host of those whose first thought is necessarily their daily bread—men and women who dare not risk a change for fear of to-morrow's hunger—people for whom the crust is too uncertain for its certainty to be questioned. We often ask why it is that the poor—the working-people—endure their poverty and perpetual toil without overwhelming revolt. The reason is that they have their eyes fixed on the evening meal, and for the life of them they dare not lose sight of it.

So the rebel need never be afraid of going too fast. The violence of inertia—the suction of the stagnant bog is almost invincible. Like the horse, we are creatures of cast-iron habit. We abandon ourselves easily to careless acquiescence. We make much of external laws, and, like a mother bemused with torpid beer, we stifle the law of the soul because its crying is such a nuisance. Like a new baby, a new thought is fractious, restless, and incalculable. It saps our strength; it gives us no peace; it exposes a wider surface to pain. There is something indecent, uncontrolled and unconscionable about it. Our friends like it best when it is asleep, and they like us better when it is buried.

There is very little danger of rebellion going too far. The

barriers confronting it are too solid, and the Idol of the Herd is carefully enshrined. A perpetual rebellion of every one against everything would give us an insecure, though exciting, existence, and we are protected by man's disposition to obedience and his solid love of custom. Against the first vedettes of rebellion the army of routine will always muster, and it gathers to itself the indifferent, the startled cowards, the thinkers whose thought is finished, the lawyers whose laws are fixed—an innumerable host. They proceed to treat the rebels as we have seen. In all ages, rebellion has been met by the standing armies of permanence. If captured, it is put to the ordeal of fire and water, so as to try what stuff it is made of. Faith is rebellion's only inspiration and support, and a deal of faith is needed to resist the battle and the test. It was in thinking of the faith of rebels that an early Christian writer described how those who have walked by faith have in all ages been tortured, not accepting deliverance; and others have had trial of mockings and scourgings, and of bonds and imprisonment; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy) they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.* That is the test and the reward of faith. So strong is the grip of the Leviathan, so determined is mankind to allow no change in thought or life to survive if he can possibly choke it.

One of the most learned and inspiring of writers on political philosophy has said in his latest book:

"It is advantageous to the organism [of the State] that the rights of suggestion, protest, veto and revolt should be accorded to its members."†

That sounds very simple. We should all like to agree with it. But under that apparently innocent sentence one of the most perplexing of human problems lies hidden: what are the rights of liberty, what are the limits of revolt? Only in a State of ideal anarchy can liberty be complete and revolt universal, because there would be nothing to revolt against. And anarchy, though it is the goal of every man's desire, seems still far away, being, indeed, the Kingdom of Heaven, which the God rules whose service is

* Hebrews, XI, 35-38.

† "The Crisis of Liberalism," by J. A. Hobson, p. 82.

perfect freedom and which only angels are qualified to inhabit. For though the law of the indwelling spirit is the only law that ought to count, not many of us are so little lower than the angels as to be a law unto ourselves.

In a really democratic State, where the whole people had equal voices in the government and all could exercise free power of persuasion, active rebellion, I think, would be very rare and seldom justified. But there are, I believe, only four democratic States in the world. All four are small, and of those Finland is overshadowed by despotism, and Australia and New Zealand have their foreign relations controlled and protected by the mother country. Hitherto the experiment of democracy has never been tried on this planet, except for the last year in Norway, and even there with some limitations; and though democracy might possibly avert the necessity of rebellion, I rather doubt whether it can be called advantageous to any State to accord to its members the right of revolt. The State that allows revolt—that takes no notice of it—has abdicated; it has ceased to exist. But whether advantageous or not, no State has ever accorded that right in matters of government, nor does mankind accord it, without a prolonged struggle, even in religious doctrine and ordinary life. Every revolt is tested as by fire, and we do not otherwise know the temper of the rebels or the value of their purpose. Is it a trick? Is it a fad? Is it a plot for contemptible ends? Is it a riot—a moment's effervescence—or a revolution glowing from volcanic depths? We only know by the tests of ridicule, suffering and death. In his Ode to France, written in 1797, Coleridge exclaimed:

> "The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion."

They rebel in vain because the Sensual and the Dark cannot hold out long against the pressure of the Herd—against the taunts of Society, against poverty, the loss of friends, the ruin of careers, the discomforts of prison, the misery of hunger and ill-treatment, and the terror of death. It is only by the supreme triumph over such obstacles that revolt vindicates its righteousness.

And so, if any one among us is driven to rebellion by an irresistible necessity of soul, I would not have him wonder at the treatment he will certainly receive. Such treatment is the

hideous but inevitable test of his rebellion's value, for so persecuted they the rebels that were before him. Whether he rebels against a despotism like the Naples of fifty years ago or the Russia of to-day; or whether he rebels against the opinions or customs of his fellow citizens, he will inevitably suffer, and the success that justifies rebellion may not be of this world. But if his cause is high, the shame of his suffering rests invariably on the Government or on the majority, never on himself. There is a sense in which rebellion never fails. It is almost always a symptom of intolerable wrong, for the penalties are so terrible that it would not be attempted without terrible provocation. It concentrates attention upon the wrong. At the worst, though it be stamped into a grave, its spirit goes marching on, and the inspiration of all history would be lost were it not for rebellions, no matter whether they have succeeded or failed. It may be said that if the State cannot accord the right of revolt, the door is left open to all the violence, cruelty and injustice with which rebellion is at present suppressed. But that does not follow. The Liberal leaders of the last generation endeavored to draw a distinction whereby political offenders should be treated better than ordinary criminals rather than worse, and, though their successors went back from that position, we might perhaps discern a certain uneasiness behind their appearance of cruelty, at all events in the case of titled offenders. In war we have lately introduced definite rules for the exclusion of cruelty and injustice, and in some cases the rules are observed. The same thing could be done in rebellion. I have often urged that the rights of war, now guaranteed to belligerents, should be extended to rebels. The chances are that a rebellion or civil war has more right on its side than international war, and there is no more reason why a man should be tortured and refused quarter, or why a woman should be violated and have her children killed before her eyes by the agents of their own Government than by strangers. Yet these things are habitually done, and my simple proposal appears ludicrously impossible. Just in the same way, fifty years ago, it was thought ludicrously impossible to deprive a man of his right to whip his slave.

But in any case, whether or not the rebel is to remain for all time an object of special vengeance to the State and Society, he has compensations. If he wins, the more barbarous his suppres-

sion has been, so much the finer is his triumph, so much the sweeter the wild justice of his revenge. It is a high reward when the slow world comes swinging round to your despised and persecuted cause, while the defeated persecutor whines at your feet that at heart he was with you all the time. If the rebel fails—well, it is a terrible thing to fail in rebellion. Bodily or social execution is almost inevitably the result. But, if his cause has been high, whether he wins or loses, he will have enjoyed a comradeship such as is nowhere else to be found—a comradeship in a common service that transfigures daily life and takes suffering and disgrace for honor. His spirit will have been illumined by a hope and an indignation that make the usual aims and satisfactions of the world appear trivial and fond. To him it has been granted to hand on the torch of that impassioned movement and change by which the soul of man appears slowly to work out its transfiguration. And if he dies in the race, he may still hope that some glimmer of freedom will shine where he is buried.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE AND THE LAW.

BY GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE.

FROM the end of the Civil War until the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, popular faith in competition, unhindered by governmental interference, continued practically undisturbed. "In the early history of railroad transportation," said Attorney-General Moody, later Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in his annual report for 1906, "the practice of rebating was common, well understood, and not prohibited by any Federal statute. It was regarded as one aspect of the spirit of competition which the common law cherished." The last century conception of competition and freedom of contract and absolute individualism of conduct, unhampered by any legal restrictions, was rooted in the theory of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, and fostered by the tremendous commercial progress which it had produced. Against this principle, the Interstate Commerce Act, which prohibited private bargaining between the railroad and the shipper, and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, which forbade the attainment of industrial dominance, toward which all competition aimed, seemed incongruous and irrational contradictions,—weapons pusillanimously seized by the industrially unfit against their superiors.

The spiritless enforcement of these statutes, from the time of their enactment until 1903, shows how pharisaical they were generally considered by the community. "A careful examination," to quote again from Attorney-General Moody, "discloses that there were in those years seventy-nine indictments (under the Interstate Commerce Act), upon which the Government failed in sixty-two and succeeded in seventeen. No sentences

of imprisonment were executed and the total fines amounted to $16,376. It is safe to say that these penalties, distributed over many years, were, as deterrents from the commission of prohibited offences, a negligible factor." The indifferent enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was still more conspicuous. Attorney-General Olney, in his annual report for 1893, protested "that as all ownership of property is of itself a monopoly, and as every business contract or transaction may be viewed as a combination which more or less restrains some part or kind of trade or commerce, any literal application of the provisions of the statute is out of the question." Reviewing the prosecutions, brought under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act during this period, Attorney-General Moody stated: "From the date of the enactment of the law to the beginning of President Roosevelt's administration in 1901, sixteen proceedings were begun and have been concluded—five of them indictments, in all of which the Government has failed, and eleven of them petitions in equity, in which the Government prevailed in eight and failed in three. . . ." The apathetic enforcement of the Interstate Commerce Act and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, during this period, was due not so much to reluctance on the part of the prosecutors as to the conviction of the community that a vigorous enforcement of these statutes was contrary to the approved mode of business competition.

During the decade immediately succeeding the war with Spain, a series of events occurred which shook this long-cherished popular belief. Investigation into the management of certain railroads, insurance companies, and street railways revealed startling corruption and dishonesty. Newspapers and magazine-writers attacked methods of business competition which previously had never been questioned. The indignation thus engendered stirred depths of popular conscience which had never been aroused by the agitation for the Interstate Commerce Act, nor by the clamor for the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. The opinion grew that business competition, at least in some of its manifestations, was a crude and unjust force in the social economy.

In 1903, the Roosevelt administration had practically only two statutes through which the Federal Government could exercise any control or interference with competition. These

statutes were the Interstate Commerce Act and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

In response to increasing popular demand, Congress appropriated, in 1903, $500,000 to be expended by the Attorney-General in prosecutions under these statutes. At the same time, acts were passed facilitating trials under these statutes, and particularly strengthening the hands of the Government in dealing with discriminatory practices of railroads. The Department of Commerce and Labor was created, and invested with abundant powers to investigate large business concerns everywhere.

In 1903, the Interstate Commerce Commission stated that discriminatory practices were no longer characteristic of railroad operations, and that never before had the law been so strictly observed.

In 1905, however, came the revelations of the collusion between certain freight-shippers and several high officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad. About the same time came the disclosures regarding conspicuous breaches of trust on the part of certain officers of the largest life-insurance companies in the country.

Responding again to popular demand, each Federal prosecuting officer was instructed, in a circular letter from the Attorney-General, to proceed in each case brought to his attention showing a violation of the Interstate Commerce Act and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. As a result, seventy-seven indictments were returned under the Interstate Commerce Act, upon which thirteen corporations and seventeen individuals were found guilty. The corporations were fined in sums ranging from $15,000 to $108,000 each, and the individuals were fined in sums ranging from $1,000 to $10,000 each. During the succeeding year several sentences of imprisonment were inflicted, and fines aggregating $416,125 were imposed. Equal activity was displayed in the enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Proceeding upon the construction of the Act which the Government had successfully applied in the Northern Securities Case, the Government procured the dissolution of the "Beef Trust," composed of Swift & Co. and its allied concerns, and began proceedings against the General Paper Company and its associated companies, familiarly called the "Paper Trust," and against various combinations in the grocery, beef, lumber and

transportation business. By the close of 1906, the Roosevelt administration had a record of twenty-three proceedings commenced under this Act, seven of which had been successfully concluded and the rest still pending. These included proceedings against the American Tobacco Company and several other corporations interested in the tobacco and licorice business, against thirty-one corporations and twenty-five individuals engaged in the manufacture of fertilizer, against the Standard Oil Company and seventy other corporations and individuals concerned in the manufacture of refined oil and petroleum products, and against combinations in transportation, paper, groceries, elevators, salt, meat, lumber, dry-goods, oil, tobacco, fertilizer and ice. Before the close of the administration thirty-seven such proceedings had been begun under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.

The activity of the Federal administration was exceeded by the zeal of the State Legislatures. In 1899, Texas had passed laws relieving persons purchasing goods of a trust from liability to pay the purchase price, and requiring every corporation that owned or leased the patent of a machine to offer such machines for sale, instead of reserving them for exclusive use. In 1905, Arkansas relieved persons purchasing goods of a trust from liability to pay therefor, and authorized such persons to recover from the trust any money or value paid on account of such goods. Arkansas also enacted that in the prosecution of any trust the prosecuting attorney might compel any non-resident to appear with his books and papers, within six days and the necessary time required to travel; and in the event of his failure to appear, the trust was made liable to judgment on default. In 1907, the Governor of Texas recommended a law empowering the Attorney-General to have "full and free access to all the works, plants, officers, books, vouchers and papers" of any corporation doing business in Texas without reference to whether such works, offices and papers were within the State or without it. Legislation in accordance with this recommendation was adopted, with the added provision that if access to works, offices and papers outside the State were denied, judgment might be rendered against the trust. At the same time, Texas increased the penalty for violation of its anti-trust act to imprisonment for ten years. Already a number of States had imposed enor-

mous penalties upon the sale of commodities at less than the "cost of manufacture," or at a price greater or less than their "fair market value," or at a price greater or less than such commodities were sold for in any other place "under like conditions." These penalties were fines varying from $1,000 to $10,000 and terms of imprisonment running from one year to ten years. In 1907 such statutes had been enacted in specially drastic form in Indiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, Minnesota, North Carolina, Kansas, Iowa, South Carolina, Texas and North Dakota; and similar legislation had been recommended by the Governors of California and Colorado.

Meanwhile the railroads had not escaped attention. In 1903, ten States enacted statutes giving to their railroad commissions increased powers to fix freight and passenger rates and to supervise the details of operation. These States were Kansas, Arkansas, Florida, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, North Dakota, Texas, Virginia and Wisconsin. In 1905, the powers of the railroad commissions were greatly increased in Georgia, Minnesota, Illinois, California, South Carolina, Kansas, Indiana, Washington and Wisconsin. In 1906, Ohio, Nebraska, Georgia, Louisiana, South Carolina, Kentucky and Wisconsin increased still further the powers of their railroad commissions. In 1907, railroad commissions were either created or vested with increased powers in Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, North Carolina, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Alabama, Colorado, Montana, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Nevada, Michigan, Nebraska and Oregon. At the same time statutes of more arbitrary character were also enacted. In 1905, the Legislatures of Kansas, Washington, Missouri and Oklahoma passed laws fixing rigid regulations regarding freight rates, car service, demurrage and storage charges upon all railroads operating within their limits; and North Carolina enacted that if a consignee claimed damages on a shipment, and the claim remained unpaid for sixty days, and the consignee recovered the full amount by suit, the railroad should pay a penalty of fifty dollars. Florida prescribed a somewhat similar penalty in analogous circumstances. In 1906, Ohio, Virginia and Maryland adopted laws limiting passenger rates, except in minor exceptions, to two cents per mile. Similar bills were adopted in at least nine other States. Ar-

kansas enacted that every railroad train passing through a town within half a mile of the State line should stop for passengers, unless it stopped within three hundred feet on the other side of the line; and also provided that the consignee might collect any damage claim, not exceeding ten dollars, from the railroad agent at the destination, provided that he presented to the agent an itemized and verified statement of the damage within three days after the goods were received; and in the event that payment were refused, he might recover treble damages. Georgia required that claims for damages be paid by the railroad within sixty days under penalty of fifty dollars and interest.

In 1907, the passion for arbitrary legislation against railroads became almost national. Recommendations for the statutory regulation of railroad rates were made by the Governors of Alabama, California, Missouri, Arkansas, Colorado, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, West Virginia and Wisconsin. Maximum rates for passenger traffic—generally two cents a mile—were urged by the Governors of Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, North Carolina, Pennsylvania and Texas. Statutes in accordance with the latter recommendations were passed by Alabama, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, West Virginia and Wisconsin. Maximum rates for particular articles of freight were enacted in Alabama, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Carolina and North Dakota. Alabama took a leaf from the experience of North Carolina, Florida, Arkansas and Georgia and passed statutes similar to those of the latter States requiring substantially immediate payment by the railroads of all claims for damages under very heavy penalties.

This hostility toward large corporations was cleverly invoked by the Federal administration in support of measures conferring increased supervisory powers upon the Federal branch of the Government. In May, 1906, while the Hepburn Railroad Rate Bill was being debated in the Senate, the President sent a special message to Congress denouncing the "unfair advantage over its competitors" enjoyed by the Standard Oil Company, and declaring that the enactment of a law, giving the Interstate Commerce Commission the right to fix railroad rates, was neces-

sary in order to prevent such abuses. In the storm of popular feeling aroused by this message, the bill was passed. While the Pure Food Bill and Meat Inspection Bill were meeting opposition in Congress, the President made public the report of the investigation of the Chicago packing establishments. In the national revulsion aroused by this disclosure, these bills were passed. While the passion for Federal control was highest, an Employers' Liability Law—since declared to be an unconstitutional exercise of Federal power—was enacted, a National Child's Labor Bill was agitated, and the Federal regulation of large businesses generally was vigorously urged in Presidential messages and in the various reports of the Commissioner of Corporations.

The extreme to which this spirit of governmental interference was pushed would have been inconceivable a generation ago. In 1907, the Commissioner of Corporations in a report upon a private industrial enterprise, repeatedly spoke of "reasonable commercial return," "average competitive profit," "average business return," and "normal rate of profit," meaning to describe his personal standard for determining the degree in which the prices and profits of a private enterprise were "reasonable" or "unreasonable." Inferentially, the Commissioner indicated that this standard of "reasonable commercial return" was about ten per cent., that any profit upon business investment in excess of this return proved that prices were unreasonable, and that the concern obtaining such profits was oppressive and illegal.

In the same spirit, Representative Hepburn, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, in 1908 prepared a bill to amend the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, and introduced it into Congress. This bill proposed to leave it to the Bureau of Corporations to define what combinations were guilty of crime. The original mischief of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, in outlawing organized capital and organized labor, was sought to be tempered by a system of special immunity. The dispensation of this immunity was not entrusted to the courts, but to a bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor. Under such a statute, every business man making contracts relating to interstate commerce, and desiring to escape the penalties of the law, was required to file his contract with a Government bureau and then wait for sixty days before completing or executing the contract! But the bill died in the committees of the House and the Senate.

These proposals of strict governmental control have not always originated among legislators and Government officials. The Hepburn Bill of 1908 was drafted with the assistance of Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, chief counsel of the United States Steel Corporation, and Mr. Victor Morawetz, chairman of the board of directors of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway. Such a plan had frequently been urged before popular audiences by Judge Elbert H. Gary and Mr. George W. Perkins, of the United States Steel Corporation, and was informally put in practice for their benefit during the panic of 1907, when the administration, acting under the belief that it was saving a great financial institution, virtually granted a special amnesty and dispensation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act to the United States Steel Corporation by permitting the acquisition by that company of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company. Through a similar dispensation, no less substantial because it was tacit, the United States Steel Corporation and the larger independent steel companies, without effort at concealment and without fear of prosecution, united during the year that followed to "maintain the stability of their market, working together for one another"—to use Judge Gary's phrase —"as opposed to the unreasonable and destructive competition of the past." Only a year ago the Standard Oil Company proposed to the State of Missouri, as a desperate alternative to exclusion from the State, that a new Missouri corporation be formed to take over all the property and business of the Standard Oil Company in the State and that the new corporation should be controlled by two trustees, one selected by the State and one by the Company, in such manner that "a fair, just, lawful and proper treatment" should be secured to the public as well as to the owners. A similar suggestion was made to the State of Kansas by the International Harvester Company, which had been convicted in that State of a violation of its anti-trust law. Such a régime of governmental benevolence and paternalism is only a step removed from the fulfilment of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's prophecy that a "supreme industrial court will have to be created and eventually will have to pass upon prices."

The reasons underlying these radical proposals seem to be these: Upon their face the anti-trust statutes of the United States and of the several States are so indefinite as to be open

to the most arbitrary and capricious interpretation. So long as these statutes continue in force, these corporations do business only upon the sufferance and personal whim of the prosecuting authorities and the judges and juries charged with enforcing the law. To avoid this peril—the corporation managers reason—these laws should be enforced, not by judges and juries, but by experts.

In the main, all statutes in the direction of these radical proposals have been disappointing. As regards the railroads, drastic legislation has practically abolished discriminatory practices and has thus kept the word of promise to the ear. But so far as decreasing or readjusting freight rates is concerned, it has broken the promise of hope to the heart. In this respect the Interstate Commerce Commission and the various State railroad commissions have done little more than demonstrate the reasonableness of the rates which the railroads themselves had previously established. The State of Virginia invoked the aid of the Federal courts to restrain its own Railroad Commission from enforcing rulings which permitted an increase of rates for the improvement of transportation conditions in Virginia, until in 1908 the Supreme Court of the United States refused to permit such interference. Meanwhile, legislation arbitrarily fixing railroad rates and service has been a failure. In 1906, the United States Supreme Court declared unconstitutional the Texas statutes compelling railroads to furnish a certain number of cars on any specified date. In 1908, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania declared unconstitutional the two-cent-rate-fare law of that State. In the same year the United States Supreme Court declared unconstitutional the rate acts adopted by Minnesota and North Carolina, on the ground that they were confiscatory, and that the enormous penalties which they imposed were unjust. Litigation regarding the constitutionality of the two-cent-rate-fare legislation is pending in half a dozen other States, and several decisions of the lower courts—notably in Missouri—have held such rates to be confiscatory. In States where the severest laws have been enacted, railroad extension and improvement have practically ceased. The Attorney-General of Missouri recently declared that the enforcement of the anti-trust laws of that State would paralyze one-third of the entire business

of the State. Missouri, Kansas and several of the Southern and Southwestern States are now experiencing a reaction from radical legislation. During the past six years anti-trust laws in five States have been declared by the highest courts to be unconstitutional because they unfairly discriminated against corporations in favor of certain privileged classes in the community.

Still more disappointing has been the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Judge Lacombe, in his opinion in the "Tobacco Trust" case, stated the consequences of the Act in vivid language:

"The act may be termed revolutionary because before its passage the courts had recognized a 'restraint of trade' which was held not to be unfair, but permissible, although it operated in some measure to restrict competition. By insensible degrees, under the operation of many causes, business, manufacturing, and trading alike has more and more developed a tendency toward larger and larger aggregations of capital and more extensive combination of conditions. In that way only can production be increased and cheapened, new markets opened and developed, stability in reasonable prices secured, and industrial progress assured. But every aggregation of individuals or corporations formerly independent, immediately upon its formation terminates an existing competition; whether or not some other competition may subsequently arise, the act, as above construed, prohibits every contract or combination in restraint of competition. Size is not made the test. Two individuals, who have been driving rival express-wagons between villages in contiguous States, who enter into a combination to join forces and operate a single line, restrain an existing competition, and it would seem to make little difference whether they make such a combination more effective by partnership or not."

The same logic determined the recent decision of the United States Circuit Court in the Standard Oil case. By the same logic, as Judge Lacombe points out, the smallest combination affecting trade between two States is subject to the same penalty that is prescribed for the most oppressive monopoly. In his annual message in 1906 President Roosevelt said:

"The actual working of our laws has shown that the effort to prohibit all combination, good or bad, is noxious where it is not ineffective. . . . No more scathing condemnation could be visited upon a law than is contained in the words of the Interstate Commerce Commission when, in commenting upon the fact that the numerous joint traffic associations do technically violate the law, they say: 'The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Trans-Missouri case and the Joint Traffic Association case has produced no practical effect upon

the railway operations of the country. Such operations, in fact, exist now as they did before these decisions and with the same general effect. In justice to all parties we ought probably to add that it is difficult to see how our interstate railways could be operated with due regard to the interest of the shipper and the railway without concerted action of the kind afforded through these associations.' This means that the law as construed by the Supreme Court is such that the business of the country cannot be conducted without breaking it."

In his annual message in 1907 and in his special messages of January 31, 1908, and March 25, 1908, President Roosevelt repeated the same criticism. Similar strictures have repeatedly been uttered by President Taft and by Attorney-General Wickersham.

At the present time, the normal transactions of business are forbidden by highly penal statutes. Business men now enjoy liberty only according as the prosecuting authorities indulge them in the open breach of the law. Plainly, our legislation respecting large business must be confessed to be a failure.

The causes of this failure are simple. The legislation upon which we heretofore have relied has been directed toward two absolutely inconsistent purposes: the furtherance of free competition, and at the same time the prohibition of the very agencies and organizations in which free competition most normally expresses itself. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act and the anti-trust laws of most of the States are striking illustrations of this hopeless contradiction of purpose.

Every one agrees that these laws were enacted to further free competition. Every one knows that no business man would undertake the strife of competition without the assurance that he may enjoy the price if he wins it. In order to preserve healthy competition, the legitimate growth and lawful extension of the business of the successful trader must be protected.

Now, the large business of the successful competitor, which the law logically must protect, presumes the disappointment of unsuccessful competitors. As Mr. Justice Holmes said in the Northern Securities case, "every concern monopolizes whatever business it does." Large business, for the time being at least, is the subjugation of competition, the victorious appropriation of the prize, and the exclusive enjoyment of it, subject only to the chance of losing it through the same rigor of competition by which it was won.

Just here is where the mistake of so much futile legislation has arisen. Because a business becomes large—and every successful business grows large—and because the large business temporarily displays the characteristics of a kind of monopoly, we have hastily concluded that every business, as soon as it becomes large, is a monopoly, actual or incipient, and must be cudgelled and cuffed, and either repressed or regulated, in the same manner and with the same rigor as monopolies which have arisen unnaturally through unlawful methods of competition, or which have arisen inevitably because the nature of their particular business made competition impossible.

Repressive and prohibitory legislation has its place in the field of business competition. It should be directed, however, not against the form of a business organization, nor yet against the power which its efficiency may develop; but only against the use of unlawful means of competition. "Destroying or restricting free competition," "smothering competition," "extinguishing competition," "stifling competition," "eliminating competition," "preventing competition," "annihilating competition" and "suppression of competition" are practices subversive of healthy business rivalry. They are sometimes resorted to by the obscure and unsuccessful competitor, as well as by his conspicuous and successful rival. These practices should be specifically forbidden to large and small competitors alike. Whether the concern which resorts to these practices exerts great or little restraint upon commerce should be immaterial.

Regulation by governmental commission has its place in the industrial world. As a remedy for the abuses of business competition and of industrial trusts, however, it is destined to more disastrous failure than has overcome the prohibitory anti-trust laws.

In the control of public-service companies—such as railroads, street railways, water, gas, electric-light and water companies, public warehouses, stock-yards, and the like—which enjoy exclusive franchises granted by law or extraordinary powers conferred by the State, such as eminent domain, or which, by the very nature of their being, constitute a natural monopoly permitting of no competition, regulation by governmental commission has amply justified itself. In these anomalous businesses,

which really are governmental functions entrusted to private capitalists to insure the most enterprising development, the Government very properly enforces the same principles that control the police and fire service. The duty to serve all, with adequate facilities, without discrimination, and at a reasonable price, is enjoined upon such businesses. Just as the administration of the police force and the fire department is naturally deputed to individual officials or commissioners responsible to the community, so the enforcement of the duty of public-service companies is properly vested in governmental commissions. Very naturally, the powers of both classes of commissions include the right absolutely to prescribe the character of the facilities and the price of the service, subject only to the limitation that, in so doing, the legal rights of the persons affected by their orders shall not be molested. Regulation by commission, however, is only necessary where the law or the nature of the business virtually prohibits competition. In fixing the price and conditions of service in these businesses, the law seeks merely to levy an equitable tax to defray a public expense. It presumes that competition—which in ordinary businesses adjusts the character of the facilities and the price of the service—is extinct, and, in fact, would be harmful, if revived. The effect, therefore, is to render real competition impossible in business which it regulates.

To extend regulation by governmental commission to businesses which do not enjoy exclusive franchises granted by law, or extraordinary powers granted by the State, or a monopoly arising from the nature of the business, and to apply regulation by commission wherever a business has developed large size, is to deny the efficacy of competition in its most normal working, and to hamper competition in every branch of industry. In such businesses, competition naturally exists, and, in order to maintain a healthy condition, should be encouraged. Interference with prices and with the form of organization of such businesses only creates artificial barriers, behind which lurk forms of privilege quite as dangerous as monopoly. Such interference stultifies the avowed purpose of all anti-trust legislation, and violates the first principle of economic progress, and subverts the fundamental proposition of individual liberty upon which this Government was founded.

The abuses of business competition are real and serious, and must be cured by legislation. The remedy, however, lies in the direction of free competition, rather than paternal control. Every statute which furthers free competition, and strikes specifically at the various forms of unlawful competition and fraud which impede it, will hasten the cure. Any statute which imposes governmental interference upon a business merely because it is large—whether that interference be indiscriminate prohibition, or the more insidious form of regulation by governmental commission—will delay the cure, and prolong the uncomfortable situation in which business has stood before the law for the past twenty years. The principle which should guide all legislation upon this intricate subject was tersely expressed by the committee which drafted the Corporation Law of Massachusetts in 1903: "So far as purely business corporations are concerned, and excluding insurance, financial and public service corporations, the State cannot assume to act directly or indirectly as guarantor or sponsor for any organization under corporate form. . . . The State should permit the utmost freedom of self-regulation, if it provides quick and effective machinery for the punishment of fraud. . . ."

GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

HISTORY.

INSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF EARLY VIRGINIA.*

No one of the thirteen colonies has ever been subjected to an examination so wide, so searching and so intelligent as is that which Mr. Bruce has given to the colony of Virginia in the seventeenth century. Not a phase of the colony's life has been left unexplored, as far as the records exist from which information can be obtained. Already in two elaborate works on the economic and social aspects of the subject, one of which, at least, has become a classic in the field, Mr. Bruce has shown his tireless interest in the affairs of the old Dominion and his profound knowledge of the materials for its history; and now in a third and final work in two large volumes, typographically handsome, perfect from the proof-reader's point of view, well written, and well indexed, he has completed his survey and, as far as the seventeenth century is concerned, has brought to an end his long self-imposed task. His work will stand as a monument to his loyalty and allegiance to the land of his birth. Virginia has many times been honored of her sons.

The subjects here dealt with are of an importance second to none in the life of a people. Religion, morals, church organization and government, education, libraries, laws, courts, the military system, and lastly political conditions and taxation — these are the chief matters with which Mr. Bruce is concerned, and upon all of them he has shown a flood of light, filling his pages with facts and illustrations drawn from many sources that have not been used hitherto. He has not been content to search contemporaneous records existing in Virginia only; he

* "Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century." An Inquiry into the Religious, Moral, Educational, Legal, Military and Political Condition of the People. Based on Original and Contemporaneous Records. By Philip Alexander Bruce, LL.D. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

has gone to the sources in England, and has found among the papers which accumulated in the hands of the old Board of Trade and have since been calendared by the British Government, a mass of documentary evidence that he has woven with knowledge and skill into his descriptions. He has not examined all the original documents, though evidently, from his preface, he thinks that he has done so, but he has noted some of the most important and the most accessible. Of even greater significance than the British records for his purpose are those of the county courts of colonial Virginia, preserved partly in Richmond and partly at the county-seats, the evidence from which forms the chief source of supply for at least two-thirds of his work. The chapters based on this evidence are the most valuable that Mr. Bruce has written and present vividly and with great detail the chief features of the religious, educational, legal, and military life of Virginia.

The net results of Mr. Bruce's study are three. First, that Virginia was an aristocratic colony, founded upon agriculture, in which government, education, the professions, justice, military control, and the like were in the hands of a small number of men who were foremost of their times in ability, wealth, social rank, and power. Even small landholders were unable to gain political preferment, and though in a few instances indentured servants and agricultural apprentices rose to good and sufficient estate and so were able to command a position in the colony, yet pride in family and property, in a peculiarly grasping and sordid age, forbade that those in humble circumstances, no matter how worthy, should be leaders in the colony. The evidence that government in Virginia was for the people and never by the people is overwhelming, and although Mr. Bruce asserts that seventeenth-century Virginia was the home of popular government and so to be rated as high in this respect as New England, his own evidence everywhere belies his contention.

In the second place, Mr. Bruce makes abundantly clear what indeed was already fairly well known, that Virginia reproduced to a remarkable degree the conditions of English society of the same period. The great bulk of the inhabitants of all ranks were sprung from the English stock and were controlled by the ideas, traditions, and customs which characterized the majority of the English people at home. In gradations of social rank, in loyalty to the mother country, in social customs and diversions, in views

as to religious faith, private property, forms of government, family life, personal demeanor, education and culture, the Virginian was more like the Englishman of his day than were the settlers of any other colony. The large plantations, the system of indentured and enslaved service, the social importance of the Anglican establishment, the limitation of education and learning to the few, and the recognition of English law and, as far as possible, English practice in the courts, tended to preserve even to the Revolution and afterward the essential features of the land from which they had come. Mr. Bruce has not pointed out all the lines of resemblance, but the most noteworthy of them.

In the third place, Mr. Bruce has sought to demonstrate the superiority of Virginia over other colonies as the land of liberty and free government. In this respect his work falls below the level of good history. His chapters on "Government under the Charters" and his closing words to the opening chapter on "Taxation" are not merely the pleadings of a favored son for his State, but also the utterances of an injudicious historian who is seeking to give a particular colony credit that is not peculiarly its due. In the larger field of historical philosophy and comparison Mr. Bruce has not shown the spirit of the just and impartial scholar. In the chapters noted above and elsewhere there is an undertone of insularity which seems to indicate that the author has dwelt so long in the Virginia of the seventeenth century that he has lost touch with the historical activities and spirit of the larger world in the twentieth. He quotes no recent authorities other than Virginian; his knowledge of English history is apparently limited to Macaulay, Green and Blackstone, of American history to Bancroft. He shows no familiarity with the researches of brother scholars and has not learned much that he might have learned and in so doing have made his work sounder and more accurate, not only in certain specific particulars, but also in its wider generalizations. He is a master within his own domain, but when he passes beyond and enters the field of historical interpretation and commentary, of political theory and government, he represents the narrowness and party bias which characterized American writers three-quarters of a century ago.

The American people, thanks to the inspiration of Mr. James Ford Rhodes, are at last beginning to appreciate the dramatic

interest of the period from 1850 to 1877 and to realize the importance of treating it from the purely historical point of view. The "Memoirs" of General Grant, McClellan's "Own Story," Pollard's "Lost Cause," Stephens's "War Between the States," Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," and other works of similar character now occupy the posts of honor on our second-hand bookshelves, while the number of new books and articles is constantly increasing. The literature of the subject has in fact grown so voluminous that the general reader stands aghast. A good short history of the period is, therefore, very badly needed; a history which will present the leading facts without too much detail, and which will at the same time be accurate, interesting, and free from partisanship. The task of preparing such a book is extremely difficult and it is no derogation of Mr. Formby's work* to say that he has not been altogether successful. Although he complies with most of the requirements mentioned, there is nevertheless something lacking. In endeavoring to place before the eyes of the reader a picture of all the campaigns in progress at any particular moment he has adopted a method of arranging his material which is very distracting. The chapters are divided into sections, each dealing with the war in a particular district for a period of six months. The result is that the reader is constantly being interrupted in the midst of a campaign by the statement that the narrative will be continued some forty pages further on.

The work consists of seventeen chapters of reading-matter, a general index, a map index, and sixty-six maps and plans. There are four chapters leading up to the fall of Fort Sumter, twelve treating of the war and its results, and one devoted to reconstruction. Political conditions are treated very inadequately, the social and economic history is neglected, and the great financial operations which contributed so much to the success of the North are entirely ignored. The establishment of the national banking system is not mentioned at all, and Secretary Chase's name occurs only once. Foreign relations receive more attention, the treatment of the *Alabama* question and of the operations of Napoleon III in Mexico being especially thorough. It is, therefore, essentially a military history, and as such possesses consider-

* "The American Civil War: A Concise History of its Causes, Progress and Results." By John Formby. With sixty-six maps and plans. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

able merit. With the exception of the atlas accompanying the official records, which is not easily accessible to the average reader, the collection of maps and plans is the best in existence. Instead of inserting them in the text, where they would spoil the shape of the book, or in a pocket at the end, where they would inevitably be lost, the author has very wisely issued these in a separate volume.

Believing that "attention has been unduly concentrated on the Eastern theatre of war, on account of the political importance of the capitals, and because the best commanders and armies were there" (p. 2), Mr. Formby lays special emphasis upon the war in the West. The battle of Stone's River or Murfreesborough, rather than Gettysburg, is considered as the turning-point of the conflict. An unusual amount of space is devoted to operations in the valley of the Mississippi, but nothing is said of General Butler's military administration at New Orleans. Indeed, it seems to be the author's policy to avoid controversial questions as much as possible. The shortcomings of McClellan, Pope, and Hooker are minimized, Longstreet is only mildly reproved for his conduct at Gettysburg, and Rosecrans's fiasco at Chickamauga is made to appear of little moment. Halleck's injudicious efforts to control field operations from Washington are, however, very severely criticised. The point of view is Northern, but the legal right of secession is frankly admitted and the attitude toward the South in general is unusually broad and liberal.

A few instances of carelessness and inaccuracy have been noted. Henry Clay was not the author of the Missouri Compromise of 1820 (p. 8) and the Compromise was not broken by the failure to extend the 36° 30′ line through the continent at the time of the admission of California (p. 24). Jefferson Davis was not opposed to the Fugitive Slave Bill in 1850 (p. 9), nor to secession in 1860 (p. 71). We do not believe that John Brown could properly be regarded as the leader of the Free State element in Kansas (p. 13), or that the Republicans were an abolitionist party in 1856 (p. 17). We should like very much to know his authority for the statement that "Georgia did not secede with a view of continuing her existence outside the Union, but in order to revise the conditions under which she accepted the Constitution, and come back on better terms" (p. 47). The bald assertion that Howell Cobb "found the Treasury full, and left

it empty" (pp. 45, 46) is not altogether just. The panic of 1857 might at least have been mentioned. The Vice-President is of course not a member of the cabinet (pp. 21, 70), and Houston was not at the time of the war the capital of Texas (p. 269). Loose statements are occasionally found where the exact information could easily have been obtained. Jefferson Davis, for example, "died about 1893" (p. 442), and Longstreet "fought to the very end of the war, and lived for many years afterward" (p. 464). Notwithstanding these defects, however, there can be no question as to the real merits of the book. It presents an impartial and, on the whole, an accurate and interesting picture of the greatest civil conflict of modern times. No one who is interested in the history of that period can afford to neglect it.

In 1870 Rudolf Haym's learned and exact, if somewhat dry, volume on the "*Romantische Schule*" was published in Germany and was followed almost immediately by Georg Brandes's acute and original "The Romantic School in Germany." The trend of modern thought has been steadily in the opposite direction from the speculative transcendentalists and the subject, except for Ricarda Huch's volume "*Blüthezeit der Romantik*" in 1899, has been much neglected.

But what a period of treasure it was! A period of real revival and enthusiasm; doctrines were turned topsyturvy; every settled question of civilization was reopened; the rights of the individual soul to its life and its desires were all reasserted, and the poor contented Philistine of the day received his severest slappings. But he won in the end, the Philistine, as he always has done, as he always will do, because he understands the nature of the world he lives in. The children of this world are wise in their own generation and understand how to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. The Romantiker, with their enthusiasms and their questionings, and their soul turbulences and their loves, came mostly to grief as these poor enthusiasts generally do. Friedrich Schlegel and his Dorothea found peace and safety after all the tumult in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. August Wilhelm Schlegel handed over his obstreperous Caroline "in all dignity and friendliness" to Schelling, and himself became a staid, hard working German professor whose ardu-

ous and wonderful translations into German of Shakespeare, the Bhagavadgita and the Ramayana sapped a good deal of his youthful, naïve sentimentality. Hard regular work will nearly always initiate a man into reality and give him a steadying sense of what life actually is. Novalis, having written the "Hymns to the Night" and justified in his "Heinrich von Ofterdingen" his impassioned love for the dead Sophia and the living Julia, died prematurely of tuberculosis. One by one they died or grew old and cold and hard-working and so the romantic fire went out. But the works remain and are more full of meat for thought and food for psychology than perhaps any other single literary period—if one except the young romanticists of England and the Neo-platonists. For there was no horizon too far away for the thoughts of those young romantics to reach; no outlook that they could not drench in the glamour of their romantic emotions. They fairly wallowed in the sense of the Infinite.

With Wackenroder as art interpreter and lyric-singer, with the two Schlegels and their attendants, Dorothea and Caroline, as literary critics, men-of-letters and theorizers, with Novalis as the teller of fairy-tales and singer of night hymns, and Tieck with his dreams and his nonsense and his legendary lore, and Schelling making philosophy and Schleiermacher religion romantic, what a period it was! They were all so full of inspiration, so unguided by historic sense, so unashamed to sing themselves and their own emotions and speculations. They made not the slightest effort to relate themselves to the rest of society, to the past of civilization, to the general trend of human thought and life. They despised all life that was not freely romantic and self-lighted; they revelled in their own emotions. They were undoubtedly lacking in mental chastity and gentlemanly restraint —else how could a man set down boldly such vaporings as:

"Methinks music is like the bird Phœnix, rising from his nest with lightness and joy, born anew, soaring heavenward midst rejoicings, a gladsome sight to God and man. But sometimes I imagine music a babe lying dead in its grave—a crimson ray of light from heaven gently lifting up its soul to celestial regions, where it partakes of the golden drops of eternity and of divine visions seen by man only in his most lovely dreams—and sometimes—how beautiful and endless are those visions!"

But whether endless or not they are far too long for citation.

Professor Wernaer,* who in sixteen chapters has given us an excellent, though necessarily incomplete picture of the young German Romanticists, has acquitted himself most ably of the task. The book is delightfully interesting and would set those not brought up on German sentimentality to delving at once into this veritable mine of treasure. It must be said that the author is not wholly successful in making clear to the English mind what the Romanticists meant with their free and perplexing use of the word *Ironie,* which he says conveys to him "a joy in possession of the powers of an infinite spirit." Again of Schlegel he says: "He thought it was the duty of the poet not to forget himself entirely in the midst of his love. His doctrine of *ironie* is to explain this to us." If one desired to be flippant over a matter that really deserves profound attention and respect one might suggest that the Romanticists, having invented a universe drowned in a sea of emotion, suddenly discovered that to be complete the world should have wit as well, and so they discovered *ironie* as a sort of little island where they might take refuge from time to time to laugh at themselves and the world they had made. Again one feels that the word "mood" does not quite stand for the same thing as *stimmung,* but here one flounders in the impossible depths of conveying into an alien language a whole frame of mind belonging specifically to another tongue and another age. In general, Professor Wernaer's study into the nature and use of the romantic diction is very able.

The proofs of the book have been inadequately corrected, and in one place (page 217) the same line is printed twice; several German titles are incorrectly printed, as "*Der Gestieferte Kater,*" etc., and here and there we have a German construction that fails to make sense. The author's theoretic generalizations are more interesting and valuable than the biographical data; and the chapters which were not delivered as lectures at Harvard are the more interesting ones in the book.

Often the overflow of a great man's learning makes the most delightful reading. Professor Gildersleeve's fascinating and witty

* "Romanticism and the German Romantic School." By Robert M. Wernaer. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co., 1910.

volume on "Hellas and Hesperia" is a case in point, and the present volume* by Professor Mahaffy is another. Not so learned, so full, so exhaustive, as the author's "History of Greek Literature" or his "Social Life in Greece," the book is invaluable as giving to the amateur a bird's-eye view of Greek arts and sciences. If Professor Gildersleeve, in his delightful address quoted above, claims the Greek endowment for Americans, Professor Mahaffy takes as his thesis that all the modern world has of endowment and acquisition it owes to Greece. He is unwilling to allow us to arrogate to ourselves any superiority. If the Greeks did not invent the steam-engine, they carried out in mechanical engineering works that no modern builder has equalled. And in every domain of thought the Greek form, he asserts, has been the greatest and clearest and most beautiful.

The book which contains the Lowell Lectures of 1908 and 1909 is an attempt to cover the ground of Greek influence in the fields of poetry, prose, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, grammar, logic, mathematics, medicine, politics, sociology, law, philosophy, speculation and practical theology. The result is necessarily a cursory glimpse at each department. Dr. Mahaffy has very little sympathy with mediævalism and all that it implies — Gothic architecture, democratic feeling, the introduction of the grotesque and suggestive in art, the complex personality, gloom, fear, repentance and the sense of sin. His whole book is a plea for humanism and a revival of the classics and a new aristocracy of the intellect. What we now call "untutored genius" our author despises, and asserts that no such matter ever survived in Greek poetry. Artificial things, he says, are usually a real and great improvement upon Nature and this was the Greek tradition. From Homer to Theocritus, Greek poetry was elaborate, learned, carefully studied. This, at any rate, is a valuable lesson for the present generation to lay to heart.

The last chapter on philosophy and theology contains some excellent and pertinent criticism of America and its present-day slapdash methods. The book itself, however, is not without reproach of somewhat the same sort of method. A too-cursory glance at too wide a field; a treatment almost too popular for so grave a

* "What have the Greeks done for Modern Civilization?" By John Pentland Mahaffy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1909.

subject. It is none the less a book to be grateful for as the overflow, not too technical to attract the average reader, of a very learned scholar.

Secretary Seward's prophecy that the "Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands and the vast region beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter," and President Taft's statement that "the problem of the Pacific is the greatest problem now before the American people," sound the key-note to the discussions on China and the Far East held at Clark University last summer and now appearing in book form. Twenty-two papers of unequal value, and of necessity including considerable repetition of subject-matter, make up this volume. The diversity in point of view and the variety of opinions expressed give the reader an insight into the complexity of the Eastern problem that would be impossible in the work of a single author. The majority of the papers deal with some phase of the political, economic or commercial conditions of China, Japan and Korea, and their relation to the United States and to each other. Dr. Wright's chapter on the "Opium Problem" and Professor Harlan Beach's "History of Christian Missions in China" have an important bearing on the main questions and are not the least interesting in the book. If a main theme may be found running through such varied discussions, it would be the discussion of political, economic and commercial policies framed by the nations of the world in general, and the United States in particular, as a result of the three inequalities suffered by China in the family of the nations. These inequalities are: first, the fact that China is not at liberty to fix her own tariffs; second, the establishment of extra-territorial courts on Chinese soil; and, third, the exclusion by America of Chinese emigrants. In view of these inequalities, the policy of the "Open Door," the "Territorial Integrity of China," present diplomatic and political difficulties which justify President Taft in designating them as the weightiest American problems. Dr. Kan-Ichi Asakawa's paper on "Japan's Relation to China" is one of the most interesting contributions to the discussion and gives the Japanese point of view with great clearness and acumen. "The Awakening of Korea," by Mr. Horace N. Allen, formerly Minister to

Korea, has a timely interest owing to the recent developments in that peninsula. Although collections of papers are, at best, unsatisfactory reading, "China and the Far East"* is an exception which proves this rule; its very discursiveness gives an added insight into the complexity of the Eastern problem.

FICTION.

WHEN in the preface to "Major Barbara" George Bernard Shaw spoke of "extraordinarily fresh, free and future piercing suggestions" which he derived from the works of one Samuel Butler, unknown to the many, it was merely a matter of time until there should be reprints of this author. Messrs. E. P. Dutton have now brought out an American edition and the book will doubtless be much read. Samuel Butler is not so much the forerunner of Bernard Shaw as he is the master of H. G. Wells. In "The Way of All Flesh"† there is a savage attack upon the old time-honored institution of the family and upon the hypocrisies of religion and respectability as these obtained in the middle of the last century. If the profession of the novelist is to register facts, to see and set down life as it is, then "The Way of All Flesh" is a remarkable novel, for it gives a vivid and full sense of life as it was lived about 1860. Doubtless it is somewhat mercilessly set down. There are two ways of viewing the meanness of human nature—one way is to see man as he is and yet love the contemptible creature for what good is in him as Meredith does in "The Egoist." The other is to deal in wholesale contempt, and this way is Butler's. The difference, after all, lies in the capacity of the beholder. The best of us are more or less ridiculous; the worst have our moments of heroism. The attitude of "great God to a black beetle" is a difficult one for a mere mortal to maintain long with dignity. The book, however, is as refreshing as was "Tono-Bungay" in its wealth of detail, fulness of life, verve and vitality. One turns from it with the sense of experience as one might from a three months' stay in a strange city. Its people, its customs,

* "China and the Far East." Edited by George H. Blakeslee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 1910.

† "The Way of All Flesh." By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

its faults and virtues, will hardly die utterly from our minds. One cannot but speculate how much the author owed to George Meredith's "Richard Feverel," for certainly the mistaken shelter and isolation of the hero's upbringing resulted in much the same way.

Miss Willcocks's "Wingless Victory" already gave her a place among the more serious and fully equipped novelists. "The Way Up,"* despite its unattractive title, helps to establish her standing. Her theme is that of capitalism *versus* organized labor, and her hero, Michael Strode, is one of those new adventurers into the field of social betterment. "Michael possessed the social sense, and every now and again, quick-winged like the lightning, there would come to him the perception of the unity of life." If he is well presented, by far the finest drawing in the book is that of the Rabelais in petticoats, his mother, a splendid type ably done. There is ample philosophy and perhaps overmuch epigram in the book. The epigrams are, however, good.

"If Bluebeard had given his wives a first-class funeral, instead of chopping their bodies up small, he might have died a highly respectable town councillor."

"If you don't give a man pleasure of one sort he'll only seek another. Believe me, it's only bestial pleasures against refined ones or, rather, stupid ones against brainy."

"She always reminds me of one of Balzac's good women—no good at all for want of a little vice, like an English cook's *bouillabaisse,* fish soup without the garlic."

The last remark is the mother's comment on the good woman, the helpmeet of the story. The author has only hinted at her doctrine that the woman who sacrifices her race instinct to personal development and self-fulfilment misses the best of life. To be sure, she lets Elise go down the stream, but she leaves us insecure as to Philippa's ultimate happiness. It may be the last sacrifice of the good woman who is true to her race instinct that she cannot even be interesting in a novel.

We have had three great New England story-writers. Mary Wilkins Freeman has untutored genius, but never acquired

* "The Way Up." By M. P. Willcocks. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

craftsmanship; Sarah Orne Jewett had exquisite craftsmanship and lacked the force of genius; Alice Brown has genius and the craftsman's skill combined. She creates atmosphere; a rich, fragrant, flowering atmosphere of homely virtues, faith and loyalty. Very tenderly she touches belated or miscarried love-affairs, and especially has she a happy way of describing "the loves that doubted, the loves that dissembled." If this volume of "Country Neighbors,"* following closely on "Country Roads," gives us perhaps a superfluity of the same thing, it is not, after all, Miss Brown's fault that New England types are monotonous.

For lovers of romance and mystery here it is in plenty.† A villain and a hero, and a lovely Irish girl and a rich American, and an old Crœsus and a guest, all the *mise-en-scène* of drama, and redeemed by snatches of quite exquisite vision and transcription. "The dusk was thickening almost perceptibly and it was yet far from dark. The swift river ran leaden beneath them, and the river boats, mouches and hirondelles darted silently under the arches of the bridge, making their last trips for the day. Away to the west, where their faces were turned, the sky was still faintly washed with color, lemon and dusky orange and pale thin green. A single long strip of cirrus cloud was touched with pink, a lifeless old-rose, such as is popular among decorators for the silk hangings of a woman's boudoir. And black against this pallid wash of colors the tower Eiffel stood high and slender and rather ghostly." Such touches of clear vision would catch the erring attention of the weariest reader of romance, and to those who prefer fiction to fact, a man-imagined world to God's realities, the book offers refreshment and help. For ourselves, we should wish Mr. Forman to drop melodramatic plot and write more about the scenery of Paris.

* "Country Neighbors." By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

† "Jason." By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1909.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

EDWARD G. LOWRY
is the Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" and well acquainted with political matters. His contributions during the recent campaign have been a notable feature in political literature. He has published some pamphlets, among which are "To-day and To-morrow in Canada" and "Foreign Banks and Financial Systems." He has written much on political and other subjects for periodicals.

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WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER
was fitted for college under a tutor in Europe and graduated at Harvard in 1881. He was assistant editor of the Philadelphia "Evening Bulletin" from 1882 to 1885, and since 1892 he has been editor of the "Harvard Graduates' Magazine." He was delegate of Harvard and of the American Historical Association to the International Historical Congress which met at Rome in 1903. Among his published works are "Throne-Makers," "History and Customs of Harvard University," "Poems, New and Old," "The Dawn of Italian Independence" and "The Best Elizabethan Plays." Mr. Thayer was created a Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy in 1902. He has been a frequent contributor to the REVIEW.

BEULAH B. AMRAM
is a native of Camden, North Carolina. Her early

education was in the Philadelphia Public Schools and she graduated from Bryn Mawr College in the class of 1902. Her name will be found among the contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly" and other periodicals and she has lectured occasionally upon Jewish literary and historical subjects. Her fugitive verse is known as well as some translations of Carducci's poems.

The Rev. Dr. Philip S. Moxom,

a Canadian by birth, came early in life to the United States. He enlisted in a cavalry regiment (the 17th Illinois) in 1863 and served under the flag until November 30th, 1865. From 1866 to 1870 he studied, successively, in Kalamazoo College and Shurtleff College, and in 1879 he graduated from the University of Rochester, where he took his theological course. He was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Cleveland, Ohio, from 1879 to 1885 and of the First Baptist Church in Boston from 1885 to 1893. Since 1894 he has ministered to the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts. Dr. Moxom was University preacher at Harvard from 1894 to 1897. He was a delegate to several International Peace Congresses and was Lowell Lecturer in 1895. He is a member of a number of learned societies. His published works include "The Church in the First Three Centuries," "From Jerusalem to Nicæa," "The Religion of Hope" and other works, and his contributions to the Review have been numerous.

John W. Perrin

is the Librarian of the Case Library at Cleveland, Ohio. He was for six years Professor of History in Western Reserve University. In 1905 he was Lecturer for the Albert Shaw Foundation in Diplomatic History at Johns Hopkins University and for one year was President of the Ohio Library Association. He is a well-known writer to the readers of the Review and other periodicals.

Archibald Henderson

is a native of North Carolina and is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, which also gave him his Ph.D. degree. He was Fellow and tutor of Mathematics at the University of Chicago for one year, but now holds the position of Professor of Pure Mathematics

at his Alma Mater. At the present time he is on extended leave in Europe engaged in mathematical research at the different universities, but employing his leisure in preparation of books and literary articles. A notable volume of essays of his is entitled "Interpreters of Life," and his exhaustive, authoritative biography of George Bernard Shaw is familiar to many students of literature. His writings are frequently found in the leading periodicals both here and in Europe.

Arthur Christopher Benson

is the son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and a Fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge University. A prolific writer, he has endeared himself to his large reading public in America as well as in England. His verse appeared in collected form in 1909, but his most recently published work is a volume of essays, "The Silent Isle." The essay in the current Review is one of a series which will appear from time to time through the coming year.

Sir Clement Kinlock-Cooke, M.P.,

is a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge University, and is a barrister. He has held many important positions in relation to government affairs, which include being legal adviser to the House of Lords Sweating Commission in 1886-88; chairman of the Central Emigration Board, and Private Secretary to the Earl of Dunraven. He had at one time editorial connection with the "Pall Mall Gazette," "The Observer" and "English Illustrated Review" and was the founder and editor of the "Empire Review." He is the author of "Australian Defences and New Guinea," "Life of Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck," and numerous political essays on imperial and colonial subjects.

Joseph Conrad,

the well-known author whose novel, "Under Western Eyes," will appear serially in the Review through the year, is a native of Russia but now lives in England. His list of published works indicates great industry and includes the following familiar titles: "Lord Jim," "The Mirror of the Sea," "The Secret Agent" and "A Set of Six."

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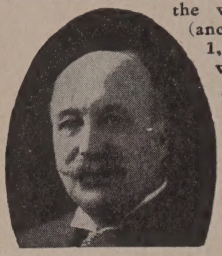

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SOME LESSONS OF THE ELECTION

BY EDWARD G. LOWRY

HAPPILY, the causes of the great overturn are not far to seek. It does not require the seventh son of a seventh son to interpret the defeat of Republicans in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Ohio, Massachusetts, Indiana, and the election of a Democratic House of Representatives. Colonel Roosevelt, the Payne-Aldrich law and Republican dissensions and factional quarrels all played a part in the general result. Dissatisfaction with the new tariff law would have sufficed to turn the House over to the Democrats. Had Colonel Roosevelt not projected himself and his New Nationalism into the campaign, the single issue in the Congressional districts would have been the Payne-Aldrich schedules. There can be no doubt what the decision of the country would have been.

A Democratic House was foreseen. When the members of Congress went home after the special session at which the Dingley tariff was revised they knew what the verdict of the country would be on their handiwork. President Taft knew what it would be. Even so long ago as last June he made no secret of his apprehension that the Republican control of Congress would be broken. The President knew that to the country the Payne-Aldrich law was a broken pledge. But none of the prophets peered far enough into

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the future to discern clearly Democratic Governors in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Ohio, and Democratic Senators from West Virginia, Indiana, Nebraska, Ohio, New Jersey, New York and possibly Montana and Massachusetts in the seats of Scott, Beveridge, Burkett, Dick, Kean, Depew, Carter and Lodge. It was hardly believed even by the most hopeful that the election of a Democratic Governor and Legislature in Maine in September foreshadowed similar overturns in States that have come to be regarded since 1896 as normally Republican.

No honest Democrat with any sense of gratitude withholds from Colonel Roosevelt the credit that is due him for his share in bringing about the expulsion of the Republicans from power in these several States. Nothing more curious, more puzzling and more interesting has developed in Mr. Roosevelt's entire public career than his absolute flat failure this year to diagnose correctly the state of mind and the temper of the great mass of the voters all over the country. In previous campaigns in which he has been the chief figure, and at all other times in the past, he has shown an intuitive perception that amounted to genius for reading the general mind. Himself an articulate emotionalist, he has always been able to formulate in striking simple phrases the current thought of the electorate.

When Mr. Roosevelt landed in New York, in June, from the African game trails and his tour through Europe his prestige was never greater, and his hold on his great personal following in his own country was never stronger. Almost from the very beginning he began to conduct himself in a way to excite the suspicion and distrust of the "Roosevelt vote." As the campaign progressed he went further and further astray, and now that the returns are in it is clearly shown that the net result of his personal campaign was to drive Republicans temporarily over to the support of Democratic candidates. Every one of the Republican nominees Mr. Roosevelt sought to help was defeated. Every one of the Democrats he urged the electors to reject was elected. This might have happened, of course, had Mr. Roosevelt stayed out of the campaign, but the present point is that he could not prevent it; that apparently he could not turn a single vote away from the Democrats, but, on the contrary, his actions and his methods caused Republicans to vote against the men the ex-President urged upon them.

Political inquirers who travelled about the country during the progress of the campaign quickly discovered that the most impressive and important factor in the Middle Western States was the Roosevelt secession. The great body of the Insurgent Republicans in these States had either become openly and bitterly hostile to the ex-President or were shocked, disheartened and discouraged by his course since he returned from Africa. A journey through and a survey of political conditions in Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri and Iowa revealed that but two States remained true to their old idol.

In Iowa the dissatisfaction among the old Roosevelt partisans and followers was the one great overshadowing political fact. The Republican Progressives of Iowa were as bitter and thoroughgoing in their antagonism to Mr. Roosevelt as were the members of the Union League Club of New York to Mr. Bryan in 1896. They felt that they had been betrayed and that Mr. Roosevelt had greatly set back the movement which they began — namely, to reorganize and recreate the Republican party. They declared that they had done with him for good and for all; that for the sake of his personal advantage and gain, and to become boss of the New York State Republican machine, he had checked a great national movement within the Republican party and thrown away a leadership which might have been his and which might have been used, had he so desired, to make him the Republican nominee for the Presidency in 1912.

The more radical of the Progressive Republicans in Iowa and elsewhere began watching Mr. Roosevelt very closely as soon as he landed in New York last June. As they put it, there was but one political question at that time: Will the Colonel align himself with the Progressive radicals like Cummins, La Follette, Dolliver, Bristow, Beveridge and Clapp, who are seeking to overthrow the old selfish control of the Republican party, or will he align himself with the old wing? That was the question that was squarely put before him. The Western radicals expected Mr. Roosevelt to answer it instantly and declare himself with the Progressives. They became distrustful when the Colonel began holding conferences with all manner of politicians and trying to sense the situation before he declared himself. When he started on his first Western trip his position was still

obscure, and one was told that the distrust then beginning to be felt in these States manifested itself at some of the Roosevelt meetings; notably at Omaha, where there were calls for Senator Dolliver even before Mr. Roosevelt had concluded his speech.

After the Osawatomie speech the radical Progressive Republicans were reassured, Mr. Roosevelt had shown himself willing to go even further than they were willing to follow. On that speech they accepted him as one of themselves. The Colonel went back East with his Middle Western popularity and prestige apparently unimpaired. The "Roosevelt country" awaited the outcome of his contest for control at Saratoga and was delighted when the news came that he had been successful against Barnes, Woodruff and the others and that he would control the convention. Then they awaited the platform. They were keenly interested in what would be said about the Taft Administration, the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and Conservation.

They confidently looked forward to a platform drawn under Mr. Roosevelt's guidance and adopted by a convention dominated by him which would closely resemble the declaration of principles made by the Republicans of Indiana, of Kansas and of Iowa. They never imagined that the platform would be anything but Progressive. Hence the platform which Mr. Roosevelt accepted at Saratoga, with its praise of the tariff bill and of Mr. Taft, came to these idolatrous partisans in the West like a blow between the eyes.

It now seems that everywhere Colonel Roosevelt went, except New Hampshire, and every candidate he spoke for was defeated. He went out to Iowa at the very close of the campaign to speak for Charles Grilk, a Progressive candidate for Congress in the Davenport district. But it appears that Grilk was one of the few Progressive Republican candidates for Congress who were defeated. The Colonel made two trips to Indiana to speak for Beveridge and Beveridge lost. He spoke in Ohio, and Harmon carried the State and the Democrats gained seats in Congress. He made charges against Judge Baldwin in Connecticut, and that rock-ribbed Republican State went Democratic. First and foremost, and above all, he exercised every bit of his skill as a politician and threw all of his prestige into the balance to carry New York for Stimson and failed overwhelmingly.

It seems clear that the reports of disaffection toward Mr. Roosevelt in the Middle West and elsewhere which became current during the campaign were understated rather than overstated. Two years ago it would not have been necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to have travelled to Iowa less than a week before the election to help elect a Republican candidate for Congress. It would have been only necessary for him to have written a letter to the candidate and his election would have been assured. This year, though he went out and made a personal appeal to the voters, his candidate lost.

That is a fair measure of the present eclipse of Mr. Roosevelt's prestige and influence with voters who for a good many years now have done his bidding. The last time Hepburn of Iowa came to Congress he came on the strength of a letter which Mr. Roosevelt wrote. When Mr. Dix can carry Roosevelt's own election district at Oyster Bay, and Cocks, his particular protégé in Congress, also from the Oyster Bay district, loses his seat in the House which he carried last time by nearly 10,000 plurality, another indication is discerned of waning prestige. The verdict of the vicinage always has been held to be conclusive.

The Insurgents seem to have fared extraordinarily well in the reversal of popular sentiment which swept so many of their party associates out of office. Beveridge of Indiana appears to have been the only one of them of any consequence in either branch of Congress who was defeated. The refusal of the Indiana voters to return him to the Senate proves that the State is essentially Democratic; that it was Democratic before it was Insurgent. By turning Insurgent and by making the Republican nominee in the State Insurgent Mr. Beveridge made Indiana a close and doubtful State this year, but he was not able to turn it over. The State has been coming back to the Democratic party slowly but surely ever since the Parker campaign. Two years ago it elected a Democratic Governor, a Democratic Senator, and nine out of eleven Congress districts went to the Democrats.

This year it completed the work begun then by again electing a Democratic Legislature and by defeating one of the Republican Congressmen and barely electing the other. Had Mr. Beveridge remained regular and had the party organization in the State remained regular the result would have been the same, but the Democratic victory would have

been decisive and overwhelming instead of narrow as it is. Republican Insurgents in Iowa and Wisconsin were defeated by Democrats and Socialists, but they were not Insurgents who had won their title in the field of House or Senate by actually voting and working against their party colleagues. They were not true Insurgents, but simply what they called themselves, Progressives.

The election of Democratic Governors in five politically important States and of nine or ten Democratic Senators to take the places of Republicans, and the repudiation of Colonel Roosevelt and the doctrines of his New Nationalism have a meaning and a value not yet to be completely measured. The whole aspect and face of national politics are completely changed. Mr. Roosevelt is not eliminated as a factor in national affairs and as a force to be reckoned with in Republican politics, but seemingly he is eliminated as a candidate for President in 1912 or as a designator of a candidate for the Presidency. It hardly seems probable that he will be able to do in 1912 what he did in 1908, when his choice of Mr. Taft was ratified by the Republican National Convention at Chicago.

Two Democrats, Woodrow Wilson and Judson Harmon, are to-day the strongest two Democratic "possibilities" for the Presidency. If in the coming two years the Democrats who have been elected this month do not abuse the responsibilities intrusted to them, and if their administration of public affairs meets with general confidence and approval, the probabilities will all be on the side of the election of a Democratic President. The circumstance has been almost overlooked that this year's campaign has been the first since 1896 in which Mr. Bryan has not been a factor. He did not figure at all in the general campaign, and in Nebraska, where he took a part, the candidates he favored were defeated. Elsewhere there was no division among the Democrats as between Bryan men and anti-Bryan men or Bryan men and Cleveland men or silver men and "gold-bugs." The factional divisions were all on the other side. It is commonly known that many Republicans now fear that Mr. Roosevelt will come to occupy the same place in their party that Mr. Bryan for so long occupied in the Democratic organization.

There must be brought forth now from the responsible and able Democrats who have been brought to the fore at

this election the formulation of a progresive, coherent national policy. This is clearly understood. The first and most important problem that the newly elected Democrats have to face is what shall be done with the present tariff schedules. There can be no doubt on that point. The election was an unmistakable mandate. The present concern of the Democratic leaders is how revision shall be accomplished. Woodrow Wilson, who thinks clearly, said just before his election in a message which he sent to the "Evening Post" of New York:

"What we need is knowledge of the actual facts in respect to each industry, and honesty to act upon those facts when we have ascertained them. But how shall we act upon them? Certainly not by rapid and radical changes in our present tariffs, but by such a prolonged and steady change as will bring about an adaptation of the fiscal policy of the government to the real needs and circumstances of our manufacturing and laboring classes, with a view ultimately to get upon this basis: the taxation for the support of the government of those things for which it will not be a real hardship to pay high prices; if taxes upon these do not suffice, the taxation of those things which it will least burden the people to pay for, things not absolute necessaries, things which they can do without suffering or privation, and throughout the whole process an honest seeking for the things which will yield the most revenue with the least burden to the people."

Eugene Foss, who has just been elected Governor of Massachusetts, sees just as clearly what the Democrats must do. Just before his election he said:

"Immediately upon the passage of the Payne-Aldrich act prices began to rise, until to-day in every home in the land the question of how to make both ends meet is a most serious one. The food-supply of the people was never included in the tax. The protected tariff was enacted to protect manufacturers from unfair foreign competition, not to allow food trusts or any other trusts to be sheltered by a high tariff wall that they could take the people by the throats and rob them. Under schedule K, the wool and woollen schedule, which President Taft declared was 'indefensible,' the duties were placed so high that pure woollen cloth costs twice as much here as abroad, and as a result the great masses of the American people are forced to wear cotton worsteds and sleazy, miserable fabrics made of cotton, and poor American shoddy in the place of warm wool. It deprives the majority of American people of the warm clothing so essential to health and comfort."

Tariff revision piecemeal may be essayed. There would hardly follow any great outburst of indignation if the woollen schedule, for example, should be taken up next winter and radically modified and revised downward. Other schedules of duties in the present law easily could be found

that are equally as indefensible. It will be instructive and interesting to watch Democratic sentiment in Congress crystallizing about the framing of a new tariff law. If the new Democratic House makes an honest and sincere attempt to correct some of the present glaring inequalities and iniquities of the import duties, there is no apparent reason why the bill should not be passed by the Senate. At the present time the Republican majority in the Senate is twenty-six. Ten new Democratic Senators will reduce that majority to six. Five Republican Insurgent Senators who voted against the Aldrich-Payne law will be in the Senate next winter. They could scarcely refuse to vote for a tariff-reduction measure, from whatever source, that carried in it the provisions and the rates of duty which they so ably and strongly urged when the present tariff law was under discussion in Congress. It seems inevitable that the first test of the new Congress will be the tariff. How will it be met?

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

LYOF N. TOLSTOY *

BY W. D. HOWELLS

At eighty a man has so well-nigh finished his work that it may be considered as something definite. He then "has lived," as the Romans preferred to phrase the great final fact, and if he continues to exist, it is because his work lives for him in such praise and blame as the nearer future may then give it as fitly as the further future.

The century in which Tolstoy mostly lived and mostly wrought had among its many great names few more memorable than his, if it had any. There was Napoleon and there was Lincoln, and then there was Tolstoy in an order which time may change, though it appears to me certain that time will not change the number of these supreme names.

Since I have set them down here they have suggested to me a sort of representative unity in their relation to one another. If you fancy Napoleon the incarnation of the selfish force which inspired and supported his own triumphant enemies in their reaction against progress; if you suppose Lincoln the type of humanity struggling toward the ideal in the regeneration of the world's polity, you may well conceive of Tolstoy as the soul's criticism of the evil and the good which, however wholly or partially they knew it, the others imperfectly did. The work of Lincoln was no more final than the work of Napoleon; and like Napoleon's and like Lincoln's, Tolstoy's work has been without finality. So far as I can perceive, it has even been without effect in a civilization which calls itself Christian, but which has apparently been no more moved by the human soul as it was in Tolstoy than by the divine spirit as it was in Christ. At first, indeed, the world was startled by the spectacle of a man of the highest rank, of a most ancient lineage, of great wealth, of renown in arms and in letters, putting from him fame and ease and honor, and proposing literally to obey the

* Reprinted from The North American Review, December, 1908.

word of God, by making himself as one of the least of the brethren of Christ. It was a very curious sight, a bit droll, rather mad, wholly extraordinary. The world could hardly believe its eyes. It rubbed the sleep of two thousand years out of them at the sound of this voice crying in the wilderness, this voice that had so charmed it in fable, and bidding it prepare the way of the Lord and make His paths straight. Some tears came into its eyes, and some smiles; but after a while its lids fell again, and all was as before. The event, one of the greatest in the history of mankind, has been without perceptible effect in civilization.

On this side the teaching and the living of Tolstoy have been a failure so utter, so abject, that the heart sickens in considering it. An enemy might say that it could come to nothing better, for it was altogether lacking in originality; it was merely the living and the teaching of Christ over again, or if it had initiative in anything it was in the eschewment of some eases and pleasures in life which Christ permitted himself, or others, as harmless. An enemy might reason that this new ascetic was as illogical in the terms upon ..nich he proposed regeneration as he was in the means he employed; and, in fact, the position of Tolstoy was full of illogicality. He proposed to himself poverty, but poverty without the fear of want is the least of hardships; he would give himself to work with his hands, but that was, so far as it went, taking the bread out of the mouths of those who needed the pay for the work of their hands; he dedicated himself to the good of others, as if it could be well to bestow the happiness which he refused; he would deny himself a soft bed and a luxurious board, but how many in all ages had fared simply and lain hard! He was defended from the consequences of his precept and his practice by the inalienable wealth of his family, the inalienable affection of the sovereign for the name and memory of his race. He was safe amidst his renunciations and his protestations; he could freely do and say things for which the really poor and humble must suffer hunger and prison and exile. It was undeniably grotesque, but it was also pathetic, almost the most pathetic predicament in history for a noble and sincere and unselfish man. Yet it excited mainly derision, though the actor in the involuntary drama again and again disclaimed and deplored it, and humbly besought those who witnessed it at close range not to regard it as his ideal.

Once, to an interviewer, out of those scores and hundreds of interviewers who have swarmed upon him and reported his willing or unwilling words, he turned with the entreaty that he should not be taken as supposing that his life was comformable to his doctrine. It was what he could make it, the best he could make it, on the conditions he had accepted. He has said that he sometimes regretted not having really impoverished himself, though to do it he must have compelled the assent of those whom he had not the heart or perhaps the right to compel. He asked to be regarded as a man staggering through the dark, and often stumbling and falling down, but struggling up and staggering on again.

In this he showed a humility more genuine and precious than all that his simplification, his vowed and voluntary poverty, had graced him with. But the prophet who owns to human weakness, to human frailty of will and action, while he preaches fortitude and renunciation, will hardly have a following. There is no sect of Tolstoyans, there are no disciples or apostles. A few just people in England have gathered in a small community for the practice and the publication of his teaching, his interpretation and application of the Doctrine of Christ. But I know of no other embodied acceptance of Tolstoy in an age when Mormonism holds its own, and Eddyism spreads among millions of comfortable people, cheerful in the least and lowest of the least spiritual precepts of the gospel, and more eager to save their bodies than their souls alive. There may be, indeed, a tacit and occult effect from the Tolstoyan morality for which it is yet too early to look, but which may hereafter show itself in a renewed and revitalized Christianity. That end is all that he could hope or wish; and there must have come to him from many hearts a response, oftenest despairing and self-accusing, where his words have awakened a conscience which—

> "Not poppy or madragora
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
> Can ever medicine to that sweet sleep"

which they "owed yesterday." This conscience is the sense of fealty to the eternal and universal human brotherhood, in which there is no high, no low, no better, no worse, no worthy, no unworthy, but only the bond of duty and the tie of love; and in whomsoever Tolstoy's words have

awakened it, there is awakened the wish to do plainly and simply the plain and simple will of Christ.

In the hours of disappointment and impatience which he must have passed through, such a result, if he had been aware of it, must have been his sufficient consolation. Being supported in his self-sacrifice and his mission of self-sacrifice by no fanatical frenzy, by no pretence to divine authority which the gospel of Christ does not confer upon all, he doubtless needed this consolation. It has been stupendous, but not wonderful, how his precept and his practice have been misconstrued. Some such misconstruction is the lot of all the prophets, whether they convince or confound their time. The greatest of them, Christ Himself, was misconstrued, first in His defeat and then in His triumph. The earliest Christians, who endeavored only for a life of love, peace and purity, were reputed guilty of every wickedness and filthiness. The world has got so far beyond this shabby state of suspicion and accusal, that nothing wrong could be believed of the life of this latest of the earliest Christians, but of his faith all things were misimagined. If any one, with the cloudy impression which most people have of this, will go to Tolstoy's books, he will be hardly less than astonished to find how little is expected of him there in the much that is asked of him. What Tolstoy asks of any one is that he shall keep trying to be like Christ; that he shall make this his ideal and perpetually endeavor to realize it in his conduct, though he shall and needs must fail to attain it. He asks this as Christ Himself asked His followers to be perfect even as their Father in heaven was perfect, knowing that more than the constant endeavor for that perfection was impossible. Tolstoy is otherwise apparently self-contradictory enough. In one place he supposes a devoted pair, who dedicate themselves to a life of good works, renouncing their worldly wealth and going down among the very poorest and foulest and basest, whom in the relentless logic of their self-sacrifice, they suffer to prey upon them and befoul them and infect them, till they end by being effectively in hell: hell here, though heaven hereafter. In another place he declares that he "peacefully and joyously lives, and peacefully and joyously is approaching death" because he professes the Christianity which coincides with truth; yet so far as he may he is practising the precepts by which that devoted pair end in hell

upon earth: the hell of futile endeavor for the good of others, which still he urges as the supreme object of the Christian life. That is, he urges it as the ideal, which must never be lost sight of though it may never be attained.

If you will read this saying in the light of his essay on "Life" it will not be hard, for there he shows the impossibility of the personal happiness which we are always longing for and striving for. Personal happiness is an unworthy end, which you fail of as you fail of personal righteousness, the worthiest end, the supreme ideal, the identification of the human with the divine. Yet this identification will be the destiny of the righteous man after death, when his human shall be merged in the divine; though what becomes of the unrighteous man we are not told. Perhaps it is felt that we are not concerned with the bad, the good being bad enough. Perhaps the way of the unrighteous man to such immortality is through his identification with all humanity first, and in his unity with the worst or the indifferent good, the righteous will prevail for the unrighteous. Tolstoy does not say that; he is chary of promising reward; but he says and he shows that the selfish life, the individual, the personal life, is always misery and despair, and, except for some moments of mad oblivion, is constant suffering. Some of the most beautiful, the most wonderful, passages of his fiction, both that which is real and that which is ideal in terms, embody events in which he seizes and perpetuates the heavenly rapture of a supreme act of self-sacrifice, of identification. The imagination has never gone farther than in these portrayals of mystical ecstasy; in them, indeed, the human consciousness of the original and final divine is suggested as no polemic could urge it.

Those who with Tourguénief regret that Tolstoy did not leave prophesying and resume imagining may say that here is proof of the greater power he could have had even for righteousness if he would have stayed to sugar his unpalatable truth with fiction. I do not think so, though I do not think that in fiction he has any peer or even any rival, because from the beginning he "took truth for his sole hero," and would have no other in any extremity or for any end. But even with his devotion to reality in the study of life, which, so far as I can note, was absolute, the prime affair was to captivate the reader, to lead his fancy, not to convince and persuade his reason. A great gulf, never to be

bridged, divides the ethical and the æsthetical intention, though,—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—

and though when the æsthetic intention presently becomes unconscious, and the creation of the truly beautiful may make for righteousness, still it is latent, still it serves two masters with the effect declared of old. But when once the call of Religion came to Tolstoy it came so powerfully, so loudly, that it must shut from his senses every voice that called before; there he stood; so help him God, he could no other than obey it, and it alone, testifying for it with all his heart and all his soul and all his mind. The moral spectacle is of unsurpassed sublimity, and no riches of fiction is conceivable, fiction even from him, the supreme master, which would console our poverty if we had failed of such books as "My Confession," "My Religion," "The Kingdom of God," "What is Art?" "What is Religion?" "Life," "What is to be Done?" and the many briefer essays, and occasional appeals to the world in signal events and emergencies against its blindness and cruelty and folly.

Suppose that he had never written these things, or such novels as "Resurrection" and "The Kreutzer Sonata" and "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" where the purpose of captivating the imagination is renounced from the outset and a terrible story is nakedly told, with no ray of the prettiness or lure to curiosity in which the fictionist clothes his invention, and there is no appeal but to the agonizing conscience, would the world even of literature now be the better? I do not believe it. Before he came to his awakening Tolstoy had done enough for fiction and the art of it, for he had done incomparably more for it than any other master of it. He himself says that "War and Peace" is like Stendhal's "*Chartreuse de Parme*" in some of its battle-pieces, and he would not say that if it were not his belief; but Stendhal was to Tolstoy, in the ripeness of his art, as a beginner, and of the effect of some anterior imitator. Above all, he lacked Tolstoy's abounding and abiding moral sense, which is so one with that qualifying all human experience that in Tolstoy's work it needs no explicit application; it is interwoven there with the tissue of every motive and every action for the reader to feel and own.

Yet it is not enough. The prodigious fascination of the

tale is such, its interest is so powerful, its current is so compelling, that the inner purpose and meaning are hidden from some at times, and perceptible only to a few at all times. The escape from the exercise of his power upon the fancy is vital to the wizard himself. If he would become and remain a human being, in obedience to the call that he heard above the applause of his admirers, and the sighs and sobs of the hearts he wrung, he must renounce his world of art, the world he had won and held subject to his spell, and seek only that other world in which he must be as the least of the brethren except in the power to bear and to transmit its heavenly light.

No doubt Tolstoy was qualified and fortified for his ethical work by his æsthetic achievement. But he descended to the labor of teaching from such heights of art in fiction as no man had reached before. From "War and Peace," from "Anna Karénina," he humbled his art to such 'prentice-work as those little fables and allegories and sketches adapted to the understanding of peasants and peasants' children, as he humbled his life to the level of theirs. But he could not keep his charm out of the least of his writings, and he could not remain within the bounds of the narrow duteousness that he had set himself. From time to time he rose out of his self-prescribed limit, and then the whole world had masterpieces from him again: such masterpieces as "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," as "Master and Man," as "The Kreutzer Sonata," as "Resurrection." He could not put his gift away; his mastery mastered even him; his own power made him its instrument, so that if he had continued directly to exercise his art we might not have had greater effects from it. His will was overruled in the simplification of his literature as in the simplification of his life; he could not make himself one with the lowliest in either. The event was in his literature a compromise as it was in his life, when he sat in a ploughman's dress eating a ploughman's fare at one end of the table, and at the other the world, economic and æsthetic, sat served with costly viands. Midway, the succession of interviewing and reviewing witnesses criticised and censured his hospitality and acclaimed or condemned according to their respective make, while in the hours saved from his rude toil he continued his sublime work. The event was a compromise or it was a defeat, if you choose to think it so; but it was no more a compromise

or a defeat than that of any other human career. Compared with the event of any other career in this time, the career of the greatest warrior, statesman, king, priest or poet, it is a flawless triumph.

Tolstoy's example is of the quality of his precept, which with the will to be all positive is first notable for what is negative in it. To have renounced pride and luxury and idleness, and the vain indulgence of the tastes and passions, but not to have known want or the fear of it, not to have felt cold, hunger, houselessness, friendliness, is to have done something which for the spectator lacks its corollary in practice, as the proposition of certain truths lacks its corollary in precept. That is, your reason is convinced and your soul is moved by what you are persuaded is right in the one as in the other, while as yet the necessary deduction from either does not enforce itself. Tolstoy says, in summing up the results of his gospel studies, that he "believes in Christ's teachings," and that "happiness on earth is possible only when all men fulfil Christ's teaching," which is "possible, easy and pleasant." "I understand now," he says, "that he alone is above others who humbles himself before others, and makes himself the servant of all. I understand now how those that are great in the sight of men are an abomination to God. . . . Everything that once seemed to me right and important—honor, glory, civilization, wealth, the complications and refinements of life, luxury, rich food, fine clothing, etiquette—has become for me wrong and despicable. Rusticity, obscurity, poverty, austerity, simplicity of surroundings, of food, of clothing, of manners, all have become right and important to me. . . . Now I can no longer give my support to anything that lifts me above, or separates me from, others. I cannot, as I once did, recognize in myself or others titles or ranks or qualities aside from the title or quality of man. . . . I cannot help striving for what will not separate me from others in knowledge, fame and riches, but will unite me to the majority of men. . . . I cannot encourage or take part in licentious pastimes, novels, plays, operas, balls and the like, which are so many snares for myself and for others. I cannot favor the celibacy of persons fitted for the marriage relation. . . . I cannot help considering as sacred and absolute the sole and unique union by which a man is once for all indissolubly bound to the woman with whom he has

been united," for this union he deems the sole marriage, whatever it is called. He cannot discriminate between his own country and others, or maintain his rights of property, or obey the authorities against his conscience, or take oaths, or resist evil with violence, or fail to work hard with his hands for his bread and for the subjection of his flesh and its lusts.

The catalogue of what he may not do, and does not believe, is longer than that of the things which he believes and may do; for as I have more than once noted, the variety of evil in this strangely constituted world of ours is far greater than the variety of good; the vices outnumber the virtues two to one. His precept, therefore, is mainly negative, as his practice is mainly negative, and the corollary of the good life is wanting as it is not wanting in the gospel creed, for there is implicated in this the promise of everlasting happiness, of personal, individual happiness such as we long for here all our hungry, disappointed lives, but shall elsewhere have our fill of with rest to our souls.

In the Tolstoyan interpretation of the gospel religion this promise is not implicit. What we are to hope for is reunion with the divine source of our being; which may suffice the self-wearied worldling turned peasant, but which is not the simple hope of the peasant born, who has never yet had enough of himself in even those commonest things which constitute the bliss of conscious being, the every-day joys, the delight of beauty, the rapture of repose, even the low content of a full stomach.

"It cannot be that the instincts which are implanted in us and which are in themselves not more vicious than virtuous shall become and forever remain the means of our mortification and disappointment," the reader of Tolstoy says. He feels without impiety that he may not regard ultimate absorption into the source of being as the supreme end of being, and that in so far as he has lived rightly and cleanly he may justly hope for a future life of conscious blessedness. All the more simply and fully does he hope for this if his life on earth has involuntarily been that ideal of life of toil, hardship, denial, which Tolstoy sought when he left the world. The reader, even if he is not of that level, but some level nearer the intellectual and social level of the prophet, feels like asking him whether he has not made a mistake in his premise. He follows him consentingly enough

in his "Confession," and he owns tacitly to many, or most, or all of Tolstoy's transgressions, according as he knows himself to have lived selfishly. But at the same time, unless he is of an exceptionally gloomy temperament he is aware of living in a world which at its worst is not hopelessly wicked or unhappy. In the midst of its immoralities he believes that he has known many who were true and kind and chaste, but who had yet no thought of abandoning it to its comforts and conventions and seeking salvation at the plough-tail. "Salvation," he would say, "is indeed there; but it is also here in the midst of the easy-going world in which some things seem almost innocuous even when not innocent." He would say that the moral universe was not governed by logic in its events; that consequences often failed to follow causes, and that there was a divine unreason in the Oversoul which was supreme in the affairs of men. He might say that grapes from thorns and figs from thistles were necessarily no more impossible in the divine economy than the entry of a rich man into the kingdom of heaven. He might say with Tolstoy himself that if it was a question of ideal perfection at which we were to aim, though we knew we could never attain it, then neither were we without this aim, and that far or near was the same if the intent was the same.

All this, however, is something aside from the literary inquiry which I proposed to myself in writing about Tolstoy. The excuse for such an excursion is that the literature, especially the critical literature of Tolstoy, is not separable from the religion of Tolstoy, in whom ethics and æsthetics are one. This is apparent in all that he has written, so far as I know it, and there is but little of his writing that I do not know, that I have not felt to the full depth of my being. His literature both in its ethics and æsthetics, or its union of them, was an experience for me somewhat comparable to the old-fashioned religious experience of people converted at revivals. Things that were dark or dim before were shone upon by a light so clear and strong that I needed no longer to grope my way to them. Being and doing had a new meaning and a new motive, and I should be an ingrate unworthy of the help I had if I did not own it, or if I made little of it. The voluntary and involuntary allegiance I had been paying to the truth which is beauty and beyond art, and to an ideal of goodness and loveliness in the commonest and cheapest

lives, was here reasoned and exampled in things beyond refutation or comparison. What I had instinctively known before, I now knew rationally. I need never again look for a theme of fiction; I saw life swarming with themes that filled my imagination and pressed into my hands. I had but to look about me, and there was my drama, comic or tragic, here, yonder and everywhere, with the meaning that could not fail my inquiry.

I first saw his book, "My Religion," in the house of two valued friends who spoke of it bewilderedly, as something very strange, which they could not quite make out. They were far too good to deny its strong appeal, but they were too spiritually humble, with all their reason for intellectual pride, to be quite sure of themselves in its seemingly new and bold postulates, which were, after all, really so old and meek. They showed me at the same time the closely printed volumes of the French version of "War and Peace," for it was long before its translation into English, and they were again apparently baffled, for a novel so vast in scale, and so simple and sincere in the handling of its thronging events and characters, was something almost as alien to modern experience as the absolute truthfulness of "My Religion." The incident was quite forgotten, and seven or eight years passed, in which I had for four or five years "The Cossacks" of Tolstoy on my shelves, unread and almost unlooked at. One day I took it down, wholly oblivious of the Russian author who had bewildered and baffled my friends, and dipped into it. To dip into it was to pass through its mystical depths, but I do not know that I yet received a definite impression of the greatness of a novelist who wrote so unlike other novelists, even other Russian novelists. By that time I had long known nearly all of Tourguénief, and something of his master Pushkin, but Tolstoy was a new name to me, and presently again it was a forgotten name. It was recalled to me by yet another friend, who lent me "Anna Karénina" with the remark: "It is the old Seventh Commandment business, but it is not treated as the French treat it. You will be interested." The word was poor and pale for the effect of the book with me. The effect was as if I had never read a work of the imagination before. Now for the first time I was acquainted with the work of an imagination which had consecrated itself, as by fasting and prayer, to its creative office and vowed itself

to none other service than the service of the truth. Here was nothing blinked or shirked or glossed, nothing hidden or flattered, in the deepest tragedy of civilized life. It was indeed the old Seventh Commandment business, not only not treated as the French treat it, but rightly placed as to the prime fact in its relation to all the other experiences of a sinning and agonizing soul. Nothing was disproportionately insisted upon; the story moved forward as with the steady pace of time, and the capital events in its progress were no more distinguished from the minor events by the author than the hours are distinguished from one another by the mechanism of a clock. It would be hard to say what was most searching in it; one scene, one incident, was as penetrating as another. If I name the moment when Anna defiantly, recklessly declares her love for Vronsky to her husband; or the moment when she steals into his house after she had abandoned it to wreak her mother soul in hopeless tenderness upon their child; or the moment of sleep when she escapes the agony of her guilt in the dream that she has two husbands and is crazily happy in it; or the moment in which she begins to be jealous of Vronsky and to suffer not only the ignominy of her social rejection, but the fear that he will leave her, and yet cannot help tormenting him out of sufferance; or that final moment when she lays herself down before the heavy train, and when its wheels crush over her breast would have saved herself from the death she sought; if I name these moments it is because they recur to me at random and not because I esteem them the effect of greater art than some others. I am not sure that the supreme effect of art in the book is not that moment when the dull, antipathetic Karenin perceives that he cannot forgive with dignity and yet forgives. Such a drama within the soul where the actor is the only spectator is something in its powerfulness beyond any overt action or experience.

It is now long since I read that story, and no doubt if I now looked into it instance upon instance would start from its page to make me think my remembrance of the particulars of its greatness had served me ill. But I cannot be mistaken as to the greatness of its art as a whole; I recall no flaw in it, and its negative perfection is a truer witness of its art than anything positive could be. The happy story of the Levines in its parallel current with the dark stream of Anna's and Vronsky's tragical love is not to my sense the

rift or seam in the perfection which some feel it. Rather it is an effect of the author's full sense of life, in which many diverse fates move parallel and inevitably contrast in the significance, the obviousness, which only a supreme artist can keep from seeming mechanical.

But I wish, in paying my eager homage to Tolstoy as an artist, not to appear only to treat of his art as technique. It is, so far as I know it, and I think I have left none of his fiction unread, always most spiritual; it is so far from seeking beauty, or adorning itself with style, as to be almost bare and plain. His art is from his conscience, and you feel his conscience in it at every moment. This was perhaps only implicit in his earlier work, but in his later work it becomes more and more explicit. He is never false to his reader because he is never false to himself; it would be foolish to suppose that he could not misrepresent or wrongly color a given motive or action in his tale, but you may trust your soul to him in the assurance that he will not.

Since I began to write these pages, I have read his critical study of De Maupassant, and though I cannot say that it has heightened my sense of his æsthetics, I cannot deny that it has clarified my knowledge. In this piece of criticism he tells us how, as he read the tales and novels of that great talent, who, he says, could consider of any piece of life so closely and long and deeply, as to see it in the "light that never was" before, he perceived a very great difference in the author's relations to his subjects and his characters. The subjects were, as we know, nearly always the old Seventh Commandment business, and the characters were the guilty lovers, the more guilty who overcame, and the less guilty who succumbed. In some cases, in some books, De Maupassant hated the evil in the seducers, and portrayed them with truth and conscience; in others he rather liked it and amused himself with their pleasures; in others he attempted to be Greek, as the Greek is supposed to have been, but probably was not, to regard good and evil with a conscienceless indifference, and in the "creation of beauty" to be immoral, or as we vainly try to call it, unmoral. It is only when he was true to himself, to the sense of right and wrong which is innate in a man with his spiritual birth, that De Maupassant is capable of that penetrating and absorbing attention which discovers the new meaning in things, and constitutes him to Tolstoy's mind a "genius."

Apparently from the very beginning of his fiction Tolstoy was capable of this penetrating and absorbing attention. From the beginning, therefore, he had but two questions to ask himself: is this the fact? and, have I represented the fact truly? If he had represented the fact truly, as in his conscience and intelligence he had known it really to be, he had treated it ethically and of necessity æsthetically; for as you cannot fail to feel in every piece of his fiction, the perfect æsthetics result from the perfect ethics. I cannot otherwise explain that greatness which I recognize in every page of his where he has not wilfully abdicated his artistry to do the work of the allegorist. Where the artist and the moralist work together for righteousness, there is the true art; for it is the business of the moralist to feel and the business of the artist to portray. Otherwise you have a sermon, or you have a romance, and not the homily in which your own soul is mirrored in that of some fellow man. When he had recognized and appropriated the principle that to see the fact clearly by the inner light, and to show it as he saw it, was his prime office, all other things were added unto Tolstoy. In the presence of his masterpiece, you forget to ask for beauty, for style, for color, for drama; they are there, so far as they are not of naughtiness, in such measure as no other novelist has compassed. Every other novelist, therefore, shrinks and dwindles beside him; behind him, in the same perception, but not the full perception or the constant perception, come De Maupassant and Zola and Flaubert, Galdós and Pardo-Bazan, Verga, Björnsen, and perhaps Hardy—yes, certainly, Hardy in "Jude,"—with, of course, Hawthorne from a wholy different air.

I like to call the names of his stories for the pleasure of recalling the pleasure I have had in them; it was oftenest the pleasure-pain which the truth gives; but I cannot call them in the order of my reading or of their relative greatness. I remember as paramount, of course, "War and Peace," and "Anna Karénina"; but only of less scope and not less truth, to my feeling and thinking, were "The Cossacks," "Kostia," "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," "Two Generations," "Polikushkta," "Master and Man," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Resurrection," "Scenes of the Siege of Sebastopol," "The Invaders," "The Russian Proprietor." Some of these are scarcely more than short stories, and there are other short stories, mere sketches, such as

left the wide and deep impression of masterpieces, alike whether they were large masterpieces or little masterpieces. The equality of their art is wonderful, for it is always the same, through the æsthetics deriving from the ethics with the clear insight and the truthful utterance. For this, I have never, in my profoundest gratitude for it, thought that Tolstoy was to be praised any more than most other artists, his inferiors, were to be blamed for their mechanical obtuseness. The world is full of ugly things made for people who seem to want ugly things; and literature abounds in foolish and futile fiction because the vast majority of readers seem sure to want foolish and futile fiction. Perhaps their systems need it; they might revolt, in their mental infancy, from the food that nourishes the minds of grown men and women. But for art's sake, criticism should recognize the supreme value, the prime quality, of the art which comes purified and strengthened to its office through the devout scrutiny of life and the religious will to tell the truth of it.

If one were called upon to say in a word what Tolstoy and what his art were, one could not do better than to say that they were religious: the man, and the art that was the man. The art was more the man than the man knew. Out of the twelve volumes which represent his activity in the edition before me, nine are works of fiction, that is, works of art, and in the remaining three the artistic nature of the man is recurrently, if not constantly, shaping the religious utterances of his spirit. To enforce this point or that, he supposes a case so vividly that it lives at his touch; he invents a parable; he recalls an incident, an experience which he involuntarily clothes in drama, but so as to show its human reality the more and not to hide or to disqualify it. When he halts wilfully in this natural tendency and holds stubbornly to the business of laying down the law, or the gospel, he repeats himself again and again, both in theme and in phrase; he addresses himself to compelling rather than persuading his reader.

It is then that, ceasing to take the natural, the spiritual view of the world and its waywardness, he takes the temperamental view, and in the gloom of his mood gropes for a hopeless reversion to innocence through individual renunciation of society instead of pressing forward to the social redemption which the very ecstasy of error must help effect. The state of mankind is bad, but it is not so bad as

he sees it in this temperamental view, for then he sees it within and not without, and though the world is within each of us, it is always a little different in each one from the world in another. Essentially it is the same, its good and its evil are always the same; these divinely established constituents of our being no human difference can change; but from youth to manhood, from manhood to age, the world within changes, so that evil will be more at one time and less at another, or if not that, then more or less pardonable; and good will be more or less virtuous. As for the great world without, which is the sum of all the little worlds within, we judge it temperamentally and provisionally as we do these.

It is impossible not to believe what Tolstoy in his primarily ethical works tells us is the fact; he shows it, he proves it; he traces the cause, he points the consequences; you cannot refuse your assent. Those books, "My Confession," "My Religion," "Life," "What is to be Done?" and the rest, if you have once read them, may have passed out of your surface memory, and they may have seemed as dead as the hundreds and thousands of other books which you have read; but open one of them and you find it all alive, glowing with the fire in which your irresponsibility was consumed, and the light from which you hid yourself, but which again shines unquenched around you. Undeniably, however, the second effect of the ethical books is not as powerful as the first. They have changed you; never can you look on life as you looked on it before you read them; but it must be that in the nature of it the ethics which are not æstheticized are of less permanent impression than the æsthetics which are ethicized. Very likely few of my readers are such inveterate readers of "War and Peace" as I am, but there must be one or two among them who have read it half a score of times and who yet come to it with an unjaded sense of its beauty and truth. If such a one will take, say, "My Religion" and contrast its effect upon him with the effect of "War and Peace," I think he will own the more lasting power of the fiction. It is not only as a drama incomparably vaster than has filled the imagination before, but as a homily, comprehensive and penetrating beyond any direct sermoning, that it moves and stirs the heart. It is one of Tolstoy's earliest books, but already his ethics were realized if not formulated. He already hated the evil in his characters and loved the good, but with an artistic toleration

which was also an ethical tolerance of the evil-doers. It appears fatalistic, but it does not, in its panoramic view of the vast trend of human affairs, ignore the personal responsibility of every actor in the spectacle, great or small: you are made to feel that there was a moment in the history of each when he or she, pressed but not forced by destiny, consciously lent himself or herself to the evil done in them. We behold a multitudinous movement of human beings, each of whom is a strongly defined character in himself and is a type of innumerable like characters. Every passion is portrayed, every affection, every propensity, not because the author wished to include all in his scheme, but because the scheme was so vast that they could not be excluded. It is as if the story were built upon the divination of atomic activity in the moral as in the material universe where stocks and stones are the centres of motion as unceasing, unresting, as blind, as that of the stars in their courses, but not less guided and intended. Where from time to time the author pauses and tries to tell why the things happened that he makes us see happening, neither he nor we are the wiser for his exegesis. What we do seem to be the wiser for is a toleration for the actors, not the actions, of the drama commensurate with the scene of the drama.

This toleration is what stays us and consoles us for the sorrows and sins of people who seem so terribly like ourselves, but for whose evils we are much abler to forgive ourselves than we are for those evils which in his religious books Tolstoy brings home to our own doors. It was inevitable that he should finally do this; it was the logic of what he had already done. For him it was not enough that he should create fiction far beyond his preaching in its appeal; he must tell us what he was doing and leave us to determine what in view of the facts enforced we mean to do.

Probably we mean to do very little, however much we have determined. In the mean time he has given many of his readers a bad conscience, and a bad conscience is the best thing a man can have. It may be the best thing that the world can have. At any rate, it can never be the same world it was before Tolstoy lived in it. Worse it may be, in mere shame and despair, or better in mere shame, but not imaginably the same. Such men do not die for all time. To the end of time they have their recurring palingenesis.

W. D. Howells.

THE LAND MOVEMENT AND WESTERN FINANCE

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

Not since the notable collapse of land values in the early nineties has there come from the interior so striking an influence on financial conditions as during the past twelve months. Curiously, the former was the result of meagre crops and low prices, while the latter has grown out of liberal yields and high values for everything the farmer has to sell. The former carried in its train a remarkable series of political eruptions and involved losses that brought into disrepute for a time every sort of investment in the prairie States; the latter has been a bankers' problem felt almost exclusively in the counting-houses. It has presented a situation unforeseen and has included the whole range of the land movement, a popular form of speculation from the Alleghanies to the Pacific coast for a half-decade.

The outgrowth of prosperity in the West was an eager enthusiasm regarding the future of land values. The farmer who came into the beginning of the decade with a 160-acre farm worth $4,000, and a slow sale at that, marvelled to see the value rise until $12,000 to $16,000 became the price at which such properties sold two hundred miles west of the Missouri River. It did not come suddenly. The crop yields of the years following 1900 did not at once raise land values. The farmer with a mortgage used his profits to pay off or reduce it and did not consider greatly the selling value of his land. When the debts were cared for, the surplus heaped up in the banks and the earning capacity of the farm began to be manifest.

Shrewd landowners in Illinois, Iowa and other States in the eastern section of the interior saw their opportunity.

They sold their farms at $150 to $200 an acre and went West. They did not make the journey in a prairie-schooner, but in a Pullman car. They went to the older settled sections of the prairie States where agriculture had been tried out and where the prices for real estate ranged from $50 to $60 an acre. This, compared with previous values, seemed to the owners very high and they were eager to sell, but the newcomers realized what could be done if the seasons remained favorable. Hence, they invested. Many went into debt; but for the most part they paid cash, and had some money left to place in the banks. This movement continuing for five years has been one influence that has swollen the bank deposits of the interior and has been responsible for the starting of new banks by the hundred.

These new investors made quick returns, for they sold out to others who followed, and the values in each case rose higher. One instance is recorded where a farm of 240 acres, selling first eight years ago for $5,000 and changing hands each twelve months since, has risen in value until the latest purchaser paid for it $30,400. The Western settlers did not take much part in this speculative movement; they had not faith necessary to assume risks. They waited until the newcomers from farther East had reaped handsome profits and then began to realize what might be accomplished.

Along with this demand for farm land came, in the spring of 1909, the rise in wheat prices. For years the Western farmer had been receiving fifty to seventy cents a bushel for his grain. In some years he had been compelled to heap it on the ground in great open piles because he could not secure cars for shipment and the elevators and mill storehouses were filled to the eaves. The sudden advance in price, growing out of the Chicago "corner" and sustained by the abnormal conditions that followed short crops abroad and a reduced surplus in the farmers' hands of the country was a revelation to the wheat-raisers—and that means much to most Western farmers, for practically all are more or less partakers in that sort of crop production. Hundreds of them kept liberal quantities stored in their bins from the last year's yield. When, suddenly, the price went to $1.25 at primary markets in the interior it seemed a miracle, and the farmer at once awoke to the wonderful possibilities that lay before him. It is easy to figure out: An acre of wheat costs about seven dollars to sow and harvest. Many fields

produce as high as thirty bushels to the acre, although the average is about fifteen bushels. In the older and better-tilled sections the average is nearer twenty to twenty-five bushels than the lower figure. Even when wheat dropped back to one dollar a bushel, where it remained for a year—and that figure is the ideal price from the farmer's point of view—there was a clear profit of fifteen dollars an acre on every foot of wheat land. That means six per cent. on $250 an acre, and, though no such figure for farm land was reached, there was positive encouragement toward taking good chances in buying realty. This was not all. Corn went to sixty cents, almost an equally profitable crop in good years; cattle rose to nine dollars a hundred pounds; hogs to eleven dollars a hundred, and alfalfa, yielding three crops to five crops a year, was worth eight dollars a ton.

This condition was the basis for the land boom—and it was so definite and concrete in its possibilities that even the most conservative investors yielded to the seductive prospect. Not only did the buyers from the farther East invest liberally, but the entire prairie region felt the call, and there was during the year 1909 a demand for land that had been unknown since the days of early pioneer settlement.

Naturally, from being a cash transaction, the buying of land expanded into the mortgaging field, and with money at five to six per cent. on farm loans there was a good profit in sight, especially as the lure of a quick resale at increased price was always present. Three sources furnished the funds to handle these transactions: The life-insurance companies, with their well-systematized loan agencies, that placed their assets in immense sums over the agricultural States; the private investors, both of New England and the West, who bought their loans from local brokers; the State banks with willingness to place a large part of their surplus in realty loans.

The insurance companies have become a material resource for the borrower. Six leading companies make a specialty of this kind of investment. One company has $138,000,000 thus invested; another has $55,000,000; others have smaller amounts; and the total, placed principally in the States between the Rocky Mountains and the Eastern Illinois line, is over $300,000,000. The detailed reports of the two leading companies show these figures for the one group of Western States:

Alabama	$820,000
Arkansas	477,000
California	771,000
Colorado	4,523,000
Georgia	1,515,000
Idaho	725,000
Illinois	27,512,000
Indiana	11,610,000
Iowa	22,452,000
Kansas	11,680,000
Kentucky	3,339,000
Louisiana	997,000
Michigan	3,690,000
Minnesota	16,397,000
Mississippi	1,230,000
Missouri	23,913,000
Montana	384,000
Nebraska	11,073,000
New Mexico	317,000
North Carolina	143,000
North Dakota	6,756,000
Ohio	13,467,000
Oklahoma	2,676,000
Oregon	812,000
Porto Rico	211,000
South Dakota	6,067,000
Tennessee	4,460,000
Texas	4,782,000
Utah	351,000
Virginia	65,000
Washington	5,987,000
West Virginia	4,000
Wisconsin	5,549,000
Total	$194,755,000

A dozen other States have borrowed from these companies alone from $300,000 to $5,000,000 each. How much the banks and private investors hold is not obtainable, but it is probable that, taken as a whole, they have almost an equal amount. These loans are not all made in a single year. Most of them are for five years with privilege of partial payment at the end of any interest period. To finance the land deals under the new conditions meant that a greater volume of money was needed, for values were higher, also the number of applications was greatly increased. Applications were made to the agents of the insurance companies; these were approved at headquarters and the drafts deposited in local banks, payable on a fixed date when the companies

were to pay over the money. As the first of March—the West's farm settlement day—approached the applications were overtaxed and there came a sudden realization on the part of the loan departments of the tremendous volume of the land movement. The agents were notified to send no more applications for a time. Special investigations were made by some companies to ascertain if the values were not exceeding the legitimate figures on which loans should be made. Restrictions as to appraisals and the amounts to be loaned per acre under any conditions were imposed. It was all an effort to halt the demand for money. Stiffening of rates with the same object in view was resorted to by some companies.

The influence of all this was immediate. The agents were compelled to tell the borrowers to wait until the loans could be disposed of, and the land-buyers found themselves without facilities for continuing the promising operations.

To the banks the problem was of another sort. They had also been liberal in their accommodations, and as the demand increased many of the smaller institutions found themselves with too much money tied up in long-time paper, which in the congested condition of the market could not be readily negotiated. A backward spring made their commercial customers call for liberal accommodations, and instances were numerous where the banks themselves borrowed money with which to keep their supply of funds sufficient for the requirements of their business. The number of small banks in the West is remarkable, growing out of the prosperity of the agricultural sections and the desire of the farming communities to organize institutions that would not only give better facilities for business, but would return good profits in dividends. Through the Middle West the average number of families to each bank is 350. In some of the older settled counties it is as high as one bank to 300 families. The State of Iowa has a bank for every 1,450 of its population. Naturally the resources of these small banks for financing a large number of operations of moment are limited, and it does not take many transactions of $5,000 each to absorb their surplus.

Take a concrete instance of just what happened: A farmer in Iowa sold his farm for $15,000 and placed the money in the bank until he could find a new location. He went on a home-seekers' excursion to Texas; he travelled out into

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Kansas and Nebraska; he looked over the prospects in Oklahoma. While he was doing this his neighbor, the owner of two or three farms and with undoubted credit, went on a prospecting trip to Western Canada. There he found cheap lands that, in the light of the rapid immigration from the States, seemed likely to increase in value. He contracted to buy $15,000 worth and went back to his local bank to get the money. He gave his note, secured by a mortgage on one of his fine farms, and completed the new purchase. By this time the first farmer had found a farm in Central Kansas that suited him. It had twice as many acres as the one he had sold and was of as good soil and raised practically as good crops per acre. He drew a check on his home bank for $15,000 and paid for it. The local banker in Iowa, when the check came in, found that he had loaned that $15,000. It had gone to Canada. In its place he had a long-time note, perfectly good, but which was not readily negotiable. To pay the $15,000 check meant to reduce his surplus below the safety point. He sent to Chicago or New York and drew down some of his deposit in the reserve bank, or he borrowed on his own note with paper from his vault as security enough to keep his working funds intact. The money had been drained out of the Middle West; the reserve centres had suffered. This repeated in thousands of cases and in hundreds of banks meant a change in the financial conditions that could but bring sharp effect. It meant that there was a lessened ability to care for regular commercial operations and brought a tight money-market where sixteen months before had been most liberal terms.

The realization came when the bank statement last winter showed that, while the national banks of New York had contracted their loans $72,000,000, the country as a whole had expanded nearly $462,000,000. This translated into a summary of the condition meant that there had been going on a heavy loan movement in the interior, and naturally much of it was charged directly to the land movement. This was in the main correct, although other elements entered into the situation. It was, for instance, found that there had been a wide-spread purchase by farmers of what are classed as luxuries. The automobile had entered into their life. Counties in the high plains country, where live only 10,000 persons, boast of 200 to 300 cars. To be sure, these are not high-priced motors—mostly the farmer buys machines that

sell at $1,000 to $1,500 each, but the number in the prairie States is astonishing. The largest market for this sort of product has for two years been in the Middle West. Along with this have gone improvements of every sort, ranging from bath-tubs to pianos, books to phonographs. It has taken a great deal of money, and the farmer, looking at the increased value of his farm, considered himself able to expand his possessions, borrowing money at the bank if needed. The interior bankers were two years ago in the position of loan brokers, seeking customers rather than acting as agents of accommodation. They invested in commercial paper because the local demand did not utilize their loan fund. From that condition they passed to one in which all their loan fund was needed at home and the financing of industrial concerns was left to the East.

It is one of the notable changes in the condition of the West that the small bank has become a large factor in financial affairs. For many years the farmer was the one individual to whom the West looked for its prosperity and for management of its business. Upon him everything seemed to depend, but as the small bank developed it placed in a prominent position in Western finance thousands of men whose attention was given entirely to the handling of the farmers' savings. In consequence they have become to a large extent the balance-wheel that maintains a steady condition for the financial situation.

It was the banker who called a halt on the land speculation. The farmer himself had no idea in that direction. He was ambitious to extend his properties and acquire new holdings without considering what might be the effect upon business or the supply of money. The banker, however, realized that it would not do to keep up this inflation, and he demanded that the land-buyers use more caution.

This feeling on the part of the bankers had a direct, positive effect upon the land movement and called a halt in speculative land-buying. It did not, of course, immediately depress prices of real estate, nor is it probable that any such effect will take place over the West generally unless there should be a series of crop failures.

The West bases its prosperity upon things much different from those that were counted of importance twenty years ago. The settlers in the early days figured their profits with very enthusiastic anticipations from productions secured

from a minimum of labor. It was believed that all the Western land needed was the most meagre cultivation and the planting of seed—the soil and the climate would do the rest. As a result there was a rush toward wheat and corn and every farmer tilled more acres than he could handle with thorough cultivation. When there came unfavorable seasons all his year's labor was lost and he found himself in debt for his living expenses.

This, it was, that in the nineties drained deposits from the banks and made it impossible for the borrower to meet his obligations. In this lesson he learned that in order to succeed permanently he must understand how to farm. Deep ploughing and thorough cultivation, together with careful selection of seed, transformed his operations from guesswork to a semblance of science. Agricultural colleges and experiment stations added to his information, and new crops, such as alfalfa, speltz and kaffir corn, enabled him so to divide his sowing that in any average year he would be certain of at least an average income. This has gone on with a constantly increasing tendency in this direction until the Western farmer has to a degree mastered the art of agriculture, and even in years of insufficient rainfall he is practically certain of securing enough from his fields to support the family. In good years he makes a handsome profit.

Because he has learned this he has ventured farther in the field of speculation than he would have dared to do in the earlier period of the West's history, while cheap money aided materially in his ambitions. He did not realize, nor did the banker comprehend, that it would eventually result in tying up a great deal of capital and that the money-supply could not always be maintained.

This was exactly what happened and interest rates have been steadily climbing for the past two years. While it was once easy to obtain farm loans at five per cent., they have risen little by little until in the early summer of 1910 the leading insurance companies making a specialty of farm mortgages, raised their rates to seven per cent. in the Middle West territory. This is the highest rate that has been charged on real-estate loans in that section of the country since 1894.

The effect has been felt not only in the West itself, but naturally the Eastern reserve centres have found that their

customers in the prairie States have needed a much larger portion of their surplus than formerly. Bank clearings have grown to notable proportions.

The Western cities that handled the business of the interior have shown such increases as have astonished the bankers of the East. This has come not alone from the large number of transactions, but because it takes a great deal more money to handle the West's products than ever before. A milling company that could handle 60,000 bushels of wheat with $30,000 a few years ago needed, under the new conditions, $60,000. Every check given to the farmer for his wagon-load of grain was double the amount paid for the same quantity a decade since.

This, of course, was taken as a remarkable evidence of Western prosperity, and in a sense it was so, but it all tended toward a rapid expansion of figures and the heaping up of financial burdens. Western trade did not increase in the same proportion as the farmers' income. Following the depression of 1907, there was a waiting period of nearly two years during which the country merchants bought with great caution, and not until 1909 did they get back to their normal purchases.

Out of all this the conservative bankers have awakened to their part in maintaining a stability of conditions. They have realized the need of caution and the preparation necessary. The comprehension of the function of the small bank as a regulator of finance has come to them in a constantly increasing degree, and they have learned how, by a somewhat conservative action, they can regulate speculative tendencies and modify financial conditions. The day has passed when the customer can dictate to the bank, and the small Western bank is beginning to dictate in a helpful way to the customer. This brings to the situation a large conservative force whose influence is certain to be valuable.

The constant menace that hangs over agricultural communities is that of the possibility of shortened crop years. It is recognized that any material decrease in the farmer's income will be directly felt by the finances of the bank and thus react upon the general prosperity of the country.

It is unlikely that there will ever be so serious a period of crop failure as occurred two decades ago, because the farmer understands better how to till his land and what crops to grow. Diversified agriculture and stock-raising are going

hand in hand to maintain a high average of annual income, and this is the strongest feature in the land situation of the West. The three great booms that have affected land sales during the past five years have all settled down to a more moderate course.

The Texas land movement has subsided into a steady immigration of actual settlers and has lost a great deal of its purely speculative feature. In the older settled sections of the Middle West the land values are too high for the promise of immediate profits in reselling. The movement to Western Canada continues with unabated force and will do so while the vast areas of rich wheat lands continue to beckon the settler and the investor. It is, however, based upon an outlook for liberal crop returns, and settlers will long continue to seek the fields of the Dominion.

On the whole, the land movement has assumed a much more substantial and sane basis and one which gives less concern to the banking interests, though it has not yet returned to the complete normal condition that bankers desire.

The good prices for crops of all kinds if maintained will rapidly accomplish this, and if the banking interests and the loan companies maintain their present plan of conservative action and discourage speculation in every form there ought soon to be a modification of present financial conditions.

This is the encouraging feature in the West's financial progress, and if it works out it will be a tribute to the good sense of the managers of finance in the agricultural States. No reason exists for some pessimistic and fearful predictions that have been made regarding the future. The West is exceedingly prosperous and exceedingly intelligent. While it has, perhaps, indulged in some risky undertakings and has been free to borrow liberally when it saw a profit in so doing, it has never lost sight of the fact that it has a real basis of steady income that with care will meet its obligations and return its financial affairs to a normal condition.

Never in its history was there a time when it had so sound a financial situation. The West is too far advanced and too thoroughly familiar with its possibilities to undertake any endangering enterprises. With a rich soil and with a people that has thoroughly mastered many of the most serious problems in crop production, it needs only time and good judgment to work out a satisfactory solution.

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

THE CLEW TO MODERN ITALY

BY WILLIAM R. THAYER

I.

Many travellers in Italy still regard the Modern as an intrusion. With their knowledge, profound or shallow, of the Ancient they would be less surprised to see Cæsar's legions tramping along the Flaminian Way than they are at the scorching automobile. Or, if they are weak on antiquity, they have their inspiring smattering of the Republics, or of Dante, or of the Renaissance, and they wish and expect to find only what refers to their special subject. For most of them dusk set in at Raphael's death and night fell when Michael Angelo died. Thenceforward they groped through darkness without a moon, lighted only here and there by some isolated star—Galileo, Alfieri, Leopardi, Manzoni, even tremulous Silvio Pellico—until they reach the present, garish in its noontide sun. The light is unbecoming; it banishes glamour; it prevents picturesqueness and beauty; it shows up the actual life of to-day with uncompromising distinctness. For the unfortunate persons who lack knowledge, sympathy and imagination—three indispensable gifts of the historian—the Present is like one of those painters who seem to flay their subjects alive and expose all their unloveliness. Such travellers visit Italy to dream over the past or to study it brick by brick: who are these moderns who come between them and their dream? Evidently they are human beings, undeniably alive, bent on the pursuit of happiness and of wealth, and responsive after their fashion to the same social incentives as their trans-Alpine neighbors. But they shock the stranger, who looks upon Italy as a vast museum. Suppose the forty royal mummies at Bulak should suddenly rise up from their pictured coffins and demand to be treated with the homage that accompanied their Pharaonic majesties three thousand

years ago; would not the visitors and students resent the innovation? Would they not feel defrauded, having come so far to peer at dead curiosities, at being bidden to waste their time in salaaming to live Pharaohs? In Italy, it is not even the resurrection of dead celebrities, but the intrusion of living contemporaries that offends.

And yet, good archæologist, dreamer, globe-trotter or whoever you are, these Italians of to-day, whose presence annoys you, are themselves worthy of your study. Where in all the chronicles of Ancient Rome or of the Medieval Republics or of the Renaissance shall you find the story of a nobler enterprise achieved or of men more heroic than the older of these living Italians remember? Those heroic men were their fathers; that noble achievement was the winning of Italy's national existence. Through sacrifice and revolution, against great odds, Modern Italy rose into being. Her very past—so glorious under many aspects, so precious for what it contributed to civilization — was a hindrance. For youth to start on the new life amid fresh, unpolluted conditions is easy; but for age to lead the new life amid the old conditions, and to lead it victoriously in spite of them—this is a task for heroes. This is what Italy accomplished; if you would realize that these moderns whom you deem intruders dwell here by the best right, you must learn how United Italy came to be at all; you must understand the nature of that inheritance which she had to be rid of before she could become independent, united and free.

II.

The flood of European revolution in 1848 was fed by two great streams which, slowly rising during the previous half-century, in that year broke through every barrier from Pomerania to the Pyrenees. One of these streams was the ideal of Nationality, the other the ideal of Liberty. In countries like France, where the nation had long existed, the revolution took the form of a struggle for larger political liberty; but in countries where the principle of nationality had not yet been strong enough to weld the divers elements of the same race into a compact nation, or where they had been kept from uniting by a foreign oppressor, the revolution aimed either at racial union, as in Germany, or at independence from foreign rule, as in Hungary and Italy. In all cases, moreover, whether men were battling for civic free-

dom, for national independence or for racial unity, the establishment of constitutional government was held to be essential. Before the Italians lay the threefold task: for they were neither independent, nor free, nor united.

Many causes had contributed to prevent Italy from becoming an independent nation at the time when the other great States of modern Europe, after emerging from the chaos of the Dark and Middle Ages, began to cohere on national lines. In the first place, the barbarian invasions never destroyed in Italy, as they did elsewhere, the old Roman civilization. A new people, a mixed people, sprang up; but in the mixture the Latin strain prevailed over the Teutonic. Roman institutions, customs and traditions, although modified, were not blotted out; and their continuance promoted, especially in the cities, an activity out of which grew a company of small states, each strong enough to maintain its independence, but too weak to subdue its neighbors and form a single nation.

The physical character of the Peninsula was a second cause in keeping the Italians asunder. Not only did the Apennines part the North from the South, and the dwellers on the Adriatic from the dwellers on the Tyrrhenian Sea, but they also created the widest diversity in conditions, whence arose a corresponding variety in the occupations of the people. The farmers who tilled the rich valley of the Po had little in common with the shepherds who pastured their flocks on the slopes of the Abruzzi; nor did the manufacturers of Florence and Milan feel mutual interests with the sailors of Pisa and Tarentum or with the miners of Elba and Sicily. And as the wonderful fertility of Italy supplied the inhabitants of almost every district with at least the necessaries of life, so each town or city, with the few square leagues round it, could dwell in isolated independence. Its nearest neighbors were its most pressing enemies, being its most evident rivals. Thus all things tended very early to develop an individualism which it had required in ancient times the vast centralizing force of Imperial Rome to counteract. Medieval Italy flourished as a collection of busy, nervous communities, mutually jealous, if not hostile, differing in dialect, in employment, in point of view. Like so many swarms of bees, they collected, each swarm in its own hive, spoils which should be sweet to coveting depredators.

The Papacy was the third foe to Italian unity. Had Italy

from the ninth century onward been united under a single strong monarch, it is not at all likely that the Roman Pontiff would have become the spiritual head of Western Christendom; for he would necessarily have been second to the temporal sovereign at home, and as such he might not have extended his supremacy over the churches of other lands, whose rulers and peoples would naturally have regarded him as a foreigner. National churches, each bearing the characteristics of the race from which it sprang, would have developed; as actually happened centuries later in those countries which adopted Protestantism. But destiny willed otherwise. The Roman Church — the ghost of Imperial Rome—was to continue among the peoples of the West that unifying mission which Imperial Rome herself had pursued during twenty generations among the people of antiquity. The Popes no sooner began to acquire temporal power than they entered upon a policy from which they never afterwards departed—the policy, that is, of sacrificing Italy to the interests of the Papacy. A Pope it was who, in order to keep the Lombards from conquering Rome, invited the Frankish ruler to cross the Alps; and that invitation, renewed century after century by successive pontiffs, who had no longer the excuse that they wished to save the Christian city from heathen invaders, left Italy the prey of foreign greed and the object of foreign ambition. No Pope ever succeeded in making himself the temporal master of the Peninsula, but every Pope did succeed in preventing any other ruler from wearing the crown which would have been the symbol of Italian unity.

This temporal weakness of the Papacy was the chief source of the spiritual strength of the Church. It allowed Romish prelates to establish their ecclesiastical supremacy in every country west of the Baltic and the Balkans; kings and peoples alike accepted the guidance of the Church even when they resisted the encroachments or presumption of individual churchmen. But if the Pope had been also king of all Italy, or if he had been simply the chief bishop in an Italian kingdom, it is as improbable that Western Christendom would have acknowledged his spiritual lordship as that the Gallican Church would have bowed to the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury or that the Catholics of Bohemia would have knelt to the Archbishop of Cologne. In denying to worldly-minded Popes the full measure of tem-

poral power which they hankered after, fate served them better than they schemed: for the spiritual influence of Rome has always been potent in inverse ratio to the temporal expansion of Rome. That spiritual influence never extended further than under Hildebrand, a fugitive, and under Innocent III, the temporal lord of a precarious State: whereas, it was during the period when the Papacy reached the top of its splendor that half of Catholic Christendom renounced forever its fealty to the Holy See. But pontifical ambition, refusing age after age to be taught by experience, persisted in its attempt to serve God and Mammon, to make the Pope the King of earthly Kings and the Vicar of God, and so persisting it maintained the policy of keeping Italy divided.

The stimulus to municipal activity through the survival of old Roman civilization, the striking variety of physical conditions and the permanent anti-national policy of the Papacy — these were causes sufficient to explain why the Italians remained politically disunited, whilst other countries were being moulded, by dynastic interests or by racial affinities, into compact States. The very influences which deprived Italy of national existence made her the pioneer of modern civilization. During five centuries, from Hildebrand to Tintoret, she bore masters in every field. She formulated the religion of Christendom; she revived classical learning; she carried painting to its highest point; she surpassed all other moderns in sculpture; she gave architecture new grace and majesty and called modern music into being: she was the mother of Dante. It was the eye of a steadfast Italian that first discerned the shores of the New World through the dimness of an October dawn; it was an Italian that first penetrated the Tartar wilderness and beheld the wonders of Cathay. In commerce and industry she led the world; she taught it manners; she set the seal of art on all her products, touching with beauty the meanest utensil and finding a use for the most beautiful things —if it were simply in enjoying them. Mankind has never seen another people which, during so many generations together, poured forth like the Italians its genius in so many directions, and attained in each direction pre-eminence often without a peer.

III.

But at last Italy's fertility seemed to be exhausted. She lived upon her past—a pitiful sort of cannibalism. She be-

held the nations she had educated rise into power one by one, and, having risen, spurn her. The Church, through which she still had a considerable though diminished influence on the outer world, tyrannized at home over the minds of her children while foreign despots tyrannized over their bodies and estates. A new epoch was at hand in which national unity was as indispensable to the welfare of a country as was personal liberty to the best development of an individual. Italy had neither. She possessed, instead, those matchless treasures of art and that wealth-giving soil which the foreigner coveted; amid these she lived by memory an antiquarian life; even her emotions, her cravings, her dissipations had the flaccidity of reminiscence.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century Italy, with a population exceeding that of France or England, exerted less weight than tiny Portugal on the politics of Europe. Her provinces passed from one foreign ruler to another, regardless of the wishes of the inhabitants affected by the transfer. Those inhabitants, indeed, were rarely called Italians, but Venetians or Lombards, Tuscans, Romans or Neapolitans, according to their native province. The individualism, which in an earlier age had stamped on even the smallest State a distinction of its own, now survived in the form of inherited jealousy and prejudices which had neither the excuse nor the dramatic impressiveness of their origin. A decayed aristocracy, wearing the names of ancestors who had won a splendid renown, bore the marks of a degenerate caste; for they displayed arrogance without force, and they consented to enjoy privileges without feeling a noble obligation therefor. The middle classes, composed of professional men, of tradesfolk and merchants, and of small landholders, lacked incentives to energy, because they were hampered by the ruling classes above them with which the hierarchy allied itself. The populace in the towns and the peasants in the country had no more influence on government than had the sheep whose fleeces supplied wigs for the privileged heads.

Nevertheless, although so completely removed from political life, Italy did not escape the effects of that general illumination which, about the middle of the eighteenth century, began to irradiate Europe. Her dilettanti interspersed their empty discussions of art and rhetoric with debates over the theories which, originating in France, had not yet disclosed

the terrific realities wrapped up in them. Here and there an enlightened prince actually introduced reforms in his administration. A sudden outburst of popular vigor indicated now and then that the race still preserved latent stores of energy. The worship of the past, as of a Golden Age when the Italians were glorious and independent and free, became more sincere. They suffered the hallucination, common among peoples to whom the present is irksome, of magnifying the blessings of bygone days, but this did them no harm. On the contrary, it indicated that they were at last conscious that freedom and unity and independence might be blessings which they too could secure.

IV.

How long it would have taken in quiet times for this pleasant wish to intensify into a controlling desire, and the controlling desire to assume the imperative aspect of duty, can only be conjectured: for the French Revolution broke in upon the regular course of events in Italy as in the rest of Europe. First, the doctrines of the Paris clubs came roaring over the Alps to agitate all parts of the Peninsula; then followed the army of the French Republic, led by a masterful Italian, who drove out the Austrians from the North, quenched the last spark of life in the Venetian State and rapidly extended his conquests, until he had converted the entire mainland into a province of his Empire. For a moment the most sanguine Italians imagined that the irresistible conqueror would give them independence; but, although they soon learned that his ambition was selfish, they and their fellow countrymen were to benefit in ways they little suspected by the Napoleonic régime.

Among the many results of Napoleon's conquest of Italy, none surpassed in importance his demonstration to a society which had come to believe any change impossible that the most radical changes could be wrought in a few years by a single will. He swept away the Venetian Republic, whose glory had filled a millennium. He strangled Genoa. He chased the Austrians from Lombardy and the Bourbons from Naples. He scared the Pope out of Rome. He levelled barriers and abolished customs which had long seemed a part of the cosmic order. Had a magician, by waving his wand, conjured up a mountain range out of the plains of the Po, or flattened the Umbrian Apennines into a prairie, the

Italians could scarcely have been more astonished than they were when they saw social and political fixtures dissolve before Napoleon's wizardry. From a change thus complete they surmised the possibility of all other changes.

But the effect of Napoleon's domination did not stop here. It was something to read the words, "The Kingdom of Italy," printed on the new maps, even though that kingdom were governed by Frenchmen in the interest of the French Emperor; it was still more that the French, in order to govern effectively, introduced an improved system of administration. The taxes might fall as before, but they fell uniformly. The courts of justice might punish political offenders with swift severity, but they at least maintained a show of regular procedure, and towards ordinary litigants their action was usually fair. Centralization, which has been the bane of the Napoleonic system in France, could not fail to prove beneficial in a country which had been split up into half a score of petty political sections and which immemorial discords and rivalries helped further to divide. The military conscription, which in the course of twenty years contributed 350,000 Italian recruits to Napoleon's armies, taught the world and the Italians themselves that the Italian race, long scoffed at as effeminate, could produce soldiers worthy to fight alongside of the best in Europe. For the first time in many generations preferment sometimes went by merit.

Thus was Italy brought once more into the current of European progress; thus was she revitalized by new ideas and remodelled after new patterns. The stimulation came from without, but nothing more surely proves that the strength it evoked in her was her own than the fact that she refused to be satisfied with the improvement in her lot. In 1790 the most patriotic Italian hardly dreamed of such changes as the French were erelong to introduce; in 1810 every patriotic Italian regarded those ameliorations as but the stepping-stone to something immeasurably better. Napoleon, pursuing universal empire, had parcelled out the countries of Europe with as little concern for the wishes of their inhabitants as even a Charles the Fifth could have shown. Thereby he unintentionally rendered the cause of freedom inestimable service; first, by teaching the peoples of Europe that no condition could be permanent, and, next, by awakening in them the conviction that their salvation lay

in national union. With all his political genius he undervalued the principle of nationality and erelong that outraged principle rose up to smite him. In only seven years the Prussians whom he had humbled at Jena emancipated themselves at Leipsic. Even the Spaniards, a waning and semi-civilized race, were roused by this same spirit to throw off his yoke. And the Italians, although not yet strong enough to imitate Prussia and Spain,—which, it should be remembered, were aided to victory by powerful allies,—were so far kindled by national feeling as to chafe under Napoleon's splendid despotism and to await impatiently the time when at his death or defeat they might reasonably strike for independence.

V.

Napoleon fell, the opportunity came, but the Italians could not seize it. They lacked leaders, organization, a common purpose. Only a small fraction of the population would have known how to use constitutional self-government if it had been set up. But the Congress of Vienna (1814) left the Italians no choice. The English and the Austrians had deceitfully promised them liberty if they would abstain from helping Napoleon in his last desperate struggle: at the Congress these promises were ignored. Prince Metternich and his colleagues repartitioned Europe without respect for nationalities. While pretending to revere the principle of legitimacy, they spurned it at their pleasure. The principle of legitimacy required that the Republics of Venice and Genoa should be restored; but Austria kept Venice for herself and handed Genoa over to the King of Piedmont. The protests of the Italians, unfortified by the support of a single Power, produced no more effect than if they had been made to Harpies. When the Congress adjourned, Italy found the Bourbon King restored to Naples, the Pope back in Rome and Victor Emmanuel I in Piedmont; a Spanish Bourbon Duke in Lucca; an Austrian Grand-Duke in Tuscany; an Austrian Duke in Modena; an Austrian Archduchess in Parma; an Austrian viceroy in Lombardy and Venetia. And as if the Austrian predominance were not sufficiently assured by this division, Metternich quickly formed an alliance with the King of Naples and came to an understanding with the Pope, which virtually gave Austria the right to oversee their political affairs.

The restored princes construed restoration most literally.

Making believe that the events of the twenty-five years, from 1790 to 1815, had never occurred, they destroyed to the utmost of their ability all traces of that abhorred interregnum, revived whatever they still remembered of pre-Revolutionary government and customs, and declared that thenceforth there should be no progress. Here was a strange resurrection of the mummies of dead and obsolete systems to rule twenty millions of living Italians. Here was the inevitable clashing between the Old and the New! The living refused to call the dead alive; the restored princes refused to recognize the right of their subjects to form any opinions about either life or death. Throughout Europe the Restoration agreed to treat politics as a malady which, like the bubonic plague, could be held in check only by the strictest measures of quarantine and of disinfection. In Italy, Church and State united to stamp out not only sporadic cases as they appeared, but even to isolate persons whom they suspected of being predisposed to catch the disease.

Within a year after Waterloo the Italians understood that they had nothing to hope for from any of their rulers, whose promises of Liberal institutions had been intentionally deceitful. A large part of the population acquiesced in the new despotism, because they were tired of turmoil or were cautious or indifferent. After all, if they would abstain from political discussions they might expect to live unmolested; and even in the freest countries few persons allow their zeal for civic reform to interfere with their business or their pleasure.

But there was in every city and town a minority, often insignificant in numbers but formidable by its energy and daring, which swore undying opposition to the Restoration. This minority was composed of men of all classes—of political dreamers and of doctrinaires, of intelligent patriots, of impressionable youths, of old soldiers, of former officials now thrown out of employment, of a few priests, of the discontented who had some personal grudge or ambition to satisfy, and of adventurers ever ready for a change. Despite the motley motives which prevailed in any particular group, a common object bound these men together; they all agreed on constitutional government as the first indispensable good to be striven for. Beyond that they differed widely, some desiring a limited monarchy, others a republic, others still a confederacy whether monarchical or republi-

can. Being denied free speech, they organized secret societies, the largest of which, that of the Carbonari, or Charcoal Burners, borrowing its forms from the ritual of Freemasonry and from the Scriptures, soon dotted the Kingdom of Naples with its lodges and had close relations with similar sects throughout Central and Northern Italy. By the year 1820 the membership in these secret societies could not have been less than one hundred thousand.

In that year the Carbonari effected a bloodless revolution in Naples, where the mutiny of a few soldiers quickly spread to several regiments and from the army to the capital. Shaking with fear, the craven King, Ferdinand I, granted a constitution and during several weeks his subjects indulged in extravagant rejoicings. They permitted him to go to Laybach to beg the Holy Alliance to consent to the constitution he had sworn to uphold. Once there, screened from bodily danger, he gave his perfidious soul full scope, and instead of interceding for the Neapolitans he implored the Allied Powers to furnish troops for restoring him and his despotism. Early in the following spring he was escorted home by an Austrian army, which easily routed the undisciplined forces of the Carbonari.

Almost at that very moment another Austrian army marched into Piedmont and suppressed a similar revolution led by Santorre di Santa Rosa and supported by many conspicuous nobles and officers. And before the end of 1821 the Austrian police, having stumbled on the trail of a widespread conspiracy in Lombardy and Venetia, made scores of arrests, which resulted in the sending of a batch of prisoners to undergo the horrors of the Spielberg—horrors by merely revealing which one of the victims, Silvio Pellico, touched the heart and roused the conscience of the civilized world.

These revolutions showed that the Italian rulers not only had no popular backing, but that, without foreign aid, they could not even maintain their authority. Austria and not the native governments stood as the real enemy to Italian Liberalism. So long as Lombardy and Venetia remained Austrian provinces, Chancellor Metternich would never allow a constitutional régime to be set up in the neighboring Italian States. Reactionary Europe acknowledged Austria's right to keep the peace in the Italian Peninsula, where Austrian interests predominated. But although sober men

did not blink these stern facts, the great body of conspirators would not learn the lesson. They preferred to believe that their attempts had failed through some avoidable blunder: had this regiment been better drilled, had that captain been less dilatory, had a hesitating province risen at the concerted time, the revolution must have prospered. So the conspirators renewed their secret agitation undismayed, confident that by a more alert organization they could guard against the possibility of future disaster.

The ferocity with which the governments of Naples, Piedmont and Austria punished everybody whom they knew or chose to think had been privy to the insurrection only gave the conspirators fresh motives for persevering. To every State belongs the unquestioned right of punishing rebels; but punishment loses its moral justification when it is administered in a spirit of vindictiveness or in a frenzy of fear. The persecution to which the despots resorted, instead of terrorizing their enemies, showed that they themselves were terrified. It made them odious, where they had merely been unpopular. Hitherto the party of action had conspired to attain certain political ends in which, they assumed, their rulers would acquiesce if they could be persuaded that such ends were desirable; henceforth multitudes plotted not only to bring about political reforms, but to avenge personal grievances. Each of the hundreds of victims who perished on the scaffold, each of the thousands who were pining in loathsome prisons or groaning in the galleys or leading forlorn lives in banishment, had relatives and friends who thirsted for retribution. The incompetence of the despotic governments, growing year by year more evident, exasperated many other persons who desired neither to avenge a friend nor to realize a political ideal, but complained that while the administration devoted its entire energy to persecuting agitators, their own lives and property had no protection against brigands, robbers and thieves,—that unequal taxation and capricious laws almost smothered business,—that justice was a luxury which the rich alone could afford,—that the means to a livelihood came not through industry, but through privilege, and that the dispensers of privilege must be appeased by blackmail,—that for all these evils there was no redress. In this wise did a blundering and incapable despotism alienate even that class of persons who care little whether the system they live under be autocratic

or liberal, provided it guards their lives and property and lets them transact their affairs undisturbed. At the same time there was growing up outside the circle of avowed conspirators a body of citizens whose discontent caused them to sympathize with conspiracy, although they refused to run its risks.

Early in 1831 the party of action set off another insurrection. They got control of Modena and Parma almost without resistance; they swept on victoriously through Romagna and the Marches; they overran Umbria and seemed destined to capture Rome itself. As in 1820 and 1821, they demonstrated that the Italian princes had no popular support; and now, trusting in the promise of France to enforce the principle of non-intervention, the elated patriots did not expect to see Austrian regiments break in and undo their work. But the government of Louis Philippe betrayed them, and when Austria, in defiance of the French boast, despatched her army to put down the revolt France ordered a fleet, not to aid the insurgents, but to bombard Ancona, which they had captured. Louis Philippe, who owed his crown to a revolution, knew no better way of allaying the suspicions of his reactionary fellow sovereigns than by helping to crush a revolution; and, incidentally, he gained thereby a foothold for French influence in Italy.

The failure of the patriotic attempt in 1831 emphasized the lesson of the preceding failures: Austria must be expelled from the Peninsula before the Italians could hope to keep the freedom which they so easily wrested from their rulers. But without foreign assistance Austria could not be expelled, while the recent action of the French showed that foreigners might interfere to share Austria's Italian spoils, but not to liberate Italy. This abortive revolution further discredited the Carbonari and their affiliated secret societies. The impression began to gain ground, not that conspiracy was futile, but that the form it had taken and the leaders who directed it were inadequate. Its machinery had grown cumbersome. Its mummeries, intended to be awful, excited the contempt of some of its votaries. Neither the tremendous oaths, nor the pledges signed in blood, deterred traitors, to whom its unwise organization gave an immense deal of power for harm. As the names of all the members of all the lodges in a large city might be known by each member, a single informer could jeopard the lives of hun-

dreds or of thousands. Treachery, it must be said, was very rare, but the possibility that it might work in so large a field was a serious defect in Carbonarism. The virtual irresponsibility of the chiefs, who from the impenetrable secrecy of their Grand Lodge handed down orders which every Good Cousin must obey, deprived the movement of one essential to success: for no enterprise can prosper in which the leaders may be suspected of unwillingness to share the dangers to which they urge on their followers. Suspicion, the product of ignoble or envious minds, may malign the most honorable motives: but when it casts doubts on the personal courage of a leader he needs only to head the vanguard in the next assault in order to shame these doubters. Heroism has no counterfeit. But not all the most worshipful grand masters of the Carbonari seem to have cared to avail themselves of this antidote to calumny.

VI.

The same year that discredited the old political sects saw the birth of a far more efficient society. Joseph Mazzini, a Genoese exile only twenty-six years old, having felt the inadequacy of the Carbonari founded "Young Italy" to supersede it. The Carbonari represented the ideas of the Napoleonic era; Mazzini proposed to draw into Young Italy the rising generation, youths whose zeal was still teachable and whose hopes were not weighed down by past failures or associations. The Carbonari had come to set the good of their organization above the attainment of the object for which they existed; Mazzini, whose nature was primarily religious, intended that Young Italy should not only guide the political activity of its disciples, but also supply them with regenerating moral truths. Assuming that the Roman Church had ceased to influence the conduct of all but a few intelligent Italians, and feeling that a people without a strong faith can never achieve noble ends, he strove to substitute enlightened, rational motives for the withering dogmas of supernaturalism. He preached the supremacy of duty. Political independence, he insisted, was a moral obligation; Italians could, therefore they must, strive for liberty. They must struggle for independence, not merely because they craved the satisfaction of governing themselves or for any material advantage, but because without independence Italy could not contribute her due quota to the

welfare of mankind. He preached the gospel of collective humanity, and in his comprehensive scheme the moral, political, social and economical regeneration of the world were not disjoined.

In thus lifting the ideals of the Italian revolutionists from the plane of insurrectionary politics to the plane of morals Mazzini conferred an inestimable benefit on his countrymen. As the responsible head of Young Italy he engaged in some enterprises which proved not less rash than those of the elder conspirators; his enemies arraigned him for tolerating methods from which all but tyrannicides recoil; they accused him of personal cowardice; and as time went on he came to display both the fanaticism of the professional agitator and the imperiousness of the autocrat: but he quickened millions of Italians to feel patriotism as an instant duty and that, let us repeat, was an inestimable benefit.

While Young Italy had this moral basis, its practical activity centred inevitably in the domain of politics. Mazzini took care, in organizing it, to avoid the obvious defects of the Carbonari. Each of his groups as originally formed consisted of only ten members and only one of these knew one member in the next group: whereby the chance of treachery was diminished. Young Italy, instead of pretending that the rulers were ready to grant Liberal reforms if the Holy Alliance would permit, declared a republic to be the only government consistent with the dignity of a free people, and it utterly repudiated all princely promises.

For fifteen years Young Italy burrowed under the surface of Italian life. During that time there was no great explosion; but the Italian princes paid their tribute of fear to Mazzini by imputing every local outbreak to his agency. Mazzini, on his side, plotted incessantly and more than once believed that a general revolution was about to rage from the Alps to Sicily. His faith in conspiracy never slackened, nor did his scorn for those Liberals who held tyrants and conspirators in equal aversion. Their prudence he branded as timidity; their pursuit of the possible good instead of the impossible best seemed to him a base compromise with evil; and he suspected that a selfish dread of losing all made them ignobly consent to measures which might leave them half.

Nevertheless, the patriotism of this middle body of Italians was genuine and consistent. Differing widely as to

details, they agreed that local insurrections sacrificed the lives of enthusiasts without promoting the great cause. They believed that reforms must come from above and not from below. They knew that rulers could not be expected to treat graciously any plan which rebels urged. Contrary to Mazzini, they held that the expulsion of the Austrians, which must precede radical readjustments, could not be accomplished by the Italians alone. Italy must either secure the aid of one of the great Powers or wait until a European war offered her a favorable ally. For the present official Europe, bent on maintaining the existing equilibrium, had no sympathy for oppressed peoples; unofficial public opinion, though it might sympathize, had no armies behind it and was certain to be chilled by each rash outburst of conspiracy.

VII.

Towards the middle of the fifth decade the Italian Question, in spite of censorship, got into print. Books by Gioberti and Balbo, pamphlets by Massimo d'Azeglio and Durando, the discussion of the railway system and of free trade by Pettiti and Cavour marked the beginning of a new era: for some of these books circulated widely either with the permission of the censors or through the tacit connivance of the police. Of them all Gioberti's "Primacy of the Italians" produced the most extraordinary effect. Gioberti proposed that the States of Italy should form a political and commercial league under the nominal presidency of the Pope. By this arrangement all questions of precedence would be removed, since the Holy Father, as spiritual head of Catholic Christendom, occupied a unique position from which he would show equal impartiality to all the Italian princes. The King of Naples would naturally refuse to enter a league over which the King of Piedmont was to preside; the Grand-Duke of Tuscany could not be asked to accept the leadership of the Duke of Modena: but with the Pope they all stood in the relation of sons to a common father, and even the Austrian Emperor, who boasted his title of Most Catholic and Apostolic Majesty, could hardly refuse to allow his Italian provinces to enter such a confederation.

Gioberti's dream might be dismissed as Utopian by matter-of-fact men. Any one could discover the paradox in proposing that the Papacy, whose purpose had been for a

thousand years to keep Italy disunited, should now be her bond of union. Nevertheless, Giobertianism had a great vogue: and when, in June, 1846, Gregory XVI, one of the pettiest of modern Popes, died and Pius IX succeeded him even the doubters hailed Gioberti as a true prophet and Pius as the long-expected Messiah. For Pius was known by reputation as a genial man, and he began his reign by granting a partial amnesty and by other acts which the Italians construed as patriotism. Few sovereigns have ever been greedier than Pius of adulation and few have ever been so surfeited with it as he was. Not only his own subjects, but Italians everywhere showered praises on him. There seems almost to have been a collusion to make him believe that he was a passionate Liberal. In truth, he never contemplated a concession which should diminish by an iota the traditional authority of the Holy See. But his countrymen went on idolizing an imaginary Pope—one who was waiting for a favorable moment to proclaim a new crusade for the liberation of Italy, a reformer whose desire for improvement was held in check by the reactionary prelates who surrounded him.

With consummate adroitness the Italians made this fiction serve the patriotic cause. All over the Peninsula multitudes cheered Pius IX on every occasion; their despotic rulers could not punish the cheerers without insulting the Holy Father himself; but if they did not punish they virtually abetted the real purpose which underlay the agitation. Confronted by this dilemma, the despots all the more willingly inclined to mildness, because they, too, thirsted for some of the applause poured out for Pius; and naturally they could not imagine that the head of the most conservative institution in Christendom would accept a plan dangerous for them to follow. Pius's example had a profound influence on the King of Piedmont, than whom no more devout Catholic existed. In Charles Albert's creed absolutism was so essential a dogma that only the sanction of the Pope could quiet his scruples against granting political innovations in which he feared perils to religion might lurk. But at last even he, whom his people nicknamed "King See-Saw," could hesitate no longer; and in the autumn of 1847 he consented to some tentative changes which the Piedmontese greeted as the earnest of a complete reformation.

The close of the year 1847 saw Italy in a state of exhilara-

tion which pervaded all classes. Everybody wore a wishing-cap. Difficulties seemed unworthy of being reckoned with: the only thing needful was to concentrate on one of the thousand wishes and it would certainly come true. Throughout Europe signs of unrest were multiplying. Constitutionalism and nationality "were in the air." And the Italians advanced to meet the change most light-heartedly of all, since they least of all could estimate the uncertainty, the difficulties, the cost. For months they had been living in an enchanted world, where the Pope discoursed patriotism, where the King of Piedmont seemed eager to enter the lists against Austria, where cardinals coquetted with Liberal ideas, and where petty autocrats and ministers talked blandly of reforms. If so much had come about without effort, no wonder that the rest seemed easy: in the matter of miracles one is as easy as another.

On the 9th of January, 1848, the walls of Palermo bore a mysterious placard, announcing that on the 12th the glorious epoch of universal regeneration would dawn. There would be no disorder, but instead fraternity, justice and peace. "The uniting of the Peoples," said the manifesto, "means the downfall of the Kings." From that spark was kindled the swift-spreading revolution, which, leaping from city to city and from state to state, overran Europe with its purifying flames. On that 9th of January, 1848, Modern Italy—whose presence to-day the foreigner would treat as an intrusion—had its birth.

William Roscoe Thayer.

DARKENERS OF COUNSEL

BY BEULAH B. AMRAM

"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side."
—BUTLER'S *"Hudibras."*

IN that lovely land where odes hang on hawthorns and elegies on brambles, where, under the greenwood tree, wandering lovers mingle happily with philosophical Touchstones and wise Corins and accommodating Williams, it is easy to agree with the good banished Duke that there is good in everything. In our more prosaic world the difficulty is greater; yet we, too, are busily seeking that one good thing even in things most evil. We have gone beyond the Pagan view of considering everything human to be interesting and consider everything natural not only interesting, but beautiful. We no longer condemn to an arid death a glowing poppy that has so far forgotten its humble origin as to seed itself among the aristocrats of the garden, spoiling with untutored and primitive beauty an artistically modulated color scheme. Indeed, if we are inclined to be philosophical, we may even moralize over its simple-minded obliteration of class distinctions. Furthermore, we have learned to consider everything, even sin, as natural. Christianity, as Anatole France points out, loved the sinner's foundation of very big sins as the first condition of repentance, without which there could be no Christian. We, on the other hand, accept the sinner as the inevitable and, therefore, natural product of immensely powerful forces. Agreeing that we are what earth and sky and air have made us, we like to account for the criminal's inconvenient propensities by remembering that he usually has had no earth at all, entirely too little sky, and a very bad kind of air. We are coming at last to

consider the sorry psychology of the weak quite as important a study as the perfected morality of the strong, and the criminal is receiving his share of attention and sympathy. We punish less; we reform more; we try to make over again the faulty product, and as one of the means to this end we encourage, in our social derelicts, the appreciation of the "best literature."

What shall be done for the reformation of that class of confirmed malefactor whose crime consists in slandering the dead and misleading the living, the critics, who, to add to their offence, have been brought up on the best literature? What hope is there for a man who confesses that he has spent three decades in a "critical" reading of literature, who admits that "the gods have made him critical," over whose pages "critical" dicta are thickly sprinkled? What shall be done to the critic who considers the thought of the Olympian Landor, the god-like giant, whose tongue was touched "with honey and with fire," as "never good for much, being at its best only not contemptible"? What shall be done to the man who, capable himself of saying, "He died (as men go) young," speaks of "the cockney level of Mrs. Browning at her unintelligible worst," of the woman who could feel and, feeling, could write, "The Cry of the Children," "Mother and Poet" and "Sonnets from the Portuguese"? And, head and front of his offending, what shall be done to the man who divides the admirers of George Eliot's genius—"coterie admiration," he calls their interest—into the æsthetics, who admired the creator of Tito, and the agnostics, who admired the translator of Strauss and the irregular partner of Lewes, and under these heads presumes to include all that went to make up that *grand' anima*? What shall be thought of the "critical acumen" of a man who, conceding that "Adam Bede" is extremely clever, assures us that no man who calls himself a critic can afford to ignore the fact that "Adam Bede" could scarcely be expected to fail, coming as it did at a time when Dickens's best work was done, Thackeray not yet come to full popularity, and Charlotte Brontë dead or dying? A man may be forgiven for being so mastered by his disapproval of priestless marriages as to depart from his ideal of being "*huebsch objectiv*." But no writer who pretends to understand the conditions under which such work as George Eliot's is produced dare call the seclusion of her life, sensitive in spirit, delicate in

health as she was, the morbid and unnatural atmosphere of a close conservatory that could produce only flowers of inherent weakness. May Fortune send us soon again such "dead" blossoms as "Romola" and "Middlemarch"! No critic that pretends to understand humanity can with impunity call the result of the universal spontaneous recognition of George Eliot's genius "a well-engineered fame"—can assume to see in George Lewes's worship of her and her supreme intellectual and artistic gifts the shrewd admiration of "a literary trainer with a view to present success." Perhaps on that Parnassus that Lewes's devotion, if not his talents, have gained, on that sacred mount where she sits among her peers, he may still hold before her the shield of his love. Many a man has gained heaven for less! No writer who addresses himself to the mind or the heart of his readers can afford to be "*gemein*" or carelessly to dim the glory of a well-deserving fame. Pentheus died at the Mænads' hands, amid the deep dark woods of Cithæron, not because his ignorance did not recognize the god Dionysus, but because his godlessness mocked the service of the god and saw only shameful motives in the mystic exultation of the circling Mænads on the mountain.

It is not adverse criticism that a great man fears. He who writes many books invites many judges, says St. Jerome. Keats did not die because the Review did not appreciate the beauties of "Endymion." It was cynical brutality, made all the coarser by the pathetic modesty of his apologia, that broke his heart and deprived us of who knows what poetic treasures. "Go up, thou bald-head," cried the poor little city boys as Elijah went up to Beth-el. And "there came forth two she-bears out of the woods and tare forty and two children of them." So that we see that mockery even by the innocent is punishable. "*Die Göttin,*" says Juno in Schiller's "Semele," "*rächt nichts so sehr als höhnisch Nasenrümpfen.*" We may pity without condemning the man who admits that he has never been able to read through one of George Eliot's books with genuine and wholehearted admiration. We may think it scarcely decent to flaunt such poverty. We may prefer the view that Lord Acton shared with M. Edmond Scherer that she was the most considerable literary personality that has appeared since the death of Goethe. It is the scornfully turned-up critical nose that arouses our ire.

Wordsworth advised the critics to spend on original work the time spent in writing critiques, arguing that, whereas a malicious criticism may do much harm, a stupid invention is harmless and useful in helping the critic to find his own level. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any one incapable himself of creation is fitted to criticise the work of others. It may be that only he who has known through what travail thought is born in words, who has subjected himself to the discipline of art, the constraint of form, the "*forma rigida e severa,*" can appreciate, through knowledge of difficulties overcome, the value and meaning of any artistic production. The man who knows from his own failures how inadequately thought can be packed into a narrow phrase can read again into the written word of another the power that eluded and escaped the snare of language. It is just as difficult for the uninitiated to feel the significance of the fine points of a craft as for a foreigner to learn all the nuances of a foreign idiom. We may learnedly announce that Horace's verse is made up of three asclepiads and a cataletic trochaic tetrapody called a gliconic, but the knowledge cannot make us feel the fluent suavity of that verse as it is felt by the Italian poets who have adopted its metre and applied the ancient form to the expression of modern ideas. The criticism of such men as Horace, Boileau, Dryden, Johnson, Voltaire, Goethe, Heine, Carducci, have always been as invaluable as their distinctively creative work. We listen and rejoice when Browning writes of Shelley, when Swinburne writes of Meredith. Who can doubt that Carducci, to whom Virgil's verse was the stream murmuring in the white moonlight that floods the summer fields, the nightingale who pours his melody from the thicket, "*empie il vasto seren di melodia,*" while the traveller pauses, forgetting time as he thinks of the golden hair of his beloved—who can doubt that he has reached nearer to the soul of the real Virgil than the glib young critics who tell us that Virgil has really been very much overrated, being at best but a weak imitation of Homer? Any schoolboy may tell us that it is "old fogey" to admire Carlyle, any art student can tell us that Ruskin did not know how to draw. They can be judged only by their peers.

It has been said that it is no harder to grow an oak than a violet. With the proper elements in the soil, the proper degree of heat and moisture, the seed, once germinated, will

grow of itself. The miracle lies in what is stored within that seed. The visible world lies equally before all of us. The elements to whose existence most of us are oblivious are to the artist the agencies that nourish the power that lies hidden in the mysterious reaches of his brain. The miracle lies in the stored-up capacity that we call the creative faculty. As in the plant, it is the germination that is the important step. It is the mysterious action by which what has existed as dim *Ahnungen* in the soul takes form and shape and grows of itself from the first desire for expression. And so the beauty and the power are liberated and made real for all of us. We can analyze the splendor of the iris whose stately head crowns the reedy growth beside the stream in June; we can classify its structure, discover the elements of its color, explore the secret chamber where its odor hides, but by no effort can we produce it or explain the mystery of its overpowering appeal. The psychologist can measure with his instruments the most delicate emotions. Only the artist can reproduce them. We cannot enough admire, we cannot enough wonder at this wonderful faculty. The observant student may be content to see what lies before him with the passionless eyes of the analyst. The great scientist is always alive to the miracle of creation.

It seems to me that if our critics had not, with their youth and their simplicity, lost their faculty of admiration we should have less of the kind of criticism that too often arouses our ire and, beguiling us to write criticisms of criticisms, spreads further the evil we bewail. Evil begets evil. Our economists lay many of our national ills to the fact that men take too little for themselves out of the inexhaustible earth and live too much on each other. Likewise while true creative work finds its material in the infinite treasure-house of the visible and invisible world, false criticism lives on the blood of other men's brains.

Poets, perhaps because of their child-like natures, may be forgiven for much "uncritical admiration." Things have changed since Hesiod's day, and though potter may still hate potter, poet no longer hates poet. Most great writers have had enthusiastic admirations, worshipping each other's great gifts and allowing the stimulus of this admiration to react on their own work. Robert Browning admired them all and was loved by all, even by such vigorous thinkers and haters as Carlyle and Landor and Ruskin and Swinburne, esteem-

ing each rightly because esteeming highly. The poet whose function it is to see in the finite the germ of the infinite, in the accidental the root of the essential, can be forgiven for worshipping Victor Hugo as "the father of all souls that look upon the sun"—Giuseppe Mazzini as the man

> "whose praise no thought may reach,
> No words may weigh."

The critic whose Olympian function it is to weigh, to estimate, sees much more calmly, much more judicially—how much less truly!—the one as "a great though not rationally great Frenchman," the other as a "remarkably dull Italian." Yet in the long run it may be almost as important to mould the thought of a nation as to write a flawless lyric.

A man who satirically admits that his admiration for his subject never reaches boiling-point is, by that very moderation, disqualified to get at the heart of his subject. Stevenson regretted having written on François Villon, because "by the principle of the art" as he put it, his low opinion of Villon unfitted him to judge the picturesque vagabond. Admiration need not become a disease, as Macaulay called it, nor prevent a critic from being humanly at home with his subject. Mr. Chesterton worships Browning and Dickens; yet he is terribly at his ease in Zion in his treatment of them, as the Italians are familiarly at home in their churches, yet not blind to their beauty. And his books on those two delightful subjects are the best that have yet been done. Not for nothing do our dictionaries give us as synonyms "critic" and "amateur." Browning loved his star that dartled the red and blue, because it opened its heart to him. Rather, his star opened its heart to him because he loved it, as in that garden where the Sensitive Plant grew, all the flowers gave their sweetest perfume to the Spirit of Love that tended them.

A woman once told me that she thought the adoring attitude one to be discouraged in young people as tending to interfere with their development by making them too chameleon-like. Is it not better, as being more modest, to take color from brilliant surroundings than to retain unglorified the drab of a mediocre individuality? The only thing that redeems mediocrity is its modesty, its capacity for admiration. Some may be quite sure that they never mistook Mr. Trollope for one of the immortals, may be proud to remem-

ber that in early youth they had an inkling of Tennyson's defects, or came to a conclusion about Thackeray that they never have had occasion to change. Huxley says somewhere that men ought to be strangled at a certain age to prevent them from becoming impervious to new impressions; and few men would like to admit that thirty years had not altered the inspired views of their youth. Although I admit that to-day the pathos of Sidney Carton is less heartbreaking to me than when I shed buckets of tears over his heroic end, though I agree that Stephen Guest was not worthy of Maggie Tulliver and used more attar-of-roses than a gentleman should, I am proud to remember that at the age of twelve I saw no fault in either Charles Dickens or George Eliot.

The attitude of the humble worshipper is much healthier as it is much rarer than that of the mortal hunting for spots on the sun. After all, it is so much easier to sympathize with failure than with success. It takes only common humanity to weep with our bereaved neighbor. It takes real bigness and generosity to rejoice without envy in our neighbor's happiness. Athens found insupportable the praise of Aristides's perfection. We are still very far from the hope that Mr. Meredith expresses in "The Lark Ascending," of a day when the millions shall rejoice in "the voice of one for millions," that gives "their spirit voice."

Appreciation, however, is a purely personal question, a matter of taste, that far from setting up any standard of judgment is merely an admission that all books are not for all men at all times. Especially is this true of poetry, which, by its short and complete forms, offers the poet the opportunity for presenting countless moments of his experience, each complete in itself, from which each may seek and find for himself what suits his taste. Some one has said that a difference of taste in jokes is productive of much domestic discord. Perhaps this comes painfully home to those of us that are condemned to see our unregenerate children prefer the humor of the so-called comic newspaper supplements to that of—Shakespeare's clowns, for instance. In all the ways of thought the same diversity of taste exists and our problem is to accept all tastes with equanimity. The strong meat of Whitman is poison to those of weaker digestion. Shakespeare, "our monarch of poets," is violent to Taine, not to be endured by Tolstoi. Maeterlinck, the exquisite dream-

er, is only short of insane to Nordau. Ruskin hated the splendors of Ghirlandajo that most of us return many times to see again in their dim chapel in Santa Maria Novella. Many even get less pleasure out of the stupendous "Last Judgment" that fills the great wall in the Sistine Chapel than in those lightly moulded, delicately tinted pictures Simone Memmi painted, that all the world might know the faces of Laura and Petrarca. How many moods are there in each mind! The poem that was enclosed in a prickly burr before the winter fire may open its heart to us under blossoming laburnums. The essay that delighted us in the shaded place where the fish were biting may seem very puerile by the study table. How many moods are there in the universal mind of which each man is but a facet!

In the great world of letters many voices call with many different burdens. There is place for all—for Homer and Aristophanes, Cicero and Juvenal, Petrarca and Leopardi, Shakespeare and Shelley, Racine and Voltaire, Lessing and Heine, Emerson and Mark Twain. From their secured eminence, no violence or treachery shall displace them. Only we do not put Goethe in our pocket to fill in the waits at the circus, nor declaim Dante at a wedding breakfast, nor Lucian at a funeral. Not all are fitted to carry the world on their shoulders or to bring the light of a new era. All may not hear from the sea and the forest the voice that spoke to Shelley, all may not re-echo the cries of universal life that called to Shakespeare. Some must content themselves with but the faint reflection of those lofty and pensive visions. Yet in the Temple of the Arts there is a place and need for all that write out of sincerity. Who knows what may be the fruit of their sowing? A place for all, except the presumptuous and arrogant critic. Yet even he has his use. For by his example he may teach us to avoid that critical attitude toward masterpieces that Mr. Mahaffy traces from its birth in Alexandria to its culmination in the criticism that he calls the bane of modern life.

We need men who, through much study and thought, can tell us the background against which a work of art stands out, what Taine calls "the race, the surroundings and the epoch." We need men who can trace the development and relation of ideas, the development of the technique of art. Above all, we need men who, through their feeling for sincerity, their insight into meaning, their sense of form,

can appreciate and interpret, who, adding to their keenness of perception the self-consciousness of apperception, fulfil Sainte-Beuve's ideal of a critic, as a man who knows how to read and to teach others to read.

> "God uses us to help each other so;
> Lending our minds out,"

says Fra Lippi. But we do not need men to tell us what a thing is *not*. In the whole of Matthew Arnold's beautiful essay on Heine he gives only sixteen lines to the consideration of what Heine lacked. He does not tell us that Heine undoubtedly possessed a mordant wit, but that he lacked the Olympian calm of Goethe. Nor that Mr. Swinburne has a fine sense of rhythm, but is without the restraint of Tennyson. Nor that Mr. Pater is scholarly and delicate, but lacks the ruggedness of Landor. Nor that while Charles Dickens has a certain, though limited, view of the irony of life he is deficient in the psychological subtlety that marks George Eliot. Nor that "if Browning had not the finest seventeenth-century magic of remoteness of matter and melody of form he had the queer mixture of ore and dross, the want of criticism, the incompleteness which mark all but one or two of our seventeenth-century men." *Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus.*

There is a legend that when Adam was barely an hour old God called together all the animals, that Adam might name them. And Adam, filled with the holy spirit, named all in turn, suiting each name to the peculiarity of the animal. The application of the legend lies in its comprehension of the manifold diversities of Nature. Sir Thomas Browne protested against the logic of calling an elephant or a toad ugly, since each in its outward shape expressed "the actions of its inward form," understanding in the correspondence of spirit and form the beauty that follows when each fulfils the law of its nature. We do not reproach the hollyhock for its height nor the snowdrop for its modesty. No wise man complains that the lion does not sing his heart out to the roses in the moonlight. Yet we are solemnly assured that George Eliot — Evangelical, Positivist, philosophical George Eliot—was "insufficiently devoted to the great god Nonsense." This kind of criticism reminds me of Touchstone's delightful view of life in the Forest of Arden:

> "In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it

pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach."

Nor do we need to be reminded again and again of those things that are as obvious as that the buds swell in springtime and that the clouds fill themselves with their mist buckets from the sea. What new thing do we learn when we are told that "Tristram of Lyonesse" is long, that "The Ring and the Book" is voluble, that "Sweetness and Light" is full of repetitions of phrase, that Pickwick and his friends are types, not men, that Dorothea Brooke is very solemn? All this is for the simplest to see, like Corin's natural philosophy that taught him that it is the property of rain to wet and of fire to burn, and that a great cause of the night is lack of light. That Swinburne, despite the seeming richness of his vocabulary, has, after all, a limited number of rhymes, that he too often rhymes "laughter" and "after" as too often Carducci says, "*Tutt' ora tace*"—does that make one any the less the supreme master of English song, the other the greatest Italian poet of his century? Such judgments are but weak handles to catch great men by. The faults are open to all. "Theophrastus Such" and "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" are judged in that they are not read. But not forty thousand critics could convince us that "Mrs. Poyser" and "Pompilia" are not writ clear for all eternity. What we want to be made to feel is the character and significance of the gift that each original genius bears within him, the gift that special circumstances have developed into something that is the man himself, not to be compared, certainly not to be confused, with any other. That we can do only when we shall have dropped the habit of seeking confirmation of our own beliefs in the works of others and have sought to know what the artist had to say, what excuse he had for breaking the natural reserve of the soul.

"Stat magni nominis umbra
Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro."

Like a lofty oak in a fruitful field! Which of our sacrilegious critics hesitates, with weak arm, to attempt to fell the lofty oaks that spring up so thickly in the fruitful field of our literature? The passion for rehabilitation is growing and, truly, it is a worthy thing to recall the forgotten words of men not fit for the grand first ranks, yet not meriting

oblivion. But still stronger is the passion for lessening the glamour that clings to great names, for determining the exact reasons why what the world has been content to consider masterpieces fall "just short of the highest," to determine the exact point at which they "simulate if they do not possess immortal qualities." That, I think, would take all the natural skill of a prophet and the acquired skill of a son of a prophet. Oh, for the faculty to determine all these delicate points, to compass all the complexities of thought and feeling with foot-rules and test-tubes! Just as the complexity of our life is not to be bound by maxims, just so little is the expression of that varied life to be judged and weighed by critical formulas and estimated by generalities. Consider the mystery that hides behind the barrier of personality in ourselves, in those nearest to us. Yet our critics hesitate little to estimate by one rapid glance, to reproduce in one sweeping phrase the personality that hides among the printed pages. To be told that Robert Browning is broad and long—oh, very long—but not deep, is to be told nothing. To be assured that there is nothing in Swinburne that resembles a thought judges not the poet, but the critic who cannot see that such a poem as "The Last Oracle" tells us more than pages of comparative mythology.

A scientist can construct a prehistoric monster from a few fossilized bones, a whole civilization from a few scattered utensils. In the whole of nature, each little object bears its definite relation to the whole great scheme and contains in itself the secret of the whole. "In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea," sang Robert Browning. Mme. Curie must test fifteen tons of pitch-blende to secure one-hundredth of a milligram of precious polonium. Winter's haze must die before the might of the returning sun, all the reawakened hues of earth and sky must mingle in one splendid weft shot through with golden light before one yellow bell can break from the bare wood of the forsythia. All the thoughts and impressions of years must be sifted and analyzed and compared and blended before the artist shall produce the work that is to be disposed of in one comprehensive critical phrase. It is not to be wondered at that artists have always hated the critics. It is strange that Dante did not discover an especially unpleasant corner of the Inferno for them. George Lewes kept them and their praise and blame from the "close

conservatory '' where Tito grew. Dumas hurled his choicest invectives at their unhappy heads. To Shelley, the critic of Keats was merely " a noteless blot on a remembered name.'' Heine thought criticism no longer the occupation even of the devil.

" Doch will er nicht mehr mit Kritik sich befassen
Die hat er jetzt gänzlich überlassen
Der teuren Grossmutter, Hecate."

And Heine's Hecate was not that Homeric figure suggestive of Maeterlinck, of a Hecate sitting in her cave, veiled in a shining mist, thinking delicate thoughts, but the fearful Hecate, " the close contriver of all harms,'' that commends the pains of the secret, black and midnight hags who brew their shuddering potion in " Macbeth.''

In the ballad " Der Zauberlehrling '' Goethe tells the story of the magician's apprentice, who, proud in his knowledge of signs and words, sends the old broomstick to the stream for water. But the spirit whom he summons he cannot dismiss, because he has forgotten the word, and not until he is almost drowned does the master return with the warning:

" Denn als Geister
Ruft euch nur zu seinem Zwecke
Erst hervor der alte Meister."

Just such spirits are many of our vaunted critical theories —magical when controlled by the master, rebellious and destructive when used by the ambitious apprentice who knows all the signs and magic words. In the hands of a master all the disorderly and turbulent array of contradictory facts and irrelevant details of history fall into their assigned places, leaving one clear view of order and significance. But the sad history of the world has shown how harmful is the use of their thaumaturgic paraphernalia by unskilled and proud apprentices. Racial distinctions discovered by the genius of philologists become instruments of wrath in the hands of nationalists, to whom the love of mine means the hatred of what is not mine. Evolutionary doctrines which gave definite form and meaning to pantheistic ideas of unity in nature are called in to settle the question of woman suffrage by referring to the biology of the amœba. Loving our theories and our labels, we confidently distinguish between the creative and the critical faculties. As if creation were not the conscious and unconscious critical selection of

the fit, critical rejection of the unfit. As if criticism that explains underlying laws, that absorbs and transforms into something new in form and spirit, were not performing the creative function of being articulate. The power of the critic who pierces to the heart of a subject is closely allied to the power of the poet who plucks out the heart of mankind's mystery. Such pieces of analysis and summing-up as the chapter in Taine's "English Literature" called "Ideas and Productions" or any of the wonderful chapters of Buckle's "History of Civilization," are no different in their effect from the monologues of Hamlet or Caponsacchi. We talk glibly about the masculine faculty of creation and judgment, the feminine faculty of receiving, assimilating and reproducing. Yet, if Mrs. Poyser is merely the reproduction of George Eliot's mother, Sairey Gamp is no less the reproduction of Charles Dickens's nurse. Unfortunately, in criticism we have not yet adopted the scientist's habit of making his working hypothesis into law only on the support of cumulative and incontrovertible evidence.

We are told that the arts should under no circumstances be permitted to encroach on each other's provinces. Long ago Lucian advised the same sort of specializing. At a legitimately convoked Popular Assembly of the Gods it was enacted that "each god employ himself solely about his own proper business: that neither Athena practise medicine, nor Asklepius trade in oracles, nor Apollo have all to himself so many departments, but choose some one—either be a prophet or a professor of music or a physician." Pictures should not tell stories, prose should not be poetic, poetry certainly not be prose, music not be constrained to express definite dramatic meaning. Yet are we grateful for Botticelli and Ruskin and Walt Whitman and Richard Wagner, who do all these proscribed things. If theories were infallible, life's problems had all been solved long ago. On the other hand, the very theories that sound indefensible as such may be most acceptable when made practical in the arts. When Richard Wagner solemnly undertakes to prove that the music drama shall concentrate in itself all the arts —when he proposes, as George Moore puts it in "Evelyn Inness," that the Venus de Milo shall shrink away before Frau Sucher in beer-garden attitudes—we smile or sigh, according to the nature and degree of our philosophy. But

when Siegfried is carried on the shoulders of his men over the darkened hills, while that solemn music sounds, with memories of his sunny youth and promise of heroic apotheosis, all the arts seem merged in the wonder of such music. Perhaps we feel it to be " antecedently improbable " that there should be warrant for the claim of modern Hellenes, that there lie miraculous powers in the reviving art of dancing. But when one single delicate figure walking slowly up and down a stage, against a draped background of neutral gray, can make her meaning so real that, looking back, we feel that we have actually seen that procession of stately Greek priestesses bearing their gifts into the shrine into whose mists they seem to fade, we forget our theories and feel that not too much has been claimed for the wonders of the art of dancing.

It may be true in the field of ethics that that is immoral in the individual which, followed by the majority, would lead to dissolution. In the field of art, it is true that many a characteristic that is made charming by the originality and sincerity of the artist becomes weak or artificial in the hands of imitators. But no great artist works with his eye on the effect on the vulgar. It is not a fault in Michelangelo that the fruits of his power and colossal imagination became to lesser minds models for sculpture, which substituted size for grandeur, for painting, which put contortion in the place of tragic emotion. It is not a fault in Matthew Arnold that his love of repetition and his suave urbanity may become tiresome and affected in a writer less anxious than he to impress what he considers to be an important point, less determined to refrain from vulgarity. It is not a fault in Walter Pater that his delicacy of thought and perfection of style may become affectation and preciosity in the hands of a writer in whom exquisiteness and finish are not essential parts of character and mental habit. Restraint is easy enough for most of us that can so easily exhaust an idea, that have difficulty enough in seeing *one* point of view clearly. Any child can drive old Dobbin who has seen a lifetime of patient service behind the plough. But what of a Pegasus that cannot bear a bridle, that rears and leaps and flies? What of those unfortunate geniuses that do not know when to stop, that, not fortunate enough to think in one image and one phrase, must see so primitive an emotion as Love, for instance, in half a hundred different images as in

Swinburne's prelude to "Tristram of Lyonesse"—that, not able to tell a simple story of murder with the directness of a chronicler, must tell it from ten points of view in four hundred and eighty-one pages? Yet we all love energy and endurance. Why should that long-windedness that is so admirable in an acrobat be so reprehensibe in a poet? Enjoy and admire, the critics tell us, but be careful how you imitate. Well may we be careful with our weak powers to imitate the inimitable. Let them look to their laurels!

Indeed, we have too much imitation. The time will never come again when the people will march in joy to see the masterpiece carried to its place in the Cathedral, proud that they have bought some part of that gold that shines so wonderfully from angel's wing or bishop's stole. Each one of us is too anxious to prove that, though he cannot plan the whole, he can paint one smallest section and sign it with his own name. Perhaps it cannot be otherwise in a democratic world, where the high must be levelled that all may be equal, like the grass blades on a flawless lawn. Perhaps it is not even desirable that it should be otherwise. It may be short-sighted to confuse the vulgarization of art with its popularization. But sometimes it seems as if the nightingale's voice were lost in the clamor of the sparrows. Sometimes it seems that the wonders of the florist's art, which gives us jonquils in January, had spoiled us for the miracle of that first golden cup breaking out of the wintry earth.

In the mosaics that fill the gilded apses of old Italian churches, we do not exclaim at the woodenness of the little lambs like none that ever lived. We wonder rather that with such means there could be produced what should look at all like a lamb. Most of us are but as workers in mosaic, carefully joining the fragments of our thought, happy if our finished work bears any resemblance to the life it would portray. Let us not prescribe rules to the genius that works above our head, whose broad, free strokes make clear the vision that he sees of sibyls, prophets and divinities.

Beulah B. Amram.

THE CHILD AND SOCIAL REFORM

BY THE REV. DR. PHILIP S. MOXOM

In all work for the moralization of human life, the workers are confronted by the disturbing fact of large and continuous waste. In the midst of the broad stream of general development there is a persistent counter-current of degeneration. The waste of life is represented, but not wholly comprehended, by what has been picturesquely called "the submerged tenth." With all the good work carried on in the world by Churches, Missions, Rescue Homes, Schools, Temperance and other reform societies — an innumerable multitude of remedial agencies—there is a constant production of "the bad." I use this term, not in the sense made familiar to us by narrow sympathies and ill-instructed moral judgment, but as one would use it who judges castings: some are defective and go into the old-iron heap to be broken up for remelting. There are the shiftless, the incompetent, the confirmed drunkards, the tramps, the vicious, the unproductive and the criminals of all grades. Not all of these are among the poor; wealth is no sure preventive of waste, and the wealthy furnish their quota for the old-iron heap.

In every centre of population, and even in many rural districts, specimens of this motley class are to be found. To some extent, the Church works upon it, and not entirely in vain, but with very limited success. The various enterprises for reform accomplish somewhat, but only a very little and in a very costly way. Society is like a leaking ship. The Church and kindred organizations are at the pumps, but the hold is not cleared. It would seem as if the most important task in which benevolent people can engage is that of stopping the leak. Of course the question will rise, "Can it be done?" Many say, "No." Others doubtfully ask, "How can it be done?" The problem of stopping the waste should be attacked on its least difficult side, and it has such

a side. The saying, "The best way to do anything is to do it," is often pertinent, because almost any right endeavor is better than doing nothing while discussing the question of ways and means.

Is the submerged tenth a necessary and inevitable feature of society? That is a question which earnest and thoughtful men and women are asking more insistently every day. Whence come "the bad"? They are recruited from the ranks of childhood. Are they the product of heredity? Perhaps to a very limited extent, though that is a word with which we hide our ignorance while flattering ourselves with a feeling of important knowledge. Much more are they the product of environment.

Modern psychology is confirming the empirical teaching of experience that comparatively little change in moral bent, in one direction or the other, takes place after adolescence. The waste begins before that period, though it may not appear until later. Somewhat, but not very much, can be done for the moral improvement of the present adult generation. Nothing is more disappointing than work for the reform of depraved adults. The success of Mrs. Booth in her work among State prisoners is due largely to the fact that a considerable number of these prisoners are not criminals by bent of nature, but through misfortune or even accident. Others have recuperative energy still dormant in their natures, the germ of which was implanted in childhood. Besides, the waste of life is not defined by prison walls.

I am persuaded that, while the reform of an adult criminal or degenerate—who has become such in childhood—is not impossible, it seldom is accomplished. At any rate, every consideration of economy and effectiveness would lead us to approach the problem of reform at the point of least resistance, and especially to turn the belated endeavors for reform into efforts for prevention.

Childhood is the time of extreme plasticity—physically, mentally and morally. Children born in a certain environment, unless they are early removed or reached by positively counteracting influences, are foredoomed—it is not putting it too strongly to say foredamned. There is the real grim fact of predestination which, apart from all theories, we are compelled to face. There is a kind of Calvinism deep in nature and human life. That fact indicates pretty clearly what our aim and endeavor should be.

What is the true, comprehensive and entirely wise enterprise—shall I say of the Church?—of society? *Effective moral care for all children from the cradle.* Let no waif escape a wisely sympathetic and sufficiently authoritative ministry. What forms this ministry may take will be considered somewhat at length later. At present I wish to insist on this: that every child in the community should be, and can be, reached by moralizing influences.

There are difficulties in the way of such an enterprise, but none that is insuperable; and such difficulties as exist are less among the poor than among the rich. That is, the sources of waste are more accessible among the former than among the latter.

An adequate and practically universal care for the moral health and education of childhood involves many things, but pre-eminently it involves a method which shall persistently seek out and follow up every child for its good. Such a method will require work—patient, tireless and tactful—and a great deal of it and for a long time. But that is what the Church and all other philanthropic and reformative societies are for, not for play or self-indulgence or even mutual admiration. Besides, all these are working now, and the efforts which they put forth in but very moderately successful enterprises of reform would accomplish vastly more if they were directed to the end of prevention. Formation is less arduous than reformation and it is much more profitable in results.

But such work is expensive. All good work is expensive—of time and labor and money and life. Men will give thousands of dollars for a scheme to extract gold from sea water; there are investments which pay much better in real values.

Let us conceive, then, an enterprise which should enlist all the churches, all the women's clubs, all reform organizations—all that large part of society which is well disposed toward mankind and is engaged in some sort of endeavor to improve life and lessen its waste. Conceive that this enterprise has for its end an adequate care for all children from birth to the beginning of adolescence; that is, to the age of fourteen years. Indeed, this period may be lessened. Many psychologists hold that the bent of a child is determined before the age of seven years. It is now a commonplace of psychology that the problem of moral development and the

formation of habits which are the secure basis of sound character can be successfully handled only in early childhood. The mother who neglects the first years of her child's life imperils its whole character and career. All efficacious reforms in society must go back to the cradle and the nursery.

The two great forces which act within or on the child in its growth are heredity and environment. Of the former, with respect to moral traits, we know as yet but little. That there is a physical inheritance is obvious. To some extent, still very ill-defined, there appears to be what may be called a moral inheritance. But *character* is the one thing which every one must create for himself, since it is the product of choices and determinations. If we say that character is the sum total of one's habits, it is still true that one's habits are determined both by his environment and by his own more or less deliberate choice. We do know that bad parents prejudice their children's future. Heredity is so far a positive force in human life that men and women have no right to become parents without regard for the influence of their own condition and habits on their offspring. The progress of the race is continually handicapped by the morally and physically unfit recruits to its number brought in by wholly unfit parents.

Of the second force, namely, environment, we know much more than we do of heredity. It includes all those influences which act upon the child from without—material, mental and moral. Under the head of environment falls the entire enterprise of education, and this is so large that at last we are beginning to appreciate the truth of Lessing's prophetic words, "*Die Erziehung ist Offenbarung*" ("Education is revelation"). Education has a much larger place even in the animal world than many suppose; for it is now recognized that a good part of what we have called instinct is really the result of an educational process carried on by parents among wild animals. The play of many animals proves to be a schooling of the young in attack or defence or escape from enemies.

We have not stated the whole problem when we say *heredity* and *environment*. There is the element of individuality—a force which sometimes overcomes both heredity and environment. Every child is something new in the world. In that baby just born is coiled up a force which is

unmeasured and unpredictable, which will sooner or later confound all the maxims of the father and baffle all the persuasions of the mother. Humanity never gets beyond the possibility of surprises in the form of revelations of what lies germinant in its nature individualized in children.

But the main influence in shaping a life is that of environment. A good environment will overcome the worst, as a bad environment will often defeat the best—heredity. Of environment the chief elements are, *first, the home.* The importance of making a good home need scarcely be argued here. Those who have good homes realize their importance. But thousands of our fellow beings have not and, without some marked social and economic changes, cannot have good homes. Among the working-classes—that is, operatives in mills, factories and the like—certain economic or industrial conditions tend to prevent the making of good homes. In many places operatives are discouraged from getting homes by the uncertainty of permanent employment.

The concentration of people of the same economic condition in cities, where high rents and poverty are in combination, prevents the creation of good homes. In the tenement districts of New York or Boston, how many real homes are there? Or rather, how few? In such districts there exists and increases a powerful instinctive attachment to the crowd. Hence the failure of attempts to ruralize urban people by moving them to the country individually or in groups. They will not stay in the country. The development of the electric railway and various other means of locomotion is opening up new possibilities in dealing with this condition; but the extreme attachment to the crowd must be reduced without lessening the element of good, which, after all, is its root.

The first essential of a good home is cleanliness. This is as necessary to moral as it is to physical health. To this must be added some degree of skill in domestic economy, so that there shall be the greatest attainable comfort. But the general atmosphere and spirit of the home are still more important. Cheerfulness, obedience, respect for elders and regard for the rights of others, are essential elements. Furthermore, it is difficult to conceive of a good home without the restraints and inspirations of religion. Where there is no reverence for God there will be little controlling respect for parents and regard for law.

The homes of a nation are the fountains of its life. In these are made the laws by which it is ruled. Out of these rise the forces which shape its character and determine its destiny. How shall good homes be created? This question leads us back at once to the consideration of individual men and women and the formation of individual character. We are forced to reason in a circle. The child must be rightly moulded so that when he founds a home, it shall be such as will furnish a favorable environment for young life.

But the main point now is, that the home is the first important element in the environment of the child, and therefore the creation of good homes demands the thought and endeavor of all who would work effectively to stop the waste of life and to moralize human society. It is said sometimes that the mother makes the home and that the primary need is of good mothers. This is true, but it is not the whole truth. American homes are suffering to-day because of a lack of good fathers. Many fathers have abdicated their privilege and abandoned their duty as fathers. They leave the entire responsibility for the care of the home and the training of children to the mothers. However willing the mothers may be to assume the responsibility, they cannot supply the lack of the masculine element in the administration of the home. Children need the father as certainly if not as continuously as they need the mother. "Mother," said a child in a suburban home of New York, "who is that man that comes here to stay over Sundays? I don't like him, and I wish he would stay away." The man was the child's father and the supposed head of that family. If there is truth in Professor Münsterberg's criticism of American schools because of a deficiency of the masculine element in the teaching force, there is more poignant truth in the criticism of some foreign observers, notably English, that there is a deficiency of the paternal influence in American homes.

The second element in the proper environment of the child is a *good school*. By this I mean a school good not only in equipment, teachers and method, but good also in atmosphere and surroundings. The importance of this can scarcely be exaggerated. Here is a point at which an intelligent ministry to childhood can make great gain. Why should our schools, especially primary and grammar schools, always be situated as they are now in the midst of the popu-

lation which they are meant to serve? Said a head master of a leading high school to me: "I would have a circle of kindergartens around the city away from its traffic and noise." Mr. McNutt suggests a scheme which, now that means for transportation are so greatly increased, grows feasible. His scheme is: Put all the kindergarten, primary and even grammar schools outside of the city—away from it—out in the country. Carry the children out every morning and back every evening six days in the week. Give them air and light. Bring them into contact with nature—with the soil and grass and flowers and trees and birds. Teach them the meaning of nature by such contact with it. Get them out of the wilderness of brick and stone and waken the stifled or never-developed interest in growing things and animals. Produce a generation in which the inbred attachment to the crowd shall be changed from a mere gregarious instinct into an intelligent human interest in fellow man and purified into a true altruism.

How much such a scheme would mean for the physical, intellectual and moral improvement of life in Boston, New York, Chicago and other great cities if it were liberally and persistently carried out. The main difficulties to be overcome are the inertia of ignorance and long-established custom and the opposition of unenlightened selfishness.

Equally important with the good school, but more difficult to attain, is *the good city;* that is, a social environment which would tend to elevate young life; at least, would not depress and degrade it. What have we now? A vast amount of unthinking as well as vicious profanity, coarseness, obscenity and brutality on the part of men in the presence of children. The children hear and learn that which pollutes their minds and makes moral training difficult.

But the effluent force of our coarseness is everywhere. Our walls are disfigured by vulgar and often evilly suggestive advertisements. Our streets are picketed with saloons, and in the larger cities it is even difficult to enforce the law requiring a saloon not to be nearer to a schoolhouse than four hundred feet.

There is so much in ordinary social surroundings which is coarsening and even positively corrupting that the wonder is that life improves from generation to generation as much as it does.

The fourth element of primary importance in the environ-

ment of child life is *the good Church.* We are not concerned now with theology or ecclesiastical policy, but with the Church as the institution upon which, next to the home, rests the duty of caring for the religious and moral training of the young. It is immaterial now whether it be called church or synagogue, whether it be Protestant, Roman Catholic or Hebrew, Unitarian or Trinitarian; it is that institution which stands for the inspirations and sanctions of religion.

To-day most of the churches are organized and conducted with a view to the needs and tastes of adults. The children have an entirely subordinate place. They are drawn more or less successfully into an annex called the Sunday-school, where they are held in a sort of probation for future adult membership in the Church. If we stop to reflect we shall recognize the truth that the Church cannot do much toward changing the moral bent of adults. It can do much to change and improve the next generation of adults by working rationally upon the children. Why should not the Church change its line of approach to its enterprise of saving the world? Why not for a time let the adult sinner go his way, if he will, to whatever perdition may await him; and spend all our money in a prolonged, intelligent and devoted ministry to the children? Let us not persecute them with exhortations to a piety which they do not understand and would not like if they could; but seek to provide for them that culture in moral habits and wholesome activities and pure interests which will make them good men and women, reverent toward God, docile to the real teaching of experience, and in love with everything beautiful and true, beginning at a time when right habits can be formed even though right principles cannot yet be understood.

These, then, are elements of environment which being good shall mould the children and with them humanity into forms of health and beauty and intelligence and righteousness: the *home,* the *school,* the *city* and the *Church.*

Now let us return for a few minutes to the question of expense. One thing men are perpetually forgetting, namely, that *society must take care of the bad and bear the burden of the cost whether it will or no.* There is no alternative save temporary neglect, and that is more expensive than care. Just as a city, if it will not pay for wise and adequate sanitation, must pay for disease and death; so in the moral

and economic realm, society, if it will not pay for prevention, must suffer loss and pay much for very imperfect cure.

It is becoming almost a truism that prevention is economical of money as well as of life. What mean our innumerable Charity organizations and Bethels, Houses of Correction, Reformatories, Jails, Penitentiaries, Police, Sheriffs, Courts, and executions and all the machinery of criminal law? These only partly represent the cost of neglecting to mould and train childhood. Add to this the economic loss in the unproductiveness of "the bad" and those who must guard them. The cost of all these remedial, restraining and punitive agencies is enormous, quite equal to the cost of caring for the primary education and nurture of every needy child in the country. Indeed, the estimate is made that every child in a community not otherwise properly cared for could be saved at a cost in money and labor less by one-fourth than that which is now required to protect society very imperfectly from the consequences of its own neglect.

It is cheaper to take care of the bad at the beginning. It would cost less to stop the leaks than it does to work the pumps. In fact, the cost is already provided for in the money, energy and labor which we now misdirect in numerous and for the most part fruitless enterprises for reform.

But if the cost of a complete preventive system were even more than we now pay for restraint there could be no rational hesitation, in view of value received, in adopting it. The restraint is grotesquely inadequate. Our reforms are only just a little less than dismal failures. A child saved is surely more valuable than a man hanged or a woman imprisoned. Besides, every waif saved becomes a productive worker, increasing the wealth which as an incompetent or a criminal he would waste or destroy.

Let us look once more for a moment at the field. There is to-day a stratum of society which practically is untouched by any reformative agency. The Church does not reach it. The Young Men's Christian Association does not. To a limited extent, the Volunteers and the Salvation Army and some of the city missions do. The mission Sunday-school, with its day nurseries and free kindergartens, does more. Certain enterprises, like those of the late Charles Loring Brace in New York and of Dr. Bernardo in London, have been so successful as to point out unerringly the general

direction in which we must go. But what has been occasional and sporadic must be organized and developed into an enterprise covering the whole field.

At the risk of wounding adult susceptibilities I must repeat that not much can be done for this generation in the way of changing the moral bent of "grown-up" persons. For good or ill, the moral character of most is already determined for this world. What shall be done? For one thing let the Church concentrate its energies on the children. To-day its mission and even its right to exist are sharply challenged. A new crusade for the moralization and salvation of childhood would give it a new lease of life and a stronger power than ever.

The Church stands for the magnificent undertaking of the salvation of the world. Let it save one whole generation and its task will be enormously reduced and simplified. Can it be done? Dr. Bernardo, the founder of homes for waifs in London, out of 9,556 children in a given time lost only 1.84 per cent. That is, out of every hundred all but a fraction less than two were saved. What does this mean? The Church prays for the coming of God's kingdom on the earth, and the logic of experience is teaching it that the kingdom of God will come on earth only through the gateway of childhood.

The fate of the world is determined by the influences which prevail with the child from birth to seven years of age, certainly from birth to fourteen years of age. Such is substantially the unanimous judgment of living psychologists. All our problems go back to the child—corrupt politics, dishonesty and greed in commerce, war, anarchism, drunkenness, incompetence and criminality. We know now that much of our labor for the radical betterment of society is costly and fruitless. It is because we are working against nature. We take the twig after it is bent and has stiffened into a tree. We take the brook after it has become a torrent. We take the fire after it has become a conflagration. God is teaching us, in ways made costly by our ineptitude, to *begin at the beginning* and to meet the demands of the situation by conforming to fundamental principles.

PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM.

POPULAR ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS

BY JOHN WILLIAM PERRIN

THE demand for a change in the method of electing United States Senators is not new, but is almost as old as the Constitution itself. It is not my purpose at this time to enter upon the pros and cons of the question, but to give a brief historical résumé of the various attempts to so change our organic law that Senators would be elected directly by the people instead of indirectly as now.

In the plan of government, popularly known as the "Virginia Plan" proposed in the Federal Convention (1787) by Governor Edmund Randolph, provision was made for the election of "the second (or Senatorial) branch of the National Legislature" by the House of Representatives "out of persons nominated by the State Legislature." Richard Dobbs Spaight, of North Carolina, opposed this and contended that Senators should be chosen by the State Legislatures. James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, the ablest constitutional lawyer in the Convention, objected to the methods proposed by both Randolph and Spaight and urged the election of Senators by popular vote; but no State voted for the motion he made except Pennsylvania, and when the method finally adopted came to a vote it was agreed to by nine States against two.

For more than a quarter of a century after the organization of the National Government, in 1789, comparatively little is heard of the question. During this period of our history, however, there was a thorough democratization of the State constitutions. Property qualifications for both suffrage and the holding of office were stricken out. Many appointive offices were made elective and the terms of office shortened. It was inevitable that a movement of such magnitude and character should eventually attempt a more com-

plete democratization of the National Constitution, and one of the clauses most certain of attack was that relating to the election of Senators. The first attempt to change this clause came in 1826 when the Hon. Henry Randolph Storrs, a member of the House of Representatives from New York, on February 14th, introduced a resolution favoring an amendment to the Constitution providing for popular election. The Storrs resolution was tabled and nothing further was done in Congress on this question until 1835, when a similar resolution was introduced into the House by the brilliant but erratic Edward A. Hannegan, who was afterward Senator from Indiana. This met the same fate as the Storrs resolution.

Early in the fifties five propositions, all having the same general purpose,—the election of Senators by popular vote, —were brought to the attention of Congress. The first was introduced January 14th, 1850, by Jeremiah Clemens, then Senator from Alabama. The second was a resolution prepared by Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, and was introduced into the House of Representatives February 21st, 1851. The third was a proposition of a Mr. Mace, a representative from Indiana, and was offered in the House on January 15th, 1852. The fourth and fifth resolutions were second propositions by Andrew Johnson and Mr. Mace, respectively. The second Johnson resolution was introduced into the House February 2d, 1852, and that by Mr. Mace December 12th the same year. The Clemens resolution was read twice in the Senate, then referred to the committee on judiciary, where it was killed. The first Johnson resolution was also read twice and then referred to the committee of the whole, to be heard from no more. The first resolution offered by Mr. Mace has exactly the same history as that of Mr. Johnson. The second resolution of each of these gentlemen was referred to the committee on judiciary.

During the Civil War more momentous questions pressed on Congress for solution and little or nothing was heard in favor of the popular election of Senators. It was, however, a question that lay near the heart of Andrew Johnson. I have mentioned the two resolutions that he introduced into the House of Representatives in 1851 and 1852. In 1857 he was elected to the Senate from Tennessee. Three years later he introduced a similar resolution into that body; and as President, July 18th, 1863, he urged the same amendment

in a special message to Congress and again in his annual message December 9th. With Johnson this amendment was but part of a scheme that he consistently advocated for a more complete democratization of the Constitution. He urged it with a proposition for the abolition of the electoral college, thus giving the election of President and Vice-President to a direct popular vote and the limitation of the tenure of justices of the National Judiciary to twelve years.

When the Reconstruction era had ended in 1876, and other questions than those brought on by the war began to interest the public, that of popular election of Senators began to receive increased attention. This is evidenced by the large number of resolutions introduced into Congress to secure the amendment. Until 1872 only the nine resolutions that I have mentioned had been presented to Congress. Since that date the number has been so large as to warrant the conclusion that the question is one that has strong hold on the popular mind. Hardly a session of Congress passes without one or more attempts to pass such an amendment. Six such resolutions were offered in both the Forty-ninth and the Fiftieth Congress. One of these, introduced by Mr. Townsend, of Illinois, December 21st, 1885, gives in the preamble as reason for the proposed change that "the Senate is now attempting to interfere with the power of the President to remove officials." This resolution was the result of the sharp contest, then at its height, between President Cleveland and the Senate in regard to suspensions and nominations.

The number of resolutions introduced into Congress providing for this amendment since 1885 is without precedent. In the first session of the Fifty-second Congress the number was twenty-five. In this same Congress the House of Representatives, on January 16th, 1893, passed by a two-third vote a resolution favoring the proposed change. Nine years later, February 13th, 1902, the House in the Fifty-seventh Congress passed a similar resolution by the same large vote. In the three intervening Congresses, too, the Fifty-third, the Fifty-fifth and the Fifty-sixth, the House voted in favor of popular election; but in each instance by a much smaller vote than in 1893 and 1902. In all five Congresses the resolutions failed in the Senate; but in the Fifty-fourth Congress the Senate, on March 23d, 1896, made an interesting report favorable to such an amendment. In this connection, too, it

is worth mentioning that the first speech ever made in the Senate advocating this proposed change was given, in 1887, by Senator Charles Henry Van Wyck, of Nebraska. When this speech was delivered Senator Van Wyck had just been defeated for re-election by the Legislature, in spite of the fact that the voters of Nebraska, in accord with the provisions of the Constitution of 1875, had endorsed his re-election by a vote of nearly ten to one.

Nearly all of the proposed amendments to which I have referred made the election of Senators by the people imperative. Others, however, gave the State the choice between the present method and popular election; while still others would confer upon Congress power to provide by law "for the conduct of the election and for the canvassing of the vote."

Two others of still different type have been proposed. On January 9th, 1882, Mr. Bayne, a member of the House from Pennsylvania, introduced a resolution for an amendment having the principle of representation found in the "plan of government" offered by Governor Edmund Randolph in the Convention of 1787. It favored doing away with the present basis of representation in the Senate and substituted a proportional one instead. Each State was to have two Senators as now, but for "each million of inhabitants in any State in excess of two million" an additional Senator was to be allowed. On January 17th, 1892, Mr. Miller, of Wisconsin, introduced a resolution which also provided for proportional representation. It differed from the Bayne resolution in that each State was to have but one Senator, unless its population exceeded a million of inhabitants. For each additional million in any State an additional Senator was to be allowed. In both resolutions Senators were to be chosen by popular vote. Even though popular election should finally prevail, it is hardly probable that the States will be deprived of their equality of representation, as this would disturb one of the great compromises of the Convention of 1787.

Efforts to change our Constitution in this matter of popular election of Senators have not been limited to Congress. Power of initiative to change our organic law is given by the Constitution to State Legislatures. The two methods by which the Constitution can be amended are fully set forth in the Fifth Article. This reads as follows:

"The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress."

In comparatively recent years the following State Legislatures have voted in favor of this amendment: Arkansas, California, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. In other words, the State Legislatures in thirty States,—almost the requisite two-thirds,—have adopted resolutions asking Congress to call a convention to amend the Constitution as to the method of electing United States Senators. In 1892 California, to test the sentiment of the voters of that State, referred the question to a general election. The next year Nevada followed her example; and nine years later, 1902, Illinois did the same thing. The voters in all three States endorsed the proposed change by large pluralities. In California 187,953 votes were cast in favor of popular election, and but 13,342 against it. In Nevada 6,775 favored the proposed amendment and but 886 opposed it. In Illinois more than half a million votes were cast, of which 451,319 were in favor of, and 76,975 were against, the proposed change.

At no distant day the question promises to become a prominent one in our national politics. The referendum vote in California, Nevada and Illinois is a clear indication of the trend of popular sentiment. In every national platform of the Labor party since 1892 there has been a plank demanding the popular election of Senators; and in the Presidential campaigns of 1900, 1904 and 1908 there has been such a plank in the Democratic platform. But of greater significance as showing that the question is a national one is the Conference held at Des Moines, Iowa, in December, 1906. This was called by Governor Cummins under direction of a resolution of the Iowa Legislature. Its purpose was to promote the direct election of Senators.

Twelve States were represented by delegates. The resolutions adopted declare

"that, while this Convention would much prefer that Congress should submit to the several States a proposed amendment to the Constitution for the election of Senators by direct vote of the people, so that the States might pass upon it as a single question, yet inasmuch as the Senate persistently refuses to submit such amendment, it therefore earnestly recommends that the Legislatures of the several States do, in pursuance of Article V of the Constitution of the United States, make application to Congress to call a convention for the purpose of proposing amendments to the Constitution of the United States."

Besides adopting these resolutions, the Conference appointed an executive committee, of which Mr. Thomas A. Cheshire, of Des Moines, is Chairman, to carry on a campaign to induce the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States to vote in favor of calling a constitutional convention.

JOHN WILLIAM PERRIN.

THE INTERNATIONAL FAME OF MARK TWAIN

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

"Art transmitting the simplest feelings of common life, but such always as are accessible to all men in the whole world—the art of common life—the art of a people—universal art."—TOLSTOY: "What is Art?"

IT is a mark of the democratic independence of America that she has betrayed a singular indifference to the appraisal of her literature at the hands of foreign criticism. Upon her writers who have exhibited derivative genius—Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow — American criticism has lavished the most extravagant eulogiums. The three geniuses who have made permanent contributions to world literature, who have either embodied in the completest degree the spirit of American democracy or who have won the widest following of imitators and admirers in foreign countries, still await their final and just deserts at the hands of critical opinion in their own land. The genius of Edgar Allan Poe gave rise to schools of literature in France and on the continent of Europe; yet in America his name remained until now debarred from inclusion in a so-called Hall of Fame! Walt Whitman and Mark Twain, the two great interpreters and embodiments of America, represent the supreme contribution of democracy to universal literature. In so far as it is legitimate for any one to be denominated a "self-made man" in literature, these two men are justly entitled to that characterization. They owe nothing to European literature—their genius is transcendently original, native, democratic. The case of Mark Twain is a literary phenomenon which imposes upon criticism, peculiarly upon American criticism, the distinct obligation of tracing the steps in his unhalting climb to an eminence completely international in character. Mark Twain achieved that eminence by the sole power of brain and personality. In this

sense his career is unprecedented and unparalleled in the history of American literature. Criticism must define those signal qualities, traits, characteristics—individual, literary, social, racial, national—which encompassed his world-wide fame. For if it be true that the judgment of foreign nations is virtually the judgment of posterity, then is Mark Twain already a classic.

Upon the continent of Europe, Mark Twain first received notable critical recognition in France at the hands of that brilliant woman, Mme. Blanc ("Th. Bentzon"), who devoted her energies in such great measure to the popularization of American literature in Europe. The essay on Mark Twain, in the series which she wrote, under the general title "The American Humorists," appeared in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" in 1872 (July 15th). In addition to a remarkably accurate translation of "The Jumping Frog" into faultless French, this essay contained a minute analysis of "The Innocents Abroad"; and at this time Mme. Blanc was contemplating a translation of "The Innocents Abroad" into French. There is no cause for surprise in the discovery that a scholarly Frenchwoman, reared on classic models and confined by rigid canons of art, should stand aghast at this boisterous, barbaric, irreverent jester from the Western wilds of America. When one reflects that Mark Twain began his career as one of the sage-brush writers and gave free play to his democratic disregard of the traditional and the classic as such, it is not to be wondered at that Mme. Blanc, while honoring him with elaborate interpretation in the most authoritative literary journal in the world, could not conceal an expression of amazement over his enthusiastic acceptance in English-speaking countries:

"Mark Twain's 'Jumping Frog' should be mentioned, in the first place, as one of his most popular little stories—almost a type of the rest. It is, nevertheless, rather difficult for us to understand, while reading the story, the 'roars of laughter' that it excited in Australia and in India, in New York and in London; the numerous editions of it which appeared; the epithet of 'inimitable' that the critics of the English press have unanimously awarded to it. . . .

"We may remark that a Persian of Montesquieu, a Huron of Voltaire, even a simple Peruvian woman of Madame de Graffigny, reasons much more wisely about European civilization than an American of San Francisco. The fact is that it is not sufficient to have wit or even natural taste in order to appreciate works of art.

"It is the right of humorists to be extravagant; but still common sense, although carefully hidden, ought *sometimes* to make itself apparent. . . .

In Mark Twain the Protestant is enraged against the pagan worship of broken marble statues—the democrat denies that there was any poetic feeling in the Middle Ages. . . .

"In the course of this voyage with Mark Twain ('The Innocents Abroad'), we at length discover, under his good-fellowship and apparent ingenuousness, faults which we should never have expected. He has in the highest degree that fault of appearing astonished at nothing—common, we may say, to all savages. He confesses himself that one of his great pleasures is to horrify the guides by his indifference and stupidity. He is, too, decidedly envious. . . . We could willingly pardon him his patriotic self-love, often wounded by the ignorance of Europeans, above all, in what concerns the New World, if only that national pride were without mixture of personal vanity. . . .

"Taking the 'Pleasure Trip on the Continent' altogether, does it merit the success it enjoys? In spite of the indulgence that we cannot but show to the judgments of a foreigner; while recollecting that those amongst us who have visited America have fallen, doubtless, under the influence of prejudices almost as dangerous as ignorance, into errors quite as bad—in spite of the wit with which certain pages sparkle—we must say that this voyage is very far below the less celebrated excursions of the same author in his own country."

It is only too patent that the humor of Mark Twain, the very qualities which won him his immense and sudden popularity, make no appeal to Mme. Blanc. She conscientiously and painstakingly upbraids him *au grand sérieux* for those features of his work most thoroughly surcharged with *vis comica*. Three years later Mme. Blanc returns to the criticism of Mark Twain, in an essay in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" (March 15th, 1875), entitled "*L'Age Doré en Amérique*"—an exhaustive review and analysis of "The Gilded Age." The savage charm and genuine simplicity of Mark Twain are not devoid of attraction even to her sophisticated intelligence; and she is inclined to infer that jovial irony and animal spirits are qualities sufficient for the amusement of a young nation of people such as are the Americans, since they do not pique themselves upon being *blasés*. According to her judgment, Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner are lacking in the requisite mental grasp for the "stupendous task of interpreting the great tableau of the American scene." Nor does she regard their effort at collaboration as a success from the standpoint of art:

"From this association of two very dissimilar minds arises a work very difficult to read; at every moment we see the pen pass from one hand to the other and the romancer call the humorist to order, only too often call him in vain. . . . Do not expect of Mark Twain either tact or delicacy, but count upon him for honest and outspoken shrewdness. . . ."

The charm of Colonel Sellers wholly escapes her, for she cannot understand the truly loving appreciation with which this genial burlesque of the later American industrial brigand was greeted by the American people. The remarkable talents of Mark Twain as a reporter impress her most favorably; but she is repelled by "that mixture of good sense with mad folly—disorder," the wilful exaggeration of the characters, and the jests which are so elaborately constructed that "the very theme itself disappears under the mass of embroidery which overlays it." "The audacities of a Bret Harte, the temerities of a Mark Twain still astonish us," she concludes; "but soon we shall become accustomed to an American language whose savory freshness is not to be disdained in lieu of still more delicate and refined qualities that time will doubtless bring."

In translating "The Jumping Frog" (giving Mark Twain the opportunity for re-translating it—"clawing it back"—into English which furnished amusement for thousands), in elaborately reviewing, with long citations, "The Innocents Abroad" and "The Gilded Age," Mme. Blanc rendered a genuine service to Mark Twain, introducing him to the literary world of France and Europe. In 1881 Émile Blémont still further enhanced the fame of Mark Twain in France by publishing in free French translation a number of his slighter sketches, under the title "*Esquisses Américaines de Mark Twain.*" In 1884 and again in 1886 appeared editions of "*Les Aventures de Tom Sawyer,*" translated by W. L. Hughes. In 1886 Eugène Forgues published in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" (February 15th) an exhaustive review, with lengthy citations, of "Life on the Mississippi," under the title "*Les Caravanes d'un Humoriste.*" His prefatory remarks in regard to Mark Twain's fame in France at this time may be accepted as authoritative. He called attention to the commendable efforts of French scholars to popularize these "transatlantic gayeties." But the result of all the efforts to import into France a new mode of comic entertainment was an almost complete check. There was one notable exception; for "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" was really appreciated and praised as—an "exquisite idyll"! The peculiar twist of national character, the specialized conception of the *vis comica* revealed in Mark Twain's works, tended to confine them to a restricted *milieu*. To the French taste, Mark Twain's

pleasantry appeared *macabre,* his wit brutal, his temperament dry to excess. By some, indeed, his exaggerations were regarded as "symptoms of mental alienation"; and the originality of his verve did not conceal from French eyes the "incoherence of his conceptions."

"It has been said," remarks M. Forgues, "that an academician slumbers in the depths of every Frenchman; and this it was which militated against the success of Mark Twain in France. Humor, with us, has its laws and its restrictions. So the French public saw in Mark Twain a gross jester, incessantly beating upon a tom-tom to attract the attention of the crowd. They were tenacious in resisting all such blandishments. . . . *As a humorist* Mark Twain has never been appreciated in France. The appreciation he has ultimately secured—an appreciation by no means inconsiderable, but in no sense comparable to that won in Anglo-Saxon and Germanic countries—was due to his shrewdness and penetration as an observer, and to his marvellous faculty for evoking scenes and situations by the clever use of the novel and the *imprévu.* There was, even to the French, a certain lively appeal in an intelligence absolutely free of convention, sophistication or reverence for traditionary views *qua* traditionary."

Although at first the salt of Mark Twain's humor seemed to be lacking in the Attic flavor, the leisurely exposition of the genially naïve American in time won its way with the *blasé* Parisians. It is needless to cite those works of his which were subsequently translated into the French language. It has been recorded that tourists who could find no copy of the Bible in the street book-stalls of Paris were confronted on every hand with copies of "Roughing It"! When the English edition of Mark Twain's collected works appeared (Chatto and Windus: London), that authoritative French journal, the "*Mercure de France*" (December, 1899), paid him this distinguished tribute:

"His public is as varied as possible, because of the versatility and suppleness of his talent which addresses itself successively to all classes of readers. He has been called the greatest humorist in the world, and that is doubtless the truth; but he is also a charming and attractive story-teller, an alert romancer, a clever and penetrating observer, a philosopher without pretensions and, therefore, all the more profound, and finally a brilliant essayist."

Perhaps the present writer may be pardoned for mentioning that when an essay of his on Mark Twain appeared in "Harper's Magazine," in 1909, M. Lux, reviewing it in "*L'Indépendence Belge,*" says:

"In Mark Twain's writings are to be distinguished, exalted and sublimated by his genius, the typically American qualities of youth and of gayety, of force and of faith. His countrymen love his philosophy, at once

practical and high-minded. They are fond of his simple style, animated with verve and spice, thanks to which his work is accessible to all classes of readers. . . . He describes his contemporaries with such an art of distinguishing their essential traits, that he manages to evoke, to *create* even, characters and types of eternal verity. The Americans profess for Mark Twain the same sort of vehement admiration that we have in France for Balzac."

In Italy, as in France, Mark Twain was regarded as a remarkable impressionist; and "The Innocents Abroad" had wide popularity in Rome. But with the peculiar *timbre* of Mark Twain's humor his Italian audience was not wholly sympathetic; they never felt themselves thoroughly *au courant* with the spirit of his humor.

"Translation, however accurate and conscientious," as the Italian critic, Raffaele Simboli, has pointed out, "fails to render the special flavor of his work. And then in Italy, where humorous writing generally either rests on a political basis or depends on *risqué* phrases, Mark Twain's 'Sketches' are not appreciated because the spirit which breathes in them is not always understood. The story of the 'Jumping Frog,' for instance, famous as it is in America and England, has made little impression in France and Italy."

It was rather among the Germanic peoples and those most closely allied to them racially and temperamentally, the Scandinavians, that Mark Twain found most complete and ready response in Europe. At first sight, it seems almost incredible that the writings of Mark Twain, with their occasional slang, their not infrequent colloquialisms, and their local peculiarities of dialect, should have borne translation into other languages, especially into so complex a language as the German. It must, however, be borne in mind that, despite these peculiar features of his writings, they are couched in a style of most marked directness, simplicity and native English purity.

"He writes English," says Mr. Howells, "as if it were a primitive and not a derivative language, without Gothic or Latin or Greek behind it or German and French beside it. The result is the English in which the most vital works of English literature are cast. . . ."

The ease with which Mark Twain's works were translated into foreign, especially the German and allied tongues, and the eager delight with which they were read and comprehended by all classes, high and low, constitute perhaps the most signal conceivable tribute not only to the humanity of his spirit, but to the genuine art of his natural and forthright style. "The Jumping Frog" one would imagine to

be very recalcitrant to translation. But I was amazed to discover the naturalness and accuracy of both the French and German translations; not only was the spirit of the original preserved: the universality of the anecdote appeared in yet clearer light. Take a brief passage—that in which Smiley and the stranger touch their respective frogs in order to make them jump. First read M. Blémont's translation into French:

"Maintenant, dit-il, êtes-vous prêt? Bon! Mettez votre bête à coté de Daniel, leurs pattes de devant bien alignées. Y êtes-vous? je donne le signal.

"L'alignement établi, il cria:—Un, deux, trois! Sautez!

"Et chacun d'eux pressa au même instant sa grenouille par derrière. La nouvelle grenouille sauta. Daniel voulut sauter aussi, Daniel fit un effort, haussa les épaules, tenez! comme ça, à la français. Mais, bah! Daniel ne pouvait plus bouger! La pauvre bête semblait plantée là aussi solidement qu'une enclume. On eût dit qu'elle était ancrée sur place. Smiley n'en fut pas médiocrement écœuré. Mais il n'eut pas la moindre idée de ce qui s'était passé en son absence. Naturellement!"

The translation is apt and clever, for M. Blémont has preserved the spirit—the *ton goguenard*—of the original—lacking in the translation of Mme. Blanc. Equally satisfactory, in catching the *tone* of the story, is the German translation of Herr Moritz Busch:

"Na, wenn Sie jetst parat sind, so setzen Sie ihn neben Daniel'n hin, seine Vorderpfoten ganz in derselben Linie wie Daniel'n seine, und ich werde das Signal geben. Dann sagte er: 'Eins—zwei—drei—hopps!' und er und der Bursche gaben den Fröschen hinten einen Tipps, und der neue Frosch hüpfte fort. Aber Daniel that einen Säufzer und hob die Schultern —so—wie'n Franzose—aber's half nichts, er konnte sich nicht rippeln noch rappeln, er sass so fast wie ein Ambos, und er war nicht mehr im Stande, sich zu regen, als wenn er mit einem Anker festgekettet wäre. Smiley war sehr überrascht davon und sehr böse darüber, aber er hatte natürlich keine Ahnung, an was es lag."

One reason—by no means an insignificant reason—why Mark Twain is regarded in Germany almost as if he were a native German writer is that no other English or American author has had so many translators and editors. "*Mark Twain's Ausgewählte Humoristische Schriften,*" in twelve volumes (Lutz: Stuttgart), as the Viennese philologist, Dr. Leon Kellner, has pointed out, read "precisely like a German original"—a truly remarkable circumstance. And almost more remarkable still—Mark Twain's "*Jugendschriften*" have already, some years gone, passed into the fixed repertory of German school literature!

As early as 1872, Mark Twain had secured Tauchnitz, of Leipzig, for his Continental agent. German translations soon appeared of "The Jumping Frog and Other Stories" (1874), "The Gilded Age" (1874), "The Innocents Abroad" (1875), "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1876). Numerous translations soon followed in Germany—published by Mann (Leipzig), Freytag (Leipzig), Lutz (Stuttgart), Reclam's *Universal-bibliothek,* etc. A few years later his sketches, many of them, were translated into virtually all printed languages, notably into Russian and modern Greek. His more extended works rapidly came to be translated into German, French, Italian, Dutch and the languages of Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula.

The elements of the colossally grotesque, the wildly primitive, in the works of Mark Twain—the underlying note of melancholy, the strain of persistent idealism, not less than the bohemianism—awake a responsive chord in the Germanic consciousness. Mark Twain's stories of the Argonauts, the miners, and the desperadoes; his narratives of the wild freedom of the life on the Mississippi, the lawless and barbaric encounters—all appealed to the Germanic passion for the grotesque. To the Europeans, this wild genius of the Pacific Slope (strange misnomer!) seemed to function in a sort of unexplored fourth-dimension of humor—vast and novel—of which they had never dreamed. In his "*Psychopathik des Humors,*" Schleich reserved for American humor, with Mark Twain as its leading exponent, a distinct and unique category which he denominated "*phantastisch,*" "*grossdimensional.*" In commenting upon the works of Mark Twain and his popularity in German Europe, Carl von Thaler unhesitatingly affirms that Mark Twain was entertained with absolutely unprecedented hospitality in Vienna—an honor hitherto paid to no German author! In Berlin the young Kaiser bestowed upon him the most distinguished marks of his esteem. He praised Mark Twain's work, notably "Life on the Mississippi," with the intensest enthusiasm; the passages in "A Tramp Abroad" dealing with German student life were also singled out for commendation. After hearing the Kaiser's eulogy on "Life on the Mississippi," Mark Twain was astounded and touched to receive a similar tribute, the same evening, from the *portier* of his lodging-house.

"That a crowned head and a *portier,* the very top of an Empire and

the very bottom of it, should pass the very same criticism and deliver the very same verdict upon a book of mine—and almost in the same hour and the same breath"—

this, Mark Twain confessed, was the most extraordinary coincidence of his life.

By German critics Mark Twain was hailed as the leading exponent of American humor, not only in the United States, but, in Herr Ludwig Salomon's phrase, "everywhere that culture rules." "Robinson Crusoe" was held to exhibit a limited power of imagination in comparison with the ingenuity and resourcefulness of "Tom Sawyer." At times the German critics confessed their inability to discover the dividing-line between astounding actuality and humorously fantastic exaggeration. The description of the barbaric state of western America possessed an indescribable fascination for the Europeans. At times Mark Twain's bloody jests froze the laughter on their lips; and his "revolver humor" made their hair stand on end. "Such adventures," one bold critic observes, "are possible only in America—perhaps only in the fancy of an American!"

"Mark Twain's greatest strength," says von Thaler, "lies in his little sketches, the literary snapshots. The shorter his work, the more striking it is. He draws directly from life. No other writer has learned to know so many different varieties of men and circumstances, so many strange examples of the *Genus Homo,* as he; no other has taken so strange a course of development."

The deeper elements of Mark Twain's humor did not escape the attention of the Germans, nor fail of appreciation at their hands. In his aphorisms, embodying at once genuine wit and experience of life, they discovered the universal human being; and it is chiefly for this reason that they found these aphorisms worthy of profound and lasting admiration. Franz Sintenis saw in Mark Twain a "living symptom of the youthful joy in existence"—a genius capable at will, "despite his boyish extravagance," of the virile formulation of fertile and suggestive ideas. On the occasion of Mark Twain's seventieth birthday, German Europe united in honoring the man and writer. Able critical reviews of his life and work were published in Germany and Austria — more in German Europe than in America! From these various essays—in such authoritative publications as the "*Neue Freie Presse*" (Vienna), "*Tägliche Rundschau*" (Leipzig), "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" (Munich),

"*Gymnasium*" (Paderborn), and the "*Illustrirte Zeitung*" (Leipzig)—I select one short passage from the pen of the able critic, Dr. Leon Kellner, of Vienna:

"A bohemian fellow, who is full of mischief without the slightest trace of malice in it, an imaginative story-teller who is always ready to make himself and others ridiculous without coming anywhere near the truth, a fantastic and Johnny-look-in-air who nevertheless never loses the solid ground from under his feet, a vagabond and adventurer, who from crown to sole remains a gentleman and with the grand manner of a Walter Scott keeps his commercial honor unsoiled—that is the writer Mark Twain and the citizen Samuel Langhorne Clemens in one person."

He hails Mark Twain as "the king of humorists"—who understood how to transmute all earthly stuff, such as the negro Jim and the street Arab, Huckleberry Finn, into "the gold of pure literature." At the time of Mark Twain's death, when so many tributes were paid him all over the world, one of his German critics wrote, with genuine insight into the deeper significance of his work:

"Although Mark Twain's humor moves us to irresistible laughter, this is not the main feature in his works; like all true humorists, *ist der Witz mit dem Weltschmerz verbunden,* he is a witness to higher thoughts and higher emotions, and his purpose is to expose bad morals and evil circumstances in order to improve and ennoble mankind."

Mark Twain is loved in Germany, the critics pointed out, more than all other humorists, English or French, because his humor "turns fundamentally upon serious and earnest conceptions of life." It is a tremendously significant fact that the works of American literature most widely read today in Germany are the works of—striking conjunction!—Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mark Twain.

"The Jumping Frog" fired the laugh heard round the world; it initiated Mark Twain's international fame. "The Innocents Abroad" won the thoughtful attention of the English people. Since that day Mark Twain has been the adored author of England and the colonies; in lieu of a national author, the English chose Mark Twain for the national author of the English-speaking world. His popularity in England was as great as in America or Germany; all classes read his works with unfeigned delight; critics of the highest authority praised his works in the most glowing terms. The personal ovation to him in 1907, which I witnessed, was the greatest ovation ever given by the English public to a foreign visitor not a crowned head; and Oxford University honored him with her degree.

At that time the oldest of England's periodicals, "The Spectator," paid Mark Twain this significant and comprehensive tribute:

"It is all, surely, the most admirable fun and light-heartedness. But fun, light-heartedness and an unrivalled sense of humor are by no means Mark Twain's only, nor even, perhaps, his most commanding, characteristics. He has a peculiar power of presenting pathetic situations without 'slush.' . . . He is, above all, the fearless upholder of all that is clean, noble, straightforward, innocent and manly. . . . He has his extravagances; some of his public, indeed, would insist on them. But if he is a jester, he jests with the mirth of the happiest of Puritans; he has read much of English knighthood, and translated the best of it into his living pages; and he has assuredly already won a high degree in letters in having added more than any writer since Dickens to the gayety of the Empire of the English language."

It is gratifying to citizens of all nationalities to recall and recapture the pleasure and delight Mark Twain's works have given the world for decades. It is peculiarly gratifying to Americans to rest confident in the belief that, in Mark Twain, America has contributed to the world an international and universal genius — sealed of the tribe of Molière, a congener of Defoe, of Fielding, of Le Sage—a man who will be remembered, as Mr. Howells has said, "with the great humorists of all time, with Cervantes, with Swift, or with any other worthy his company; none of them was his equal in humanity."

Archibald Henderson.

THE LEAVES OF THE TREE

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

HENRY SIDGWICK

Henry Sidgwick was born in 1838, the son of a clergyman, Headmaster of Skipton Grammar School. His grandfather, William Sidgwick, was a self-made man, a wealthy cotton-spinner, who had married a Miss Benson, and thus my father, Archbishop Benson, was Henry Sidgwick's second cousin. The other members of the family who survived infancy were William Carr Sidgwick, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Arthur Sidgwick, a Rugby Master, and later Tutor of Corpus College, Oxford, and my mother.

There was a marked intellectual bent in the whole clan. I once made out a careful record of their performances. I forget now the exact details, but I think that it came out that something like twelve members of the united families had taken first classes at the University, and that over twenty of them had published books of some kind or another. I sent the particulars to Sir Francis Galton, in answer to one of his circulars, and he replied that it was the most remarkable case of kindred aptitude that had ever come under his notice.

Henry Sidgwick was at school at Rugby, where his widowed mother resided. He was not proficient in athletics and lived a rather secluded school life, with the background of a very happy home circle. My father was then a Rugby Master and lived with the Sidgwicks. Henry Sidgwick went on to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of seventeen, as a Scholar. Though he had a year of ill health, he came out as Senior Classic and a Wrangler. He was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity and took up the study of Moral Philosophy. He held a College Lectureship and was eventu-

ally made Professor of Moral Philosophy. He married, in 1876, a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and he died in 1900, at the age of sixty-two, after a brief illness.

Such is the summary of a life which, as far as external incidents go, must seem extremely uneventful, though it was full of intellectual and social activities. Apart from his teaching and his books, Henry Sidgwick took a very active part in the administration of the University. Much of his time in later years was given to the work of the Psychical Society, and the investigation of spiritualistic phenomena. He was one of the chief pioneers of women's education; and the close of his life was spent at Newnham College, of which his wife was the Principal. He used to say, laughingly, that he supposed he was one of the few people in England whose position in his home was simply that of husband of the occupier.

The analysis of academical politics is an intricate business, and, to outsiders, a peculiarly uninteresting one. It will suffice to say that Sidgwick's position at Cambridge was a singular one. When he first took a hand in University organization, he was looked upon as rather an unpractical man, with dangerously subversive tendencies, and with so marked a power of seeing both sides of a question that he could never be depended upon to follow a definite line. He ended by being one of the most trusted and respected members of the oligarchy which rules Cambridge, distinguished "for public spirit, for fairness, for industry in investigation, for dialectical skill." The Bishop of Bristol, who held for many years a prominent place in the administration of the University, said that if Sidgwick had been present at a meeting, and had fairly discussed a matter, the members of the particular Board at least knew this—that there was not any obviously better plan to be conceived, and that they had not lost sight of any main considerations. Professor Henry Jackson, replying to the criticism that Sidgwick was a man who "sat on the fence," said that it was a complete mistake. "The man who 'sits on the fence' is one who, whether he has or has not definite convictions, is reluctant to declare himself. . . . Sidgwick's conclusions were often compromises, and might change surprisingly; but they were always exactly thought out, confidently affirmed and eagerly defended." At the same time, the fact cannot be overlooked that, in matters of policy, Sidgwick's mind was liable to

great and scrupulous oscillations, which bewildered supporters and opponents alike; this arose partly from a genuine and deep-seated diffidence, and still more from a conscientious dread of not doing full justice to the opinions of those with whom he began by disagreeing.

Of his direct educational work it may be said that Henry Sidgwick was undoubtedly a teacher for the few rather than for the many. He once accepted a Mastership at Rugby from Temple, and wisely withdrew his acceptance. He began his teaching work by instructing the pass-men at Trinity; and he used to tell an amusing story about this. One evening at a party he saw one of his class, who had just taken his degree, making his way across the room, with great diffidence, to speak to him. The man drew near, and then said that he wished to express his gratitude for Sidgwick's lectures. They were the best lectures, he said, he had ever attended, with the exception of Professor Kingsley's History lectures; and then, to salve the wound which might have been inflicted by the comparison, he added, "But, of course, Professor Kingsley's lectures are intended to improve the mind."

Sidgwick's main work was done in Moral Philosophy. His classes were never large, the subject not being one which attracted many students; but the result was that the quality was high, so that for years he had in his hands the opportunity of affecting and forming perhaps the most subtle and lucid minds of the successive Cambridge generations. The names of Maitland, of Archdeacon Cunningham, of Mr. Arthur Balfour, may serve as instances of men who recognized in Sidgwick the most inspiring intellectual force they had ever encountered. As a teacher he was admirably patient and sympathetic, made the kindliest efforts to overcome shyness, to elicit a statement of difficulties genuinely felt, and thought no time wasted in making an intricacy clear. His pupils learned from him to be transparently honest and sincere in thought, and left him determined that they would suspect dogmatism, banish prepossessions and arrive steadfastly at conclusions, however much they might dread or dislike the results. Above all, he had not the least desire to make disciples or to enforce opinions—"I would not if I could," he said, "and I could not if I would, say anything which would make philosophy—my philosophy—popular." It is difficult to summarize his work as an original writer,

or to make any forecast of the value which posterity may attach to his books. What constitutes the chief difficulty is that he was intensely interested in the practical problems of his day, both ethical and political; but public discussion shifts its channel, and an appeal to principles, which appear inevitable and all-important in one decade, seems a barren and unsubstantial argument in the next. It is, too, perhaps true to say that his historical sense was not strong, and that his metaphysical mind tried to measure by ratios and modes what is incapable of being measured by these means. So I will leave his books to justify themselves; their lucidity and thoroughness are indisputable, and they contained, in certain directions, for his own generation, the maximum of attainable and communicable truth. It may be said, speaking generally, that Sidgwick envied the faith that issued in action. But he felt still more strongly that the time had not come in philosophy to formulate conclusions; that the philosopher was still feeling his way, and that the only enthusiasm he could dare to nourish was the ardor of the quest. He felt himself bound upon a narrow path and upon an uncertain journey. The one hope was to be perfectly sincere with himself, and to do analytical work, however unproductive, which would not need to be done again. The same principle actuated him in his work for the Psychical Society. There was current an immense mass of vague records and fluid traditions of abnormal experiences loosely believed to be supernatural. There might or there might not be definite truth underlying these stories, which might possibly even afford scientific evidence of the continuance of the life of the soul. But Sidgwick had no desire to welcome or anticipate indications of this for his own personal satisfaction. He rather determined patiently to wade through the mud, to sift the rubbish-heaps of human imagination, to explore the dreariest, most humiliating, most diseased province of human thought, the craving after self-persuasion, the hysterical self-deception, the yielding to delusive terrors, the exaggerations of morbid hallucinations. His aim in all this was not the desire to say, "Am I justified in believing this to be true?" but, "Am I justified in believing that I have excluded all possibilities of deception?" The eventual result is that certain scientific probabilities are slowly emerging, and that many mysterious phenomena have been traced to their material original.

Henry Sidgwick always seemed to me to belong, both in temperament and in appearance, to the type of the Sage. He was so wise and mild and benignant! He took people as he found them, talked as graciously and as dexterously to the youngest and least conspicuous as to the learned and famous. He seemed to feel it both his duty and his pleasure to do his best for the entertainment of the adjacent person, whoever it might be, not to seek for congenial and appreciative people; and in a mixed company he seemed never to suffer from the temptation, to which I have known virtuous men of eminence to succumb, to gravitate secretly but surely, as by some hidden attraction, into the proximity of other men of eminence. He must have taken care, no doubt, to select suitable topics, because his topics always seemed appropriate to the company; but the scaffolding of the building was never visible: it appeared to be but a stream of easy talk, of light cast upon common things, so that they shone transfigured. He used to say that he had in early days been very shy, but that, realizing that it was a social duty to talk, he had determined always to talk, whether he had anything to say or not. It may be doubted whether the literal observance of this rule would tend in all cases to social ease; but with him it manifested itself in a quiet geniality, which was so natural and so self-possessed that it made the shyest interlocutor natural too. He was more than ready, too, to follow a lead. He did not soliloquize, nor monopolize the talk; there was no sense of performance about it. He had the art of weighing and appreciating the simplest reply, and the spontaneous and kindly attention he gave to any contribution to the conversation was of itself subtly flattering. He liked to elicit opinion, and could give the crudest sentiment a deft twist that made the author of it rate his own conversational powers more highly. One left his society feeling indeed that he had talked well, but also feeling that one had oneself made solid additions to the talk and affected the line of argument. For instance, he was often with us at Addington, and I used to feel that my father, much as he loved Henry Sidgwick, had a sort of terrified disapproval of his habits of thought. But though the ecclesiastical atmosphere was alien to Sidgwick, his talk with my father was mainly on ecclesiastical lines; and he seemed anxious to learn, for sympathetic reasons and not for controversial purposes, the current tendencies of Anglican

thought and activity. "I am always impressed here," he wrote at Addington in 1885, "with a strange sense of the vitality of the Church of England and its power of functioning intellectually and morally in the atmosphere of modern scientific and social thought. At Cambridge I get into the way of regarding it as something that once was alive and growing, but now exists merely because it is a pillar or buttress of uncertain value in a complicated edifice that no one wants just now to take to pieces. Here, however, I feel rather as if I were contemplating a big fish out of water, propelling itself smoothly and gayly on the highroad." The above extract is highly characteristic of him, in its humorous detachment, and its anxiety to see the inner spirit of an institution, even though it was on lines antagonistic to his own ideas. But I realized early, by some sort of unconscious divination, that there existed a sense of disappointment and even disapproval in my father's mind about my uncle. My father was to the bottom of his soul an ecclesiastic. He realized, as few people I have ever known did, the vital force of religion, the beautiful traditions and poetical appeal of Christianity, as interpreted and developed by the Church. Thus, though the tie between the two was deep rather than close, my father could never quite banish from his mind the thought that Henry Sidgwick's brilliance and consummate reasonableness might sow the seeds of doubt in the minds of us children; and though he loved him truly and respected him infinitely, he could not but regard him as a very formidable antagonist to the cause which he himself had most deeply at heart. There was just this amount of *gêne* between the two—that there was a large province of thought which had to be tacitly ignored. My father had no intention of discussing religious questions with Sidgwick, while Sidgwick had no sort of wish to initiate discussion. But when the two were once securely launched upon a safe subject, such as literature or Cambridge reminiscences, the give-and-take was delicious.

I shall never forget an evening spent at Hillside, the Sidgwicks' Cambridge house, in my early undergraduate days. It was a small party, and the principal guests were Professor Seeley and Lord Bowen. It always remains in my mind as the most brilliant conversation I have ever heard. Seeley came out of his shell and talked shrewdly and paradoxically, with the air and mien of a comfortable *abbé*.

Bowen, whose appearance, I know not why, reminded me of an intelligent Board-school master, was no doubt the most attractive talker of the three, because of the extraordinary power of transition that he possessed. His humor was entrancing—so delicate and so lambent; and he was able, too, to express deep emotion without the least sense of incongruity or affectation. But even so, I remember feeling that my uncle carried off the palm, because his talk seemed so entirely uncalculated and devised—though that is hardly the right word, because there was no touch of artificiality about it—to draw out and set off the brilliance of his guests.

At the other end of the scale I remember a party at Cambridge, at which a lady was present whom it was thought desirable to ask, but who was little used to social functions. She suffered at first from obvious nervousness; but it fell to Henry Sidgwick to take her in to dinner, and he began to talk to her at once about the education of her children. The bait proved incredibly successful: it was probably the only subject in the world on which she had both views and experience; and she left the house with the manifest consciousness of having had an agreeable evening, having held her own with an eminent man and having appeared in the light of a brilliant educational theorist, with the additional advantage of having been enabled to put her theories to a practical test.

Yet Sidgwick, too, had his social crises to endure. He used to say that once, at an evening party, his hostess brought up to him a young and beautiful damsel, like Iphigenia to the altar, and said, "Mr. Sidgwick, here is a young lady who wishes to have the pleasure of being presented to you." The maiden stared at him with wide and fawn-like eyes, while he in vain endeavored to think of something appropriate and impressive to say. When at last a thought came into his mind, he said that he realized that it would have sufficed if it had been said earlier, but that after so long a pause something more striking was required. The same terrible process continued, thoughts arriving belatedly and each of inadequate weight, till at last the hostess, observing the imbroglio, came and led the young lady away again without a word having passed between the pair. The memory of this was so haunting, Sidgwick said, that he at once set to and devised a remark, which he claimed would be appropriate, interesting and amusing, on any occasion,

at any hour, to any person of any age, sex or nation. But he refused ever to part with so precious a talisman, and the secret was never known.

He had a wonderful verbal memory and could quote copiously and accurately. He told us once that he had discovered a method of defying seasickness on a Channel crossing—which was to take his stand in some secluded part of the vessel, and to pour out audibly and rhetorically his repertory of English verse, accompanying it with a good deal of emphatic gesticulation. He said that he could go on repeating poetry continuously, if he did not force the pace, for about a couple of hours. I believe that the first experiment was successful and that he secured immunity from nausea. But he said that the second time that he tried it he was interrupted by one of the officers with a message from the captain begging him to desist, on the ground that some of the lady passengers were frightened by his behavior, being under the impression that he was mentally deranged. He complied with the request, and, deprived of its intellectual prophylactic, his brain succumbed to physical sensations.

But part of the charm of his literary talk, of which I had considerable experience, was that he could and did illustrate his points with apt and beautiful quotations most feelingly delivered. As a rule, people who can quote authors at length can rarely be persuaded to desist. One of the most tiresome conversations I have ever heard was one that took place between two accurate phonetic men, lovers of Dickens; and as Carlyle said of Coleridge's talk, to sit still and be pumped into never can be an exhilarating process. While, on the other hand, the men who have a critical appreciation of an author can seldom support their arches on solid piers of evidence and still less produce that evidence with dramatic or lyrical emphasis.

I always felt that the intellectual side of Henry Sidgwick's mind overbalanced and cast into the shade the poetical and imaginative side. He wrote a few lyrics which are felicitous and moving, and I have heard him confess that he sincerely envied the poetical vocation. He had, too, a really wonderful gift for improvising stories, which he was perfectly ready to exercise for us as children. I can remember even now the details of the story of the King who was haunted by a gnat-like voice in his ear that said, "Dig," and when at last he yielded to the suggestion and found an

abundance of curious things said, "Deeper," till at last he came to a room where everything was green. It was a story of epical volume and a chapter was always ready for us. And I can still recollect the thrill with which I once realized, as a small boy in my grandmother's house at Rugby, the blissful fact that every one else in the house but Uncle Henry and myself were going out to dinner; how I stole upon his secure hour and demanded that the story of the Green Room should be *finished;* how he put his book aside with a laugh, and while I played with the buttons of his waistcoat the strange and beautiful dénouement unrolled itself—so that for a day at least I was in the proud position, among my envious brothers and sisters, of knowing what had really happened and withholding the information.

In appearance, in later years, Henry Sidgwick was the only man I have ever seen who had something of the nobleness of mien, the kindly dignity and the unapproachable antiquity of the elders in Blake's designs of the Book of Job. He wore his massed hair rather long, in ambrosial waves, like a Greek god. His beard, of fine silky texture and irregular outline, seemed to flow liquidly from his face rather than to have been applied to it. As a rule, a man with so full a beard seems either embarrassed by it or involved in it and to peep from its tangled brake like a face from a bush. But with him it adorned and amplified his finely chiselled features, his great brow and clear-cut nose. He was small of stature and had very delicate hands, which he used much in gestures that were elucidatory rather than emphatic. He often played with his beard, stroking it or lifting it to his face. His features in repose, with the uplifted eyebrows, had a pensive, almost melancholy air. But this was transfigured in talk by the sweetest and most childlike of smiles. His voice was soft and high-pitched and had at times a note of weariness about it. But he could modulate it very beautifully for emphasis or emotional effect; while his reciting of poetry was one of the most thrilling and enchanting things I ever heard. He began in a high chant, with a rich rhetorical cadence. May I confess that it seldom failed to bring tears to my eyes, perhaps not less because at the end of a quotation I have often seen the water stand in his own. His stammer was well known, but he had so trained himself to disregard it that he never gave any sense of awkwardness or of delay to his hearers. He

used to throw his head back to disengage an unruly consonant, and, strange to say, the impediment became a positive ornament to his talk, enabling him to bring out a point with a quaint and charming emphasis.

He had, too, many little attractive mannerisms. It used to be a pleasure to me to see how daintily and leisurely he manipulated his food, with a sort of bird-like selection. He had, too, an absent-mindedness which is to me an invariable charm, because it gives a sense of tranquil absorption in a train of thought, a quiet aloofness from mundane things. He was sensitive about this and disliked feeling that he had behaved in an unusual manner. I remember once, when he was staying with us at Truro, he was standing at the end of breakfast on the hearth rug, sipping his tea and discussing some subject with great animation. The bell rang for chapel, and he walked down the dark passage with us, continuing his talk, holding the cup in one hand and emphasizing his points with the spoon in the other. Not until he had taken his place in the stalls did he become aware that he was acting in an unaccustomed manner. I remember his look of sudden bewilderment and his relief when the sympathetic butler, who had been awaiting his opportunity, came up and with a deferential bow removed the cup as though it were a semi-ecclesiastical ceremony.

He was wholly indifferent to dress, but contrived, by a sort of natural dignity and grace, to look well in whatever he wore. He affected a large black soft hat of a clerical type, or on state occasions a tall hat. He was always a conspicuous figure. In Cambridge the most characteristic thing about him was that he frequently ran in the street even in cap and gown. This had its origin in his being told by his doctor to take more exercise and advised to ride; he pleaded lack of time, but on eliciting the fact that running was better exercise than walking he determined to put as much exercise as possible into necessary transits. He put in "Who's Who," under the head of his recreations, "Novel-reading and a little walking"; but he was not deficient in agility, and I remember him as a very keen and perfectly efficient lawn-tennis player.

One characteristic of him was his apparently invariable cheerfulness. He laughed often, a low, musical, rather lazy laugh, which gave a sense of great contentment. His diary is rather a melancholy record; but this was not at all the

case with his talk, which was always light, humorous and comfortable. He talked a good deal about himself, his views and experiences; but this never gave the least impression of egotism: what he said about himself seemed always said by way of comparison or in confirmation of the experiences of others. And then one had a sense of intimacy in all one's talks with him; he gave himself; he was never aloof or impersonal. Some eminent philosophers whom I have known never seemed to be really there. Their voices whispered dryly of mortal things, but one felt that what they said was merely like rain dropping from clouds which sailed above the earth and evacuated expressions rather than mingled with life. But Henry Sidgwick was always intensely human, interested in his circle, taking his part, anxious to establish communication with fellow travellers, as merry and wise as old Master Gaius in the Pilgrim's hostel. He never gave the sense of being preoccupied in important work, but anxious, not on principle, but by instinct, to join in anything that was going forward.

I remember being once deeply touched, just after I left Cambridge, by something that he said to me. He made me a gentle apology for not having seen more of me as an undergraduate. I did see him, as a matter of fact, fairly often, being every now and then bidden to come and lunch with him in his rooms in College at the end of his morning's work or dining at Hillside. But he added that he had always known and felt that my father was uneasy about his possible influence on my religious views, and that he had therefore made up his mind that he would not raise such questions at all, and that he would not encourage me to discuss such things; and that this had ended in his seeing less of me than he had wished. He added that he hoped that I should not misunderstand it, or put it down in any way to a lack of affection; for, indeed, it was rather the reverse. I do not think that I ever heard such a thing said more feelingly and delicately, and it gave me a sense of justice and high-mindedness which was intensely impressive.

Let me frankly admit that I always have considered the case of Henry Sidgwick to be a difficult one for any one to meet, who claims that a particular religious faith or a particular religious denomination monopolizes the production of a special type of character. Henry Sidgwick was brought up in orthodox Christianity; he was a devout and convinced

Christian as a boy; he had a more or less definite intention of taking Orders. These tendencies were fostered both in his own home, where his mother was a devout High Church-woman of the old-fashioned type, and still more by my father, whose influence over Henry Sidgwick at an impressionable time was very great. Indeed, I do not imagine that he ever submitted himself in his life so completely to the dominance of a single personality as he did to my father's. He speaks of my father's "unquestioned rule" over his mind in his school days and early undergraduate time: "When I did what he advised . . . it was not from awe of him and fear of blame, but from a conviction that he was right and a desire to be like him."

Yet he gave up all dogmatic faith. While in later life he grew to regard Christianity, from the sociological point of view, as indispensable and irreplaceable, he said that he found it "more and more incomprehensible how any one whom I feel really akin to myself in intellectual habits and culture can possibly find his religion in it. My own alienation from it is all the stronger because it is so purely intellectual." He goes on to say, "I am glad that so many superior people are able to become clergymen, but I am less and less able to understand how the result is brought about in so many thoroughly sincere and disinterested and able minds."

To speak with entire candor, the difficulty with him was to base any system of religion upon alleged facts, which he could not test, and which he did not believe to be true. He felt that in a matter of such infinite and vast importance as subscribing to an ontological explanation of the universe, he could not possibly found an active faith upon assumptions which he thought so unwarrantable.

And yet I have always considered Henry Sidgwick to be, on the whole, the one man I have known who, if he had been a Christian, would have been selected as almost uniformly exhibiting perhaps the most typical Christian qualities. He was so sincere, so simple-minded, so unselfish, so sympathetic, so utterly incapable of meanness or baseness, so guileless, so patient, of so crystalline a purity and sweetness of character, that he is one of the few men to whom I could honestly apply in the highest sense the word "saint."

I have heard this particular point discussed by some who knew him and loved him, and deeply regretted his dissidence

from Christian beliefs. I have heard it deliberately said by one such, that his Christianity was so instinctive, by inheritance and temperament and education, that it could not be uprooted by what was a merely intellectual scepticism. But if the deliberate abnegation of a particular form of religious faith is attended by no sort of moral deterioration; if, on the contrary, a character year by year grows stronger and purer, more devoted and unselfish, and at the same time no less appreciative of the moral effect of a definite belief, it becomes impossible to say that such qualities can only spring from a vital and genuine acceptance of certain dogmas. Dogmas are, after all, intellectual things, and some of the best Christians I have ever known would have been unable to explain, if indeed they could have correctly repeated, the clauses of the Nicene Creed. I have, indeed, often wondered whether the acceptance of dogma is not rather a symptom of spiritual affinity than a cause of spiritual progress, a case in fact of the *anima naturaliter Christiana.* Indeed, I say frankly that though the spiritual ideas of Christianity seem to me the highest and noblest that the world has ever seen, or is indeed likely to see, it seems to me impossible to believe that, of the various Christian denominations, we should find, if we knew all, that one is in possession of the exact truth of the matter, and that all others are in error; and why I should myself claim to be an Anglican is because the Anglican Communion appears to me to have the note of Christian liberty in a higher degree than any other Christian denomination.

Henry Sidgwick's agnosticism was not militant, and had no touch of proselytism about it. He wrote to my mother nearly thirty years ago, after a discussion of religious matters: "You see, I do not want to bring you to my position. I am not sorry exactly to be in the position myself; it has grave defects and disadvantages, but I feel in a way suited for it; I regard it as an inevitable point in the process of thought, and take it as a soldier takes a post of difficulty. But I cannot take the responsibility of drawing any one else to it, though neither can I take the responsibility of placing obstacles in the way." He realized to the full the eager hopefulness that would naturally result from the vivid acceptance of a comprehensive and definite faith.

What has always appeared to me so beautiful about his attitude was the utter absence from it of any sense of in-

tellectual contempt or mental impatience. To him the man who was conscious of spiritual experience was simply enviable. But he never tried to prove that this was a sign of intellectual inferiority. He had far too much respect for others' convictions, and tenderness for their aims and needs, to treat the matter as a sceptic often treats it—as a case of dangerous and perverse illusion from which he must try to rescue victims. And thus Sidgwick exhibited the truest kind of tolerance, very far from the dogmatism that masquerades under the guise of tolerance and is intolerant of any form of spiritual assertion. He knew only too well the unhappy isolation of the intellectual life. He saw as it were the happy flock inside the fold and himself outside. But this did not lead him, as it often leads a jealous sceptic, to desire at all costs to break down the security of the shielding wall, even though he could not so far sacrifice his sense of truth, his own patient analysis of actuality, as either to pretend to himself or to others that he was within, or to express his belief, with a sympathetic compromise, that the security of wall and gate might somehow turn out to be an objective one!

In early days, before he made up his mind to resign his Fellowship—the acceptance of which involved at that time a formal expression of belief in the distinctive tenets of the Church of England—he sometimes spoke with bitterness of his position, because he felt a sense of insincerity about it: "I am so bankrupt of most things men desire, that I would at least have a sort of savings-bank pittance of honesty . . . to be a humbug in one thing is to make a terrible breach in the citadel of morality. . . . You see, the greatest humbug of all is to pretend I do these things for the sake of my mother. I wish to heaven I did! Then had I been a better man. . . . At any rate, says Trevelyan, do something; sound advice; but something has hamstrung me."

But after he had resigned his Fellowship, thereby sacrificing a competence and a position, these spectres were laid, the *clausum pectore volnus* was healed. Henceforward his wise and serene tolerance, the reward of his utter unworldliness, grew and increased.

And yet the record of his life as a whole, with all its subtlety and sense, its kindliness and sympathy, tends to give an impression of sadness, of endurance, almost of conscious failure, and of disappointment gently borne. Speaking generally, one would not much relish a biography which

gave one an impression of conscious success; but the lives of successful men, as a rule, give the sense of active interest and unconscious happiness, with here and there perhaps a touch of sorrow and gloom. But the life of Henry Sidgwick, judged by ordinary standards, may be considered successful, if it is success to be famous, to be influential, to be respected, honored and loved; and thus one finds oneself wondering what it was that he hoped to do which he did not do, and why there should be a feeling of a shadow and a burden often urgently present and seldom very far away. There were the materials for happiness, one would have thought, in the life of a man who found apparently the life for which he was best suited, whose prosperity was on the whole uninterrupted, who lived upon equal terms with the most interesting figures of the day, whose career was never hampered by any serious ill-health or untoward circumstance, who never fell and bled among the thorns of life, who never succumbed to any base or mean temptation, who carried out a programme of work with the approval and admiration of all concerned. If this is not a happy life, where can a happy life be found?

It is possible to conceive a Pharisaical critic saying that it was a life of which the spiritual glow was sacrificed to a cold intellectual ideal, and that a man who wilfully dismissed from his horizon the normal and traditional hopes of humanity was bound to be penalized. But in the presence of so high-minded, unworldly and unselfish a life as Henry Sidgwick's this criticism seems a kind of blasphemy, a sin against the Spirit—for the sin against the Spirit is the misinterpretation of all that is pure and true. No, the explanation of it lies elsewhere. Part of it was, no doubt, temperamental. There was a strain of melancholy in his nature which was distracted, no doubt, by work and activity, but which emerged when the frame was exhausted and the brain wearied. Moreover, his biography does not give a complete impression. It seems at first sight that to let a man tell his own life-story by diaries and letters is the nearest you can get to the truth of him. But in the case of hard brain-workers, especially if they have a strain of sadness in their temperament, the self-made record is not really the truest portrait. The diary is the record of the silent and introspective mood. Henry Sidgwick tended to confide to his journal the thoughts with which he was too brave, too kind, too unegotistical to

trouble the peace of others. And the letters, too, are documents composed in the intervals of hard work—not exactly for recreation, but for the sake of keeping alive the human relations which he treasured so dearly. But he did not expand in letters as he did in conversation, and those who were nearest to him say that he wrote them with a certain unwillingness of the flesh, and aimed at conciseness of statement rather than at the free imparting of intimate thought. Indeed, he regarded letter-writing as rather an interruption to his work. At the end of his life he expended some ingenuity in trying to confine his letters to a single page. He certainly must have given up a good deal of time to writing letters; he kept up close relations with his family and friends, and whenever a correspondent asked him a question or appealed to him for his opinion, he gave full measure, and answered patiently and kindly, with a great desire to do full justice to his correspondent's difficulties, and to give whatever help he could bestow. But his real and vital medium of communication was familiar talk, and this is the one effect that can hardly be reproduced, except in the rare cases where a Johnson meets with a Boswell. I suppose that a man's congenial method of expression is conditioned by his pace of thought. If he thinks more quickly than he writes, his letters are apt to be either disjointed or concentrated. And it always seems to me that Henry Sidgwick composed rather than wrote letters. Many of them are intensely interesting, when he was trying to elucidate some subject upon which he felt deeply. But his geniality, and the humor which was so strong a feature of his talk, evaporated in his letters; and though they do full justice to his kindness, his seriousness and his intellectual power, they give little hint of his lightness of touch, his serene deliberateness and his overflowing interest.

It would be wrong to call him a disappointed man. But he was aware of his great powers and did not underrate them, modest as he was. It is not uncommon for inexperienced and impressionable youths, coming up to the University and meeting with men of erudition and ability, framed in the attractive setting of College courts, stately chapels, solemn halls, studious rooms looking on to quiet gardens, to think that the life of the Don is one of unworldly grace and refined dignity, and to embrace with ardor the prospect of serene leisure competently endowed. Then in middle age

there comes an awakening. Men begin to wonder whether, after all, they are really doing any of the work of the world. They find themselves immersed in academic politics, stereotyped teaching, intellectual intrigues, petty interests. They see their own contemporaries, of possibly inferior mental power, stepping into the wider influences, the larger realities of the world, and they begin to be haunted by a sense of failure. There are many disappointed men at Cambridge, and even perhaps at Oxford.

Something of this shadow, one feels, touched the life of Sidgwick. He had restless periods when he formed dim ideas of leaving Cambridge. In later life this was succeeded by a more serene mood. The inestimable accession of happiness which his marriage brought him, the wider social and political circle to which it introduced him, his own unquestioned position at Cambridge, the outside honors which came richly to him, his delight in the prosperity of Newnham and the increasing range of female education—all this consoled and sustained him. But it comes out clearly enough in the diary that there was a time when he felt that he had sacrificed great powers to a futile sort of treadmill, when his designs seemed to be thwarted and his hopes disappointed.

There is one very remarkable passage in his biography, when one of his colleagues told him plainly that he was a comparatively ineffective man, and endeavored to give reasons. Sidgwick faced the criticism with sincere interest and without any personal resentment. I do not think I know any piece of self-analysis which is so just and at the same time so little introspective. The danger of introspection is that it tends to glory both in credit and discredit. It takes compliments as sincere, and censure as testifying to a refined sensitiveness of nature, unfitting its possessor for commonplace efforts. But there was no trace of this weakness in Sidgwick. He had been accused of academic sterility, of failing to attract men on a large scale. He admitted that it was so, but added that, feeling as he did that the deepest truth he had to tell was by no means "good tidings," he naturally shrank from exercising on others the personal influence which would make men resemble him. I know no personal statement which is at once so humble and so free from morbidity or self-depreciation, and at the same time so perfectly just both to himself and his critic.

But still, making all allowances for his instinctive lack

of hopefulness and buoyancy, and assuming that the proportion is not fairly represented—that no record remains of the "heart-affluence" of discursive talk—there remains a shadow which cannot be explained away.

To me it needs no explanation at all. It is the inevitable result of an extraordinary clearness and fairness of vision. A man who looks closely and without bias at the fabric of the world must be aware of the grossness and the faultiness of the texture. The greater the restraint and purity of his own life is, the more must he be aware of the inroads of sin, of the impatience and unreasonableness of human nature, of the horrible waste of time and energy all along the line, of the miserable obstacles with which the path of those who desire justice, order and peace is encumbered.

I doubt if a clear-sighted man, living a strenuous and unselfish life, with lofty and beautiful ideals, can ever be a very happy one. Happiness comes either to the unperceptive or to the indifferent, or to those who embrace with a fine unreasonableness, a rich impulsiveness, a theory of universal good-will, which is not wholly borne out by facts, but is no doubt the most effective way of dealing with them. To myself, the inspiration of such a life as Henry Sidgwick's is not the inspiration which comes of ardent discipleship, but that which is derived from the blessed fact that such unstained and flawless lives are possible among mankind. Such lives mark the high-water level of the race, and their development shows that there is some secret and beautiful force at work which can and does produce spirits of so fine a temper. I will not say that it seems to me a noble thing in him to discard the unreasoning optimism of humanity, which accepts an explanation of the world because it is encouraging rather than because it is true; for this was the natural and inevitable outcome of Sidgwick's character. He could not have done otherwise! But what is inspiring about it is that a man should realize that he is not justified by his lights in accepting a hopeful view of the world, and yet be enabled to live so serene and devoted a life, and that one who could not believe in personal immortality could yet love so tenderly and faithfully, and never, under any circumstances, under any weakness of body or infirmity of spirit, chose the purer and nobler course because of any expectation or hope of ultimate reward.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

BY SIR CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE, M.P.

From persons in high places much is expected, much is required, and the higher the position the greater are the expectations, the greater are the requirements. Training and ability will affect much, but without aptitude and character little can be accomplished, no lasting impression remains. On the other hand, the combination of these qualities, especially if embodied in a personality attractive and sympathetic, affords the best assurance that the greatest expectations will be realized, the most exacting requirements fulfilled.

This combination and this personality are found in Queen Mary. In addition to receiving a most careful training and being richly endowed with ability, she possesses rare natural gifts and remarkable strength of character. Intensely human, she is eminently practical while entertaining a true and just appreciation of those lofty ideals which make for happiness and insure success. To these sterling qualities, as well as to the Queen's grasp of mind and sound common sense, the King gave public acknowledgment in the first speech he made after his accession, when, having expressed his intention to follow closely in the footsteps of his illustrious father, he added, "And I am encouraged by the knowledge that I have in my dear wife a constant helpmate in every endeavor for our people's good." These words symbolize very clearly the part that the Queen fills in the daily life of His Majesty, how she not only shares his joys and his sorrows, but assists in the more active duties of Kingship in helping to carry out the many and great responsibilities which directly and indirectly beset the path of every occupant of the British throne.

For the daughter of an English Princess, first cousin to the reigning Sovereign, the Queen's bringing-up was very

simple. The marriage of her parents had been a love match, and if there was no great wealth on either side it is interesting to recall that the Duchess of Cambridge was greatly pleased with her daughter's choice; and in a letter written shortly before the wedding she expresses the opinion that "Francis is a most excellent young man, good principled, most religious, perfect manners: in short, I consider Mary most fortunate to find such a husband." Before taking possession of the apartment at Kensington Palace, lent them by Queen Victoria and the same that she herself occupied when living with her mother the Duchess of Kent, the newly married couple stayed for a few months at Lady Marion Alford's house in Prince's Gate. Writing soon after their arrival to Mrs. Dalrymple, a much-valued friend of her girlhood, the Princess says: "We are beginning life on our own account, having just completed our small establishment. It is a great interest and amusement to us both, and you would laugh could you hear me giving my orders *en bonne maîtresse de maison!* . . . I am finishing this letter after dinner in Francis's sitting-room, while he is amusing himself at the piano. I mention this to give you an idea of our tête-à-tête evenings, which are very cosy in the Darby and Joan fashion."

It was into this homely atmosphere that Queen Mary was born at Kensington Palace on May 26th, 1867, and although at her baptism she received the names Victoria, Mary, Augusta, Louisa, Olga, Pauline, Claudine, Agnes, up to the time of her marriage she was always known and spoken of as Princess "May." "A dear, fat, rosy, pretty child" was the verdict of a lady who saw the royal infant not long after the auspicious event; and writing to a very dear friend, the royal mother says: "May is as sweet and engaging a child as you can wish to see, full of life and fun and as playful as a kitten: with the deepest blue eyes imaginable, quantities of fair hair, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, a lovely complexion (pink and white), and a most perfect figure! In a word, a model of a baby! She wins all hearts by her bright face and smile and pretty endearing ways, and is wonderfully forward for her age. I short-coated her late in the autumn, and she looks a perfect picture in her frocks, pinafores and sashes."

Two years later Queen Victoria offered White Lodge to the Duke and Duchess of Teck as a country home. The

offer was gladly accepted and thither the small family was transported for the summer months. "Dear little May," writes the Duchess, "grows every day more of a companion and is as clever and bright a child as possible for her age, just three and a half." The royal mother was often in and out of the nursery, accompanied her children in their walks, joined in their games, sat down with them at their meals, and had them with her as much as possible. Alluding to the happy home life at White Lodge in these early years, a frequent visitor remarked: "It was a pretty sight to see the fond parents with their young family at tea-time under the old apple-tree in the garden." The Duchess was always glad that her children should enjoy themselves, but careful to avoid any interference with their studies, and was firmly resolved that her daughter's childhood should be absolutely free from gayeties and excitement. "A child," she said, "has quite enough to do to learn obedience and attend to her lessons and to grow without many parties and late hours, which take the freshness of childhood away and the brightness and beauty from girlhood—and then children become intolerable. There are too many grown-up children in the present day."

The royal mother was ever careful to see that her children should thoroughly understand the Bible, and when in residence at Kensington the Chaplain at the Palace and later the Vicar, now Bishop of Peterborough, used to give the Queen and her brothers Scripture lessons. He came twice a week, when the Duchess, who was always present herself, assembled her little family in the schoolroom; and in order that the children might more fully realize the needs of others she often asked him to take them with him to visit the poor in their own homes. Thus quite early in life the Queen was brought into personal contact with poverty. At White Lodge, where the church was some little distance from the house, if prevented from attending divine service by illness or stress of weather, the Duchess gathered her family around her and read them a portion of the Church service and the lessons for the day, adding in an impressive manner a few words of explanation. Although Sunday was a day of rest, the royal mother did not desire her children to spend a dull day, and amusements were never discountenanced provided they did not interfere with the appointed duties of the Sabbath.

As the natural sequence of this upbringing the Queen has deep religious feelings and convictions; she is a thoroughly devoted church-woman without any predilections towards extreme Anglican views; but while very Protestant in her ideas, as becomes her bringing-up, she in no way opposes ceremony, provided the service is conducted in accordance with the teaching of the Church of England; but if she has a preference, it is for a service in which all the congregation can join, believing that true devotion is better shown in hearty prayer and praise than in excessive ritual. Both she and the King are most regular attendants at church, and the elder children when at home accompany their royal parents, all the family joining heartily in the responses and in the singing of the hymns. The Queen's views regarding the observance of Sunday are the same as those of her mother.

If any poor person in the neighborhood of White Lodge fell ill and needed help Queen Mary and her mother at once went to their assistance, nourishing food was supplied, and frequent visits were paid to the home. In fact, everything was done to alleviate suffering and to cheer the lot of the helpless and the needy. A kindly word, a posy of flowers placed in the hands of a sick person, a toy given to a small boy or girl, a present of clothes, blankets for the winter months, were daily occurrences; and many a poor woman and child for miles round possessed a "hug-me-tight" or some other warm wrap knitted by the royal ladies themselves. These small acts of kindness, unostentatious as they always were, made a lasting impression and awakened feelings of deepest affection and respect in the surrounding villages for the Duchess and her warm-hearted daughter.

When the Queen was sixteen years of age her parents gave up their apartment in Kensington Palace and with their family went to reside at the Villa I Cedri in Florence. The stay there was utilized for educational purposes, and while the Queen studied art and made herself proficient in the Italian language at the same time she was going through the ordinary schoolroom routine. After two years spent in this way, the family returned to White Lodge and the Queen made her first appearance in London society. Soon afterwards she was confirmed, and the Bishop of Peterborough, who prepared her, was much impressed by the deep religious feelings she evinced during his course of instruc-

tion. The time passed abroad had done much to extend her ideas. She had become more self-reliant and her many natural gifts began to show themselves in her daily life and occupations. She entered heart and soul into her mother's charitable work, relieving her of much correspondence, and quickly became her right hand in everything.

The Queen's betrothal to the Duke of York, as the King was then styled, gave universal satisfaction. Everywhere throughout the Empire it was recognized that an English Princess, born and brought up in an English home and possessing all the virtues and attributes that inspire confidence and win affection, was the ideal bride for the eldest son of the heir apparent. On the day of the wedding the crowd was immense, and the mighty cheering of the populace that thronged every available point of vantage along the route gave abundant proof that the daughter of the "People's Princess," as the Duchess of Teck was affectionately called, had found a place deep down in the heart of the nation. That the Queen's married life has more than fulfilled all expectations needs no demonstration. The education and daily occupations of the royal children are under the direct supervision of Their Majesties, and they are frequently with them during the day. The King joins with his sons in their amusements and sports and closely concerns himself with their school-work, while the Queen personally superintends the education of her daughter and that of the younger Princes. The simple home life, the well-regulated studies, the put-by toys in a special cupboard for the little hospital children, and the hour set apart for work for the same cause all tell of the royal mother's desire to bring up her children in the way they should go.

By nature the Queen is most genial and absolutely without affectation. The homely ways of Their Majesties delighted every one in the colonies, and wherever they stayed they were invariably spoken of as the most delightful guests. The geniality of the Queen at once put all the ladies at their ease, and the natural timidity of one up-country hostess at receiving her august visitors soon disappeared when the Queen asked to be taken to the nursery to see the children and then in her charming way invited her hostess to come to her own room "to see our children's portraits." On another occasion during the same journey an old lady, the wife of a clergyman living in an up-country district, was

presented to the royal visitors. The old lady was very nervous. Seeing this, the Queen at once stepped forward and, extending both hands, grasped those of the old lady.

The Queen has a very retentive memory. Once she has mastered a subject, it seldom goes out of her mind, and months afterwards she will astonish her friends by reference to a conversation they themselves had forgotten. When visiting a place for the second time she constantly recalls incidents about the former visit, the people, the houses in the neighborhood, and especially the humbler folk. Soon after arriving at Balmoral this summer she motored over to Abergeldie with Princess Mary to visit several old servants, and remained some time chatting with them in a homely manner. In fact, no place, no person is ever forgotten by the Queen. Even the names of people she has not seen for years come back to her in quite a remarkable way, and very often she remembers the circumstances under which she first met them. For instance, driving through the streets of Hobart, she recognized a man in the crowd and remarked to her lady-in-waiting that he had been a curate at East Sheen when she was a girl, that his name began with C, and that she had heard him preach two or three times. On inquiry it turned out that he was the same man and that his name was C——n. It would be clever to have remembered him had the Queen met him after an interval of ten years, but in a passing crowd in far-away Tasmania it was extraordinary. As a natural result of such a good memory the Queen has something to say to every one, and the personal touch this gift imparts to her conversation gratifies and charms all with whom she is brought into contact.

Music had a great share in the home life at White Lodge, the musical hour in the drawing-room being at one time a regular institution, and often the Duchess would sit down at the piano in the evenings and sing ballads and songs from the popular operettas of the day. The Queen has a sweet voice, a soft soprano, which greatly matured under the skilful guidance of Signor (now Sir Paulo) Tosti. Of late years, however, Her Majesty has given up her singing; and, although retaining her fondness for music, she rarely finds much time to devote to the piano. She is a good judge of a picture and an excellent critic, and whilst at Florence made several pretty sketches of landscape scenery. She rarely misses any good exhibition of pictures in London,

is particularly fond of the Old Masters, and prefers the more finished style of painting to the Impressionist School. Her own collection of water-colors is noticeable for its refined brightness of color and atmosphere; it contains many pretty garden scenes, and some of the groups of flowers are particularly beautiful. Dramatic art of every kind appeals to her, and there are few plays of importance or that have attracted public attention during the last two decades she has not seen. Like her mother, she quickly seizes upon the humorous side of a question. Thus she has a keen appreciation for a sparkling comedy or a farce, and on returning from the theatre or afterwards in conversation often makes allusion to some particularly amusing part of the performance.

The Queen is greatly attached to the historical past of her country and has collected together quite a number of interesting things connected with the royal family. As a girl she always enjoyed going over museums and inspecting articles of antiquity, a trait in her character which has widened with years. She has an intimate knowledge of old silver and china and possesses a valuable collection of *objets d'art*. Ancient monuments of every kind have a fascination for her, and her acquaintance with different kinds of architecture must have entailed much study and close observance. She is particularly fond of visiting cathedrals and knows the interiors of most of the old city churches, besides being well versed in the countless treasures contained in the other historic buildings of our great metropolis. Whenever Her Majesty has a spare afternoon she will often spend it at a museum or picture-gallery. She has her mother's love of England and all things English. A lady, calling at White Lodge one afternoon, remarked upon the comfort of the chair she was sitting upon. "Yes, my dear," said the Duchess of Teck, "British industry; that is why it is such a nice chair." The same story might be told of the Queen. It seems only the other day that she was actively engaged in reviving interest in British silks, and great was the satisfaction expressed by the weavers at the East London silk-mills when they heard that the Queen and her mother were on the premises and actually taking tea "in the master's office." Her wedding-gown was woven in Spitalfields and all her trousseau was of British material. Some years have passed since then, but Queen Mary still retains her keen

interest in the British silk industry and has done much to revive the lace industry in Buckinghamshire, Honiton and Ireland. She only wears articles of British make and manufacture and any artistic production of British labor at once secures her attention.

The Queen has always been a great reader, and her boudoir at White Lodge contained a little case of her favorite books, prominent amongst them being Tennyson's Poems. Books of travel and biographies are seldom missed, for the Queen does not read for mere passing pleasure, but for instruction and information. Thus before starting on her colonial and Indian tours she perused most of the authoritative books on the countries she was about to visit. Maps, too, were studied with care. Frequently during the travels of Their Majesties astonishment was expressed at the accuracy of the Queen's information and her knowledge of local events. Novels of themselves do not appeal to Her Majesty, but she has read and re-read all the classic works of fiction; and any novel by a well-known writer or that is specially recommended to her at once receives her attention. Few ladies have a better or more comprehensive knowledge of English literature than the Queen, while her intimate acquaintance of French and German enables her to keep in touch with the chief works of foreign writers.

Her Majesty follows events attentively. She reads the newspapers daily and as Princess of Wales attended the more important Parliamentary debates, occupying a seat in the Peeresses Gallery in the House of Lords and in the Speaker's Gallery in the House of Commons. She is always ready to listen to the opinions of others, and her pleasure is to meet people who are authorities on current subjects of public interest, to gather their views and then to form her own opinions. Especially is this the case with social questions and matters concerning the care of the sick and the welfare of the poor. A chance meeting in a country house led to my being invited to White Lodge and being honored with the friendship of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. At the time I was helping with the House of Lords inquiry into the sweating system, and well do I remember the great interest taken by the Queen in the evidence. She never tired of hearing about the workers, and would ply me with questions about the chain-makers, the

seamstresses and the other toilers for long hours and low wages, until I thoroughly believe she knew as much about the conditions and requirements of these people as I did myself. She is never satisfied with a mere superficial knowledge of a subject. Details to her are all-important, and it often surprises persons in high office to find how much Her Majesty knows about questions affecting the every-day life of the people. She has great discernment and tact, a sound judgment, a keen insight into character, and a true knowledge of the logical sequence and outcome of events. Few better than the Queen can give sound, practical advice.

Punctuality is a household word in the royal establishment, and when the Queen makes an appointment it is always kept. In business matters Her Majesty is clear and expeditious, methodical and systematic. Her mornings are generally taken up with attending to the voluminous correspondence that arrives by every post. Her secretary and lady-in-waiting submit their letters and the Queen gives instructions concerning them. She quickly grasps the main issue of a question and soon makes up her mind and has never been known to lay aside a matter on the ground that to express an opinion thereon is irksome or difficult; but should any letter require further consideration, it is held over for a day, when a decision is given and almost invariably adhered to. Every consideration is shown to those privileged to serve the Queen, and before signifying her pleasure as to the personal attendance of members of her household Her Majesty will often inquire whether they may not have some other engagement, the breaking of which would be inconvenient to them. Busy though the Queen is—and one who has known her for twenty years has never seen her unoccupied—she is intimately acquainted with and takes part in all that relates to the management of the household. Every servant is known to her, and their comfort is as much a matter of concern to their royal mistress as that of any one else. In fact, no detail of life wearies the Queen, hence the reason that her sympathies are wide and all her days full of work.

In the cause of charity Queen Mary is most generous. She is ever thinking how she can best render help to the poor and to the needy. But large as her heart is, she does not waste her energy or give way to mere sentiment. No letter asking for assistance in any form is ever allowed to

be torn up without full consideration being given to the object, and in every instance a reply is sent. Each case is thoroughly investigated and none but the deserving are ever assisted. In the task of sifting Her Majesty always helps, and long acquaintance with work of this kind enables her quickly to detect the true from the counterfeit. The yearly reports of charitable societies with which the Queen's name is in any way associated are examined by her personally before being placed away for future reference, and she often asks pertinent questions about the management.

A charity in which the Queen takes much personal interest is the Holiday Home for Governesses, founded by herself and which bears her name. Her Majesty frequently motors down into Surrey, where the home is situated, and spends an hour or so talking with the governesses and inquiring into the arrangements made for their comfort. Another charity which owes its origin to the Queen is the Home of Rest for working-women of London, founded as a national memorial to her mother. Herself an industrious worker, the Queen is ever anxious to see proper attention is given to sewing in our schools, and in many and varied ways she has assisted in promoting and encouraging the art of needlework. As Duchess of York she provided the means for building a room at the Village Homes for Little Girls at Addlestone, where the rescued children as they grow up are taught to make their own outfits for service. In the progress of the Needlework Guild, which owes its early success, if not its origin, to the late Duchess of Teck, the Queen has always taken a special interest. For years she assisted her mother in the collection and distribution of the articles, and when the Duchess passed away the Queen herself became the head of the guild. All the parcels are directed to her personally, and year by year it has been her custom to attend at the Imperial Institute and see them unpacked and the articles sorted. In this way thousands of poor people are supplied annually with warm garments for the winter.

The Queen makes crochet woollen garments for poor children at the rate of sixty a year, and on being asked how she could possibly make so large a number replied: "I have always one of the little petticoats on hand in each of my sitting-rooms, and I take it up whenever I have a few spare minutes; then in the evenings my husband reads to me and I work and get through a great deal." Some of these

garments find their way to mothers' meetings and the youngest baby present is the happy possessor of the royal gift, which is usually placed in a glass bookcase or cupboard and shown by the proud mother to admiring friends and neighbors. The father of one of these fortunate babies was unexpectedly driving a carriage in which the King, then Prince of Wales, was seated. On returning home the man said to his wife: "As I was driving His Royal Highness I said to myself: 'Ah, sir, you little know that my wife has a portrait of your wife and a petticoat for our baby of her own making hanging up in our parlor bookcase.'" The royal children are trained by their mother in the same habits of beneficence and self-forgetfulness, and last year Princess Mary sent in to the London section of the Needlework Guild one hundred articles of her own making and collecting.

Broad as are Her Majesty's sympathies, her chief concern is for the welfare of women and children. When visiting a hospital she will tarry long by the bedside of a child, asking the nurse all about the patient, and helping to comfort the little sufferer with kind words and a gift of flowers. As Princess of Wales the Queen would often go to hospitals accompanied only by her lady-in-waiting and quite unexpectedly announce her intention of going round the wards. At other times she would send word to the Vicar of a parish in some poor neighborhood of London inviting him to show her his club-room. As a rule, this kind of expedition was undertaken in the evening when the room was full of people, and frequently Her Majesty passed in and out without being recognized. In this way she learned to know how the poor live and to understand something of the difficulties that surround their daily lives. The Queen has a very exalted idea of what is her duty, but while she never flinches from doing what she considers right, it is always with a certain effort that she visits scenes of acute distress and misery, owing to the pain she herself experiences when seeing others suffer.

A lady who sometimes assists in dispensing the Queen's charitable gifts tells me: "In cases of need amongst poor ladies the Queen has often given monetary help towards a rest and change of air. Every year she allows me to take two pieces of her work to Switzerland; these are raffled in my hotel for the benefit of the very poor Swiss in the village. There is quite a gala time in drawing the raffle

amongst the visitors, who are of all nationalities, and the villages are so grateful to the 'English royal lady.' In connection with orphanages and homes in this country, Her Majesty has for years sent prizes for the best boy and girl in the various places and allows a little badge to be given with them bearing the words, 'Be good and do good.' These badges are worn and very carefully treasured. At Christmas toys from the royal nurseries and money to purchase others come to me and are sent to hospitals and homes and are a great delight to all. But I have to do it all so quietly, as Queen Mary does not like her good deeds to be known."

Her Majesty's whole life speaks of kindly thoughts and kindly deeds; it affords her pleasure to give others pleasure, and wherever she goes she carries with her a radiant personality. The same gracious manner is meted out to every one, high, low, rich or poor. To old friends she is most faithful, and for old retainers most thoughtful, often receiving them and talking with them about the days of long ago. Once a friend of Queen Mary's, always a friend. No wonder she is universally beloved, and the more so by those who know her best.

No Queen of England ever entered upon her queenly estate better qualified to fill that exalted position than Queen Mary. No Queen ever had a greater hold on the affection of the people. Throughout the Empire, among every class, in every clime, the same opinion is expressed—love, respect and admiration for her lofty ideals, high principles, intellectual power, domesticity and family devotion, strong sense of duty, big warm heart, ever-widening sympathy, and, above all, a reverent regard for religion and simple Bible teaching.

CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

"Pages from the Book of Paris." By Claude C. Washburn. Etchings and Drawings by Lester G. Hornby. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1910.

For charm both in text and illustration this volume, by Claude C. Washburn, holds front rank in the gift-books of the year. Nine essays cover such aspects of the beautiful Latin city as the Sidewalk Cafés, Choosing a Home, Plays, the Bois, Love in Paris, the Courtyard, Père Lachaise and an Interview with Anatole France. To those who do not know their Paris, the book will serve better than any guide-book to bring the charm and gayety of the city to mind; to those who know and love the place, it will serve as a most excellent stimulus to homesickness. The writer has captured and set before us in these light and graceful essays something of the very personality of Paris. In the hearts of those who see Paris as a personality, he says, the city is forever writing her book, "a book of infinite variety, exalted and prophetic, delicate, fanciful and gay, sombre with the misery of existence, according to the materials on which it is written; but it is always significant, never petty. When it is finished, it will hold the story of the human soul; but it will never be finished. Paris is not the subject of the book. Paris is only the medium. It is in her style, since it is she who writes; but its subject is Life, and whatever, good or bad, has any bearing upon life is to be found somewhere in its pages without embellishment and without euphemism."

One cannot say that Mr. Washburn has given us Paris without embellishment. How could a true artist do this? And Mr. Washburn is a true artist, a master of happy phrases, a seer of the exquisite, the evanescent, the rare. He gives us the very look of the milky sky, the afternoon haze in the Bois, the manner and distinction of a lovely child playing at ogre in a courtyard or championing an unfortunate lady.

It would not need the last chapter on an interview with Anatole France to convince us of the source of Mr. Washburn's delightful style. It has the Latin ease of construction, verve, movement and grace.

The illustrations of this delightful book equal the text. There on the cover is the very life of Paris caught in the three typical figures seated in the Bois. It would be difficult to praise too highly the delicacy and fidelity of these little etchings of the Luxembourg Gardens, the sidewalk cafés, the Café du Rond Point, the little shop with the proprietor's back blocking half the entrance, and the views along the quay with the street venders in full force, and, loveliest of all, Notre Dame seen from the Seine. Of all the forty-three illustrations, only the one of the *cochers* might perhaps have been bettered, for the Paris cabman is a type full as picturesque and interesting as the famous London cabby. This is a book

to read and a book to look at and a book to keep ever at hand to cheer a sad moment or add grace to a dull one.

"Quiet Days in Spain." By C. Bogue Luffman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

Mr. Luffman, whose "Vagabond in Spain" was so successful and readable a volume, gives us here further desultory jottings from his diligently kept note-book of that medieval land. Having wandered over forty-two of the forty-nine provinces of Spain, living and making friends with all sorts and classes of people, going over more than seven thousand miles of land travel, the author has had opportunity for observation accorded to few. The net result of the work is to make Spain appear the strangest, the most foreign country left in Europe. The world is becoming uniform, but apparently Spain still lies outside that circle of influence. "Poverty," says the author, "is the most painful and haunting fact of Spain." No change and no improvement, the author thinks, can come from within until the Church is virtually suppressed. The author, however, thinks that as the great playground of the world, luring and fascinating, Spain is without parallel "the great unrevealed store of the South—a part of Europe, a link with Asia, an offshoot of Africa. . . . In race, language and ideal ever varying, she is one only under the impulse of religious fervor; a motherland, yet everywhere with the unformed heart of a child; a remnant of the age of mysticism; the victim of discredited institutions; a holder to faith without works; misled by an Eastern love of gauds, favors and rewards; possessed of a fine soul, but savage by reason of the hot blood coursing through her veins."

If the suppression of the Church and its attendant evils should ever be compassed, would not Spain tend at once to become of a piece with the rest of our ordered and appeased globe and cease to be a picturesque playground?

The book is not illustrated, which is always a flaw in a book of travel. Pictures can do so much toward making the text real and convincing. The author is undeniably desultory and will tell an anecdote of an old couple's ingenuity and wickedness in half a dozen instalments and in as many different chapters. To picture Spain, however, in all its crudity and high color, this book serves better than any recent volumes on the topic.

"A Manual of Spiritual Fortification," being a choice of Meditative and Mystic Poems made and annotated by Louise Collier Willcox. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

Because an anthology is only of worth in so far as it expresses a personality, so that its form and kind and very being are determined by the taste and temperament of its maker, precisely therefore it has the peculiar fascination of all indirect self-revelation, with its beguiling half-confessions and tantalizing reticences, its bewildering sympathies and illuminations that defy analysis. Any one who should be drawn to read this "Manual of Spiritual Fortification," by Louise Collier Willcox, by knowing already her gallant and goodly volume of last year, "The Human Way," would find confirmation here of all that he might have conjectured as to the author of those essays, so full of heart and thought and spirit,

so sensitive to all the unutterable beauty of the visible world, so tender to all the piteous fallibilities and more piteous virtues of our human kind. What, on the other hand, he could make out if he came unprepared to this exquisite purple volume with a Greek gem on the title-page, a transformed thyrsus on the cover and a motto from the Psalmist, very troubling in its *intimité*, it would take long to say even in outline. At any rate, he would see first of all that here was somebody to reckon with, who knew what she thought and, furthermore, respected what she thought. Then that the author had not only thought deep, but read wide and, more than all, had reached high; conventional standards, conventional judgments, had no part here. The shaping spirit of imagination, which has made out of a mosaic an entity, out of dead men's utterances a vital and personal confession of faith, is the spirit of inexhaustible charity and tireless love, of inextinguishable confidence in the Good that is greater than we, of indomitable courage in the hour of agony and in the conflict of despair, that holds fast in the utter darkness because it believes in light. It is the Manual of such as know themselves soldiers in the City of God.

Nobody can quite spare a book like this. On the little table of the invalid, the sleepless, the overworked, it belongs inevitably; for such it has always a short word and a perfect word, brief matter for long meditation. But by just as good right it belongs on the low shelf at the right hand of the professional bookman. To him its wide range will especially commend it, stretching from thirteenth-century texts to pieces which are still only procurable as clipped from magazine or newspaper; and wheeling from "Thy gardens and Thy gallant walks" to "Out of the night that covers me." To have at one's elbow the best of Lionel Johnson's almost unprocurable poems and some of Father Hopkins's, which are completely inaccessible, is a gift to call out thanks, and almost as acceptable because as rare are selections from mid-century poetry like that of Professor Dowden and the late F. W. H. Meyers. But the book is nowise prejudiced in its unconvention: it offers clergymen as well as journalists, Catholic priests alongside of Unitarian ministers, the lyric ecstasy of George Herbert, the tender piety of Keble, the spiritual travail of John Byron, the exultant battle hymn of R. D. Blackmore. It is a Manual of faith no less than hope and love; nay, more, it is the Book of the Discipline of the Sons of God.

The notes are all too few, but they are personal and suggestive—the running comment of one who has gone over the way before. Nor should the critic need to praise the rare felicity of some titles that the compiler has supplied when such were wanted; to Shakespeare's Sonnets, for instance, and Drummond of Hawthornden's Madrigals and the several sections of "In Memoriam." The whole is like an hour spent in the Interpreter's House: it is of the most universal and exquisite appeal, a Handbook of the Practice of Perfection, a Guide to the Habit of Courage. And if there are men who do not need courage and do not want perfection, they, more than all others, will find it very full of human interest.

"Romantic California." By Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

If Mr. Luffman's "Spain" falls short for lack of illustration Mr. Piexotto's "Romantic California" is all illustration with a negligible cur-

rent of text. For a gift-book, which does not stand for serious reading, the volume is perhaps no less attractive. It is beautiful outside and inside. The frontispiece, "Set in Cypress-grove Gardens," is done from one of Mr. Peixotto's best-known pictures, and the little pen-and-ink sketches of tropical trees, picturesque corners of old gardens, wind-tossed trees on rocky points, windmills, fishermen and grape-gatherers produce all the atmosphere of our Western land of romance without words. The book is frankly a painter's book of pictures, and the words that accompany them do little to heighten the effect.

"The Holy Land." By Robert Hichens. Reproduction in colors from Paintings by Jules Guérin. New York: The Century Company, 1910.

The most sumptuous and pretentious of the gift-books of the season is this descriptive volume by Robert Hichens. Mr. Hichens's greatest achievement is the atmosphere of the desert in "The Garden of Allah"; but he is, after all, a novelist, not an essayist, and he needs his human figures to bring out his landscape, just as the landscape needs the human figures to vivify it. None the less, this is a quite magnificent volume for the drawing-room table, where it may be picked up and read a page or two at a time, while the splendid illustrations but point to the descriptive text. It would be unfair to lead any one to think that the best of Robert Hichens is in this volume, for he lends himself somewhat feebly to the multiplication of word-pictures. The book is a drawing-room decoration chiefly and as such wholly suitable and satisfying.

"The Lure of the Antique." By Walter A. Dyer. New York: The Century Company, 1910.

This book is not exactly what its subtitle proclaims it—"a book of ready reference for collectors of old furniture, china, mirrors, candlesticks, silverware, pewter, glassware, copper utensils, clocks and other household furnishings," etc.

It is a charming book on an inexhaustible topic, beautifully but sparsely illustrated by rare photographs of good old pieces. The information is not full enough or thorough enough to make the book a good handbook for collectors, but the volume does fill a place as excellent reading for the beginner and the amateur, giving just the opening and fundamental knowledge which goes to the making of a collector. It creates the taste which later, more technical books must nourish. For a commencing collector, however, this little light volume serves excellently and is most interesting and helpful.

FICTION.

"Clayhanger." By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

"THE great novelist is he who takes the common experience of ordinary people and so vitalizes and interprets it as to make us, for the moment at least, see it as the wealth it really is.

"The difficulty is, not to lose sight of the significance of the banal, not to find people less interesting because they resemble one another, not to

find daily happenings any the less wonderful that they are daily to keep always before us the marvellous quality of the usual."

These recently published words of a charming essayist are perfectly apposite to the work under discussion. That Arnold Bennett is a very great writer he proved in that remarkable novel, "Old Wives' Tale." "The Glimpse," which followed immediately after, was disappointing and bore marks of being a refurbished early work. With "Clayhanger" Mr. Bennett offers us a worthy successor of "Old Wives' Tale." Once more he is in the *milieu* of the Five Towns—a locality in Staffordshire where crockery is manufactured, a setting absolutely mediocre and undistinguished. The hero, Clayhanger, is merely a nice young fellow who likes to read and yearns for more elegance and refinement than his home can offer him. Without great force or energy, he is industrious and honest; without overwhelming abilities, he has a taste for literature and art; without deep tenderness, he has kindly emotions and a fund of fairness and good-will. He and his father fail to understand each other; and the son, who is the less self-willed of the two, is forced into a business career which he loathes. He has two perfectly commonplace sisters—one a domestic creature, faithful and honest, and the other flippant and foolish. There is no glamour of romance thrown about the situation; there are no adventures. No attempt at all is made to rectify reality. But it is a very great novel, none the less; so great that it throws into the shadow all the novels of the last decade. Even "Tono-Bungay," full of meat and life as it was, seems slim and unpleasant in comparison. There is nothing unpleasant here. If one stop to analyze wherein the greatness consists one finds it to lie in three qualities: an uncompromising and exact sense of truth, unwavering concentration of a flood of consciousness on one subject, a mastery of technique. To work backwards on these three points, one would notice first how unobtrusively the narrative flows. There are no tricks of technique, no eloquent passages, no moralizings, no crises. The author is as objective, as silent in his own person as Flaubert himself in "Madame Bovary." There is no word-painting, but language is used throughout as subordinate, as a medium, not as an end in itself. The effect is of supreme simplicity and clarity, but the amazing thing is the amount the author sees. The details whereby he reconstructs a period, a place, the atmosphere of a home, a room, are legion. Nothing escapes him. He sees everything. How so young a man can completely set before us a mid-Victorian drawing-room, an old-fashioned parlor in a Brighton boarding-house, a new suburb of 1870, is a marvel and a questioning. He cannot possibly remember these things, but he can set them there in his pages in their habit as they lived. Even in the same manner the political and literary issues of the day are revived.

The second facet of Mr. Arnold's genius is his abundant consciousness. We have pointed out that he chooses for his subject a perfectly commonplace man in perfectly commonplace surroundings; and of these he makes, by the flood of knowledge and understanding and "awareness" he sheds upon them, an enthralling book, a book to re-read and re-read. He so vitalizes and interprets the common light of every day that we seem, for the moment, to understand all life from the light thrown on the typical moment. And it is no longer commonplace; it is luminous and wonderful and awakening that life should be like this. And, finally, Mr. Arnold has that gift which outweighs all romance, the sense of truth;

he neither belittles facts nor heightens effects. He looks steadily at his fact, he sees true, he reports accurately. If this seems to be other than great praise, it is because our sense of values needs transvaluation. "Clayhanger" is a very great novel.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"A Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. New York: Duffield & Co., 1910.

It is a notable fact that the most interesting and most beautiful children's books of the season are reprints of earlier books. Hardly a year passes that Hawthorne's tales from Greek Mythology are not reprinted in some form or other for the children. Together with Kingsley's "Greek Heroes," the "Tanglewood Tales" and "A Wonder Book" furnish the child's best introduction to that golden land and literature which still is the noblest pasture land of the poetic imagination. The value of the present edition lies chiefly in the beautiful illustrations by Maxfield Parrish. In form the volume is like the "Poems of Childhood," by Eugene Field, and the "Arabian Nights Tales," retold by Kate Douglas Wiggin, both published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in previous holiday seasons. There are ten full-page illustrations. Of these "Circe's Palace," "The Fountain of Pirene" and "Proserpine" are exquisite pictures quite in Mr. Parrish's best manner. "Cadmus Sowing the Dragon's Teeth" is full of motion and breeze, but the picture is somewhat marred by the amount of ugly gold-red-brown color in which the newer color prints revel. The coloring again mars the charm of the picture of "Bellerophon." All in all, the book is one of the most sumptuous of the children's books of this season.

"The Flint Heart." By Eden Phillpotts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

That Eden Phillpotts could write as well of the comedies of childhood as the tragedies of the peasants we learned in that humorous classic, "The Eternal Boy." "Flint Heart" is redeemed from being a mere fairy-story with an historical picture as an introduction by Mr. Phillpotts's exuberant fancy and delightful humor. The whole of Dartmoor, from the stone age to the present day, with the little farm of Merripit cuddled in a hollow, the dog and the children and the farmers, the learned archæologist from London, the Sun, Zagobog and the Thunderspirit, and the fairies and pixies and the bluebells, and the hot-water bottle made in Germany take important parts in this delightful fantasy. The story is young enough and simple enough to hold the attention of any childish mind and yet is full enough and bright enough and charming enough to leave behind an ample store of pictures and fancies and jests.

"The Children's Plutarch" is two volumes—"Tales from the Greeks," "Tales from the Romans"—arranged by F. J. Gould, with an Introduction by W. D. Howells. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

These two valuable volumes furnish a solution to the problem of those parents who have vainly urged the "Lives" of Plutarch upon the young.

Our grandfathers loved the "Lives" in their original form. There are records of boys of three generations ago who strapped a volume of Plutarch on the horse with the riding-blanket and read as they carried the corn to the mill to be ground. The modern child has had too much literature diluted and made easy to stand such heavy fare, and so these tales, simplified and abbreviated and yet attempting to hold close to the original form, are the best they can assimilate. Even thus popularized the lives are good fare for the young boy and excellent training for an entrance into Greek and Roman history; for, as Mr. Howells says in his Introduction: "In spite of all the knowledge of Greece and Rome which the study of scholars has since brought us, the Greece and Rome of Plutarch, which, for the English race, became the Greece and Rome of Shakespeare and of Goldsmith, will remain to the end of time the universal countries, with the 'Cities of the Soul' for their capital."

"A Child's Book of Verses." Selected and illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Duffield & Co., 1910.

The charm of Jessie Willcox Smith's children, if it does not quite match that of Kate Greenaway, falls at least not far short of it. The ten full-page drawings here of round, chubby children in a very solid and realistic child's world are as delightful as ever. Imagination or suggestion, of course, is not what these pictures have, but they have youth and truth. From the one hundred and ten children's poems chosen it is easily seen that Jessie Willcox Smith was properly brought up and trained on Whittier's "Child Life" and Christina Rossetti's "Sing-Song." All the poems included are permanently valuable; but since, by the inclusion of "She was a Treasure, She was a Sweet," the author proves her acquaintance with that most delightful writer upon child-life, William Canton, why should she have omitted his lovely "Prayer"?

> "Dear Father whom I cannot see
> Look down from Heaven on little me,
> Let angels through the darkness spread
> Their holy wings about my bed.
>
> And keep me safe because I am
> The Heavenly Shepherd's little lamb.
> Teach me to do as I am told
> And help me be as good as gold."

Herrick's "Child's Grace before Meat," if somewhat quaint and odd in form, would yet be a good addition to a modern collection of children's verses. One also misses one or two of the best of William Motherwell's children's poems and quite indispensable poems by Kipling and Stevenson.

"Favorite Fairy-tales." The Childhood Choice of Representative Men and Women. Illustrated by Peter Newell. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

Only two women, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, and Mrs. Meynell, give their favorite fairy-tales in this excellent collection which includes "Jack the Giant-killer," "Cinderella," "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Little Red Riding-Hood," the "Ugly Duckling," "Hop-

o'-my-Thumb," "Beauty and the Beast," "Little Snowdrop," "Story of the Three Bears," "Snow White and Rose Red," "The Wild Swans" and four of the "Arabian Nights Stories." It is amazing how identical is the taste of the famous and the average in childhood. Half the English-speaking children of the world would doubtless have chosen these same stories. It is a little odd that no one added Andersen's "Little Mermaid" or the "Ice Queen." Peter Newell's illustrations are excellent, and in "The Sleeping Beauty" and one of the pictures of "Beauty and the Beast" he has an unexpected suggestion of Carpaccio's St. Ursula series. These are indispensable stories in every nursery and as much a part of a child's education as the alphabet or the multiplication table.

"Bimbi Stories for Children." By "Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée). Illustrations by Maria L. Kirk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1910.

The Lippincott Company have been making most valuable reprints of children's books in the last few years. Last year they brought out George Macdonald's "Princess and Curdie," "Curdie and the Goblins" and "At the Back of the North Wind." Uniform with that edition they now produce Ouida's "Bimbi." When this volume was first printed, in 1880, it contained nine tales, as beautiful as have been written for the young in the last century. The Lippincott Company have broken up the original volume into two, publishing in the first "The Dog of Flanders," "The Nürnberg Stove" and "The Little Earl." "Bimbi" includes the remaining seven: "Moufflon," "A Provence Rose," "Lampblack," "The Child of Urbino," "The Ambitious Rose Tree," "Meleagris Gallopado" and the beautiful "Findelkind." These stories are not merely tales to amuse children, though their hold on the childish mind is as strong as it was thirty years ago, but they belong to that which we call literature. Ouida the novelist, melodramatic and sentimental, may pass, but Ouida who knew the child's heart and mind and spoke directly to them will live. Here are story and picturesque and truthful setting, a refined and poetic diction and the true poetry of the heart.

"Mopsa, the Fairy." By Jean Ingelow. Illustrations by Maria L. Kirk. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1910.

Jean Ingelow's story is full of pretty fancy and the charm of adventure, but her fairy-tale would be worth reprinting only for the lovely songs sown throughout and inaccessible elsewhere. Who would not buy the book to have a complete version of the lovely night-song which commences:

"Who pipes upon the long green hill,
Where meadow grass is deep?
The white lamb bleats but followeth on—
Follow the clean white sheep.
The dear white lady in yon high tower
She hearkeneth in her sleep."

The illustrations by Miss Kirk are particularly commendable for their dainty grace and imaginative power.

"Rewards and Fairies." By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1910.

Mr. Kipling here continues his scenes from English history with renewed zeal in inspiring patriotism. Who does not, upon opening any volume of Kipling's now, suddenly recall the amazement with which he greeted twenty-one years ago the "Plain Tales from the Hills." What unabashed audacity, what cocksureness, what verve and vigor and genius the book showed! For a while the pace of popularity kept up, and then something happened. Instead of a young and buoyant genius, a grave and tremendously endowed genius began to send forth books, and the world was disappointed. To remain popular an author must stand still at the point where he caught the world's ear, and Kipling could not do it any more than Shakespeare at fifty could have written "Love's Labor's Lost" or "Much Ado" instead of "Antony and Cleopatra" or "Coriolanus." Mr. Kipling will never quite recapture the first fine rapture of the Jungle Stories. These had the inestimable advantage of a single hero to go forth upon adventure and concentrate the glow of the world's envy and admiration. Dan and Una are no more than spectators at the feast in "Puck o' Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies." England is the hero of the book, a hero too large and too impersonal for the child's mind; nor will the wonder and glow and vitality of the pictures take the place of the personal interest. As a work of art, a poetic sketch of a great personality, "Gloriana" is a wonderful bit of writing, but the romance is that of a subtle woman and does not even touch the fringe of the child's world.

In the songs of this volume Kipling once more wields the pen of the universal genius that he is. All his vigor and his magic go into such songs as the "Carol" at the end of the book, the poem "If," which every English-speaking boy should know by heart, and "The Astrologer's Song," which is not too reminiscent of Swinburne's "Hertha."

All Mr. Kipling's work will live, but it will be students and men rather than children who will be spellbound by the wonderful flashes of England's history done by this supreme genius of his generation.

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." By Mark Twain. Illustrated by Worth Breton. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

This imperishable classic of boy-life, which in its buoyancy and vitality appeals to all ages with the same irresistible call as "Le Cid," "Don Quixote" and "Robinson Crusoe," is sent forth in new and beautiful garments for the holiday season. Well bound, printed and illustrated, here is the epic of American boyhood. The outward happenings of Tom Sawyer's life may belong to an order that is passing away, but the eternally renewed heart of a boy lives in the book and gives it a fresh vitality for each succeeding generation. There will never come a time when boys will cease to go forth as pirates and "black avengers of the Spanish Main"; when they will fail to build fires in any accessible cave and play at Guy of Gisborne in Sherwood Forest. The book, now a quarter of a century old and eternally young, reappears year after year, but this is the ideal edition, and has a claim to a place on the shelf with the world's great classics that treat of that imperishable kingdom, the imagination and play-world of the eternal boy.

"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

PART I

I.

To begin with, I wish to disclaim the possession of those high gifts of imagination and expression which would have enabled my pen to create for the reader the personality of the man who called himself after the Russian custom Cyril son of Isidor—Kirylo Sidorovitch—Razumov.

If I have ever had these gifts in any sort of living form they have been smothered out of existence a long time ago under a wilderness of words. Words, as is well known, are the great foes of reality. I have been for many years a student and a teacher of languages. It is an occupation which at length becomes fatal to whatever share of imagination, observation and insight an ordinary person may be heir to. To a teacher of languages there comes a time when the world is but a place of many words and man appears a mere talking animal not much more wonderful than a parrot.

This being so, I could not have observed Mr. Razumov or guessed at his reality by the force of insight, much less have imagined him as he was. Even to invent the mere bald facts of his life would have been utterly beyond my powers. But I think that without this declaration the readers of these pages will be able to detect in the story the marks of documentary evidence. And that is perfectly correct. It is based on a document; all I have brought to it is my knowledge of the Russian language, which is perfectly adequate for what is attempted here. The document, of course, is something in the nature of a journal, a diary, yet not exactly that in its actual form. For instance, most of it was not written up from day to day, though all the entries are dated. Some of these entries cover months of time and extend over dozens of pages. All the earlier part is a retrospect, in a narrative form, relating to an event which took place about a year before.

I must mention that I have lived for many years in Geneva. A whole quarter of that town, on account of many Russians residing there, is called *La Petite Russie* (Little Russia). I had a rather extensive connection in Little Russia at that time. Yet I confess that I have no comprehension of the Russian character. The illogicality of their attitude,

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the arbitrariness of their conclusions, the frequency of the exceptional, should present no difficulty to a student of many grammars; but there must be something else in the way, some special human trait—one of those subtle differences that are beyond the ken of mere professors. What must remain striking to a teacher of languages is the Russians' extraordinary love of words. They gather them up, they cherish them, but they don't hoard them in their breasts. On the contrary, they are always ready to pour them out by the hour or by the night with an enthusiasm, a sweeping abundance, with such an aptness of application sometimes that, as in the case of very accomplished parrots, one can't defend oneself from the suspicion that they really understand what they say. There is a generosity in their ardor of speech which removes it as far as possible from common loquacity. And it is ever too disconnected to be classed as eloquence. . . . But I must apologize for this digression.

It would be idle to inquire why Mr. Razumov has left this record behind him. It is inconceivable that he should have wished any human eye to see it. A mysterious impulse of human nature comes into play here. Putting aside Samuel Pepys, who has forced in that way the door of immortality, innumerable people, criminals, saints, philosophers, young girls, statesmen and simple imbeciles, have kept self-revealing records from vanity, no doubt, but also from other more inscrutable motives. There must be a wonderful soothing power in mere words, since so many men have used them for self-communion. Being myself a quiet individual, I take it that what all men are really after is some form or perhaps only some formula of peace. Certainly they are crying loud enough for it at the present day. What sort of peace Kirylo Sidorovitch Razumov expected to find in the writing up of his record it passeth my understanding to guess.

The fact remains that he has written it.

Mr. Razumov was a tall, well-proportioned young man, quite unusually dark for a Russian from the central provinces. His good looks would have been unquestionable if it had not been for a peculiar lack of fineness in the features. It was as if a face modelled vigorously in wax (with some approach even to a classical correctness of type) had been held close to a fire till all sharpness of line had been lost in the softening of the material. But even thus he was sufficiently good-looking. His manner, too, was good. In discussion he was easily swayed by argument and authority. With his younger compatriots he took the attitude of an inscrutable listener, a listener of the kind that hears you out intelligently and then—just changes the subject.

This sort of trick, which may arise either from intellectual insufficiency or from an imperfect trust in one's own convictions, procured for Mr. Razumov a reputation of profundity. Amongst a lot of exuberant talkers, in the habit of exhausting themselves daily by ardent discussion, a comparatively taciturn personality is naturally credited with reserve power. By his comrades at the St. Petersburg University, Kirylo Sidorovitch Razumov, third year's student of philosophy, was looked upon as a strong nature—an altogether trustworthy man. This in a country where an opinion may be a legal crime visited by death or sometimes by a fate worse than mere death meant that he was worthy of being trusted with forbidden opinions. He was liked also for his amiability and for his quiet readiness to oblige his comrades even at the cost of personal inconvenience.

Mr. Razumov was supposed to be the son of an archpriest and to be protected by a distinguished nobleman—perhaps of his own distant province. But his outward appearance accorded badly with such humble origin. Such a descent was not credible. It was, indeed, suggested that Mr. Razumov was the son of an archpriest's pretty daughter—which, of course, would put a different complexion on the matter. This theory also rendered intelligible the protection of the distinguished nobleman. All this, however, had never been investigated maliciously or otherwise. No one knew or cared who the nobleman in question was. Razumov received a modest but very sufficient allowance from the hands of an obscure attorney who seemed to act as his guardian in some measure. Now and then he appeared at some professor's informal reception. Apart from that, Razumov was not known to have any social relations in the town. He attended the obligatory lectures regularly and was considered by the authorities as a very promising student. He worked at home in the manner of a man who means to get on, but did not shut himself up severely for that purpose. He was always accessible and there was nothing secret or reserved in his life.

The origin of Mr. Razumov's record is connected with an event characteristic of modern Russia in the actual fact: the assassination of a prominent statesman—and still more characteristic of the moral corruption of an oppressed society where the noblest aspirations of humanity, the desire of freedom, an ardent patriotism, the love of justice, the sense of pity, and even the fidelity of simple minds are prostituted to the lusts of hate and fear, the inseparable companions of an uneasy despotism.

The fact alluded to above is the successful attempt on the life of Mr. de P——, the President of the notorious Repressive Commission of some years ago, the Minister of State invested with extraordinary powers. The newspapers made noise enough about that fanatical, narrow-chested figure in gold-laced uniform, with a face of crumpled parchment, insipid, bespectacled eyes, and the cross of the Order of St. Procopius hung under the skinny throat. For a time, it may be remembered, not a month passed without his portrait appearing in some one of the illustrated papers of Europe. He served the monarchy by imprisoning, exiling or sending to the gallows men and women, young and old, with an equable, unwearied industry. In his mystic acceptance of the principle of autocracy he was bent on extirpating from the land every vestige of anything that resembled freedom in public institutions; and in his ruthless persecution of the rising generation he seemed to aim at the destruction of the very hope of liberty itself.

It is said that this execrated personality had not enough imagination to be aware of the hate he inspired. It is hardly credible; but it is a fact that he took very few precautions for his safety. In the preamble of a certain famous state paper he had declared once that "the thought of liberty has never existed in the act of the Creator. From the multitude of men's counsel nothing could come but revolt and disorder; and revolt and disorder in a world created for obedience and stability is sin. It was not Reason, but Authority, which expressed the Divine Intention. God was the Autocrat of the universe. . . ." It may be that the man who made this declaration believed that Heaven itself was bound to protect him in his remorseless defence of Autocracy on this earth.

No doubt the vigilance of the police saved him many times; but, as a

matter of fact, when his appointed fate overtook him the competent authorities could not have given him any warning. They had no knowledge of any conspiracy against the minister's life, had no hint of any plot through their usual channels of information, had seen no signs, were aware of no suspicious movements or dangerous persons.

Mr. de P—— was being driven towards the railway station in a two-horse uncovered sleigh with footman and coachman on the box. Snow had been falling all night, making the roadway, uncleared as yet at this early hour, very heavy for the horses. It was still falling thickly. But the sleigh must have been observed and marked down. As it drew over to the left before taking a turn the footman noticed a peasant walking slowly on the edge of the pavement with his hands in the pockets of his sheepskin coat and his shoulders hunched up to his ears under the falling snow. On being overtaken, this peasant suddenly faced about and swung his arm. In an instant there was a terrible shock, a detonation muffled in the multitude of snowflakes; both horses lay dead and mangled on the ground, and the coachman, with a shrill cry, had fallen off the box mortally wounded. The footman (who survived) had no time to see the face of the man in the sheepskin coat. After throwing the bomb, this last got away; but it is supposed that, seeing a lot of people surging up on all sides of him in the falling snow and all running towards the scene of the explosion, he thought it safer to turn back with them.

In an incredibly short time an excited crowd assembled round the sledge. The Minister-President, getting out unhurt into the deep snow, stood near the groaning coachman and addressed the people repeatedly in his weak, colorless voice: "I beg of you to keep off. For the love of God, I beg of you good people to keep off."

It was then that a tall young man who had remained standing perfectly still within a carriage gateway, two houses lower down, stepped out into the street and, walking up rapidly, flung another bomb over the heads of the crowd. It actually struck the Minister-President on the shoulder as he stooped over his dying servant, then falling between his feet exploded with a terrific concentrated violence, striking him dead to the ground, finishing the wounded man, and practically annihilating the empty sledge in the twinkling of an eye. With a yell of horror the crowd broke up and fled in all directions except for those who fell dead or dying where they stood nearest to the Minister-President, and one or two others who did not fall till they had run on a little way.

The first explosion had brought together a crowd as if by enchantment; the second made as swiftly a solitude in the street for hundreds of yards in each direction. Through the falling snow people looked from afar at the small heap of dead bodies lying upon each other near the carcasses of the two horses. Nobody dared to approach till some Cossacks of a street patrol galloped up and, dismounting, began to turn over the dead. Amongst the innocent victims of the second explosion laid out on the pavement there was a body dressed in a peasant's sheepskin coat; but the face was unrecognizable; there was absolutely nothing found in the pockets of its poor clothing, and it was the only one whose identity was never established.

That day Mr. Razumov got up at his usual hour and spent the morning within the university buildings listening to the lectures and working for some time in the library. He heard the first vague rumor of some-

thing in the way of bomb-throwing at the table of the students' ordinary, where he was accustomed to eat his two-o'clock dinner. But this rumor was made up of mere whispers; and this was Russia, where it is not always safe, for a student especially, to appear too much interested in certain kinds of whispers. Razumov was one of those men who, living in a period of mental and political unrest, keep an instinctive hold on normal, practical, every-day life. He was aware of the emotional tension of his time; he even responded to it in an indefinite way. But his main concern was with his work, his studies and with his own future.

Officially and in fact without a family (for the daughter of the archpriest had long been dead), no home influences had shaped his opinions or his feelings. He was as lonely in the world as a man swimming in the deep sea. The word Razumov was the mere label of a solitary individuality. There were no Razumovs belonging to him anywhere. His closest parentage was defined in the statement that he was a Russian. Whatever good he expected from life would be given to or withheld from his hopes by that connection alone. This immense parentage suffered from the throes of internal dissensions, and he shrank mentally from the fray as a good-natured man may shrink from taking definite sides in a violent family quarrel.

Razumov, going home, reflected that having prepared all the matters of the forthcoming examination, he could now devote his time to the subject of the prize essay. He hankered after the silver medal. The prize was offered by the Ministry of Education: the names of the competitors would be submitted to the Minister himself. The mere fact of trying would be considered meritorious in the higher quarters; and the possessor of the prize would have a claim to an administrative appointment of the better sort after he had taken his degree. The student Razumov, in an access of elation, forgot the dangers menacing the stability of the institutions that give rewards and appointments. But remembering the medallist of the year before, Razumov, the young man of no parentage, was sobered. He and some others happened to be assembled in their comrade's rooms at the very time when that last received the official advice of his success. He was a quiet, unassuming young man. "Forgive me," he had said, with a faint apologetic smile and taking up his cap. "I am going out to order up some wine. But I must first send a telegram to my folks at home. I say! Won't the old people make it a festive time for the neighbors for twenty miles around our place?"

Razumov thought there was nothing of that sort for him in the world. His success would matter to no one. But he felt no bitterness against the nobleman his protector, who was not a provincial magnate as was generally supposed. He was, in fact, nobody less than Prince K——, once a great and splendid figure in the world and now, his day being over, a Senator and a gouty subject, living in a still splendid but more domestic manner. He had some young children and a wife as aristocratic and proud as himself.

In all his life Razumov was allowed only once to come into personal contact with the Prince.

It had the air of a chance meeting in the little attorney's office. One day Razumov, coming in by appointment, found a stranger standing there —a tall, aristocratic-looking personage with silky gray side-whiskers. The bald-headed, sly, little lawyer fellow called out, "Come in—come in, Mr

Razumov," with a sort of ironic heartiness. Then turning deferentially to the stranger with the grand air: "A ward of mine, your Excellency. One of the most promising students of his faculty in the St. Petersburg University."

To his intense surprise, Razumov saw a white shapely hand extended to him. He took it in great confusion (it was soft and passive) and heard at the same time a condescending murmur in which he caught only the words "satisfactory" and "persevere." But the most amazing thing of all was to feel suddenly a distinct pressure of the white, shapely hand just before it was withdrawn; a light pressure like a secret sign. The emotion of it was terrible. Razumov's heart seemed to leap into his throat. When he raised his eyes the aristocratic personage, motioning the little lawyer aside, had opened the door and was going out.

The attorney rummaged amongst the papers on his desk for a time. "Do you know who that was?" he asked, suddenly.

Razumov, whose heart was thumping hard yet, shook his head in silence.

"That was Prince K——. You wonder what he could be doing in the hole of a poor legal rat like myself—eh? These awfully great people have their sentimental curiosities like common sinners. But if I were you, Kirylo Sidorovitch," he continued, leering and laying a peculiar emphasis on the patronymic, "I wouldn't boast at large of the introduction. It would not be prudent, Kirylo Sidorovitch. Oh dear, no! It would be, in fact, dangerous for your future."

The young man's ears burned like fire; his sight was dim. "That man!" Razumov was saying to himself. "He!"

Henceforth it was by this monosyllable that Mr. Razumov got into the habit of referring mentally to the stranger with gray silky side-whiskers. From that time, too, when walking in the more fashionable quarters, he noted with interest the magnificent horses and carriages with Prince K——'s liveries on the box. Once he saw the Princess get out—she was shopping—followed by two girls, of which one was nearly a head taller than the other. Their fair hair hung loose down their backs in the English style; they had merry eyes, their coats, muffs and little fur caps were exactly alike, and their cheeks and noses were tinged a cheerful pink by the frost. They crossed the pavement in front of him and Razumov went on his way smiling shyly to himself. "His" daughters. They resembled "him." The young man felt a glow of warm friendliness towards these girls who would never know of his existence. Presently they would marry Generals or Kammerherrs and have girls and boys of their own, who perhaps would be aware of him as a celebrated old professor, decorated possibly a Privy Councillor, one of the glories of Russia—nothing more!

But a celebrated professor was a somebody. Distinction would convert the label Razumov into an honored name. There was nothing strange in the student Razumov's wish for distinction. A man's real life is that accorded to him in the thoughts of other men by reason of respect or natural love. Returning home on the day of the attempt on Mr. de P——'s life, Razumov resolved to have a good try for the silver medal.

Climbing slowly the four flights of the dark, dirty staircase in the house where he had his lodgings, he felt confident of success. The winner's name would be published in the papers on New-year's Day. And at the thought that "he" would most probably read it there, Razumov stopped short on the stairs for an instant, then went on smiling faintly

at his own emotion. "This is but a shadow," he said to himself, "but the medal is a solid beginning."

With those ideas of industry in his head, the warmth of his room was agreeable and encouraging. "I shall put in four hours of good work," he thought. But no sooner had he closed the door than he was horribly startled. All black against the usual tall stove of white tiles gleaming in the dusk stood a strange figure wearing a skirted, close-fitting, brown-cloth coat strapped round the waist, in long boots, and with a little Astrachan cap on its head. It loomed lithe and martial. Razumov was utterly confounded. It was only when the figure, advancing two paces, asked, in an untroubled grave voice, if the outer door was closed that he regained his power of speech.

"Haldin! . . .Victor Victorovitch! . . . Is that you? . . . Yes. The outer door is shut all right. But this is indeed unexpected."

Victor Haldin, a student older than most of his contemporaries at the university, was not one of the industrious set. He was hardly ever seen at lectures; the authorities had marked him as "restless" and "unsound" —very bad notes. But he had a great personal prestige with his comrades and influenced their thoughts. Razumov had never been intimate with him. They had met from time to time at gatherings in other students' houses. They had even had a discussion together—one of those discussions on first principles dear to the sanguine minds of youth.

Razumov wished the man had chosen some other time to come for a chat. He felt in good trim to tackle the prize essay. But as Haldin could not be slightingly dismissed, Razumov adopted the tone of hospitality, asking him to sit down and smoke.

"Kirylo Sidorovitch," said the other, "we are not perhaps in exactly the same camp. Your judgment is more philosophical. You are a man of few words, but I haven't met anybody who dared to doubt the generosity of your sentiments. There is a solidity about your character which cannot exist without courage."

Razumov felt flattered and began to mutter shyly something about being very glad of his good opinion, when Haldin raised his hand.

"This is what I was saying to myself," he continued, "as I dodged in the wood-yard down by the riverside: 'He has a strong character, this young man,' I said to myself. 'He does not throw his soul to the winds.' Your reserve has always fascinated me, Kirylo Sidorovitch. So I tried to remember your address. But look here—it was a piece of luck. Your dvornik was away from the gate talking to a sleigh-driver on the other side of the street. I met no one on the stairs, not a soul. As I came up to your floor I caught sight of your landlady coming out of your rooms. But she did not see me. She crossed the landing to her own side and then I slipped in. I have been here two hours, expecting you to come in every moment."

Razumov had listened in astonishment; but before he could open his mouth Haldin added, speaking deliberately, "It was I who removed de P—— this morning."

Razumov kept down a cry of dismay. The sentiment of his life being utterly ruined by this contact with such a crime expressed itself quaintly by a sort of half-derisive mental exclamation, "There goes my silver medal!"

Haldin continued, after waiting a while:

"You say nothing, Kirylo Sidorovitch! I understand your silence. To be sure, I cannot expect you with your frigid English manner to embrace me. But never mind your manners. You have enough heart to have heard the sound of weeping and gnashing of teeth this man raised in the land. That would be enough to get over any philosophical hopes. He was uprooting the tender plant. He had to be stopped. He was a dangerous man —a convinced man. Three more years of his work would have put us back fifty years into bondage—and look at all the lives wasted, at all the souls lost in that time."

His curt, self-confident voice suddenly lost its ring, and it was in a dull tone that he added: "Yes, brother. I have killed him. It's weary work."

Razumov had sunk into a chair. Every moment he expected a crowd of policemen to rush in. There must have been thousands of them out looking for that man walking up and down in his room. Haldin was talking again in a restrained, steady voice. Now and then he flourished an arm, slowly, without excitement.

He told Razumov how he had brooded for a year; how he had not slept properly for weeks. He and "another" had a warning of the Minister's movements from "a certain person" late the evening before. He and that "another" prepared their "engines" and resolved to have no sleep till "the deed" was done. They walked the streets under the falling snow with the "engines" on them, exchanging not a word the livelong night. When they happened to meet a police patrol they took each other by the arm and pretended to be a couple of peasants on a spree. They reeled and talked in drunken, hoarse voices. Except for these strange outbreaks, they kept silence, moving on ceaselessly. Their plans had been previously arranged. At daybreak they made their way to the spot which they knew the sledge must pass. When it appeared in sight they exchanged a muttered good-by and separated. The "other" remained at the corner; Haldin took up a position a little farther up the street. . . .

After throwing his "engine," he ran off and in a moment was overtaken by the panic-stricken people flying away from the spot after the second explosion. They were wild with terror. He was jostled once or twice. He slowed down for the rush to pass him and then turned to the left into a narrow street. There he was alone.

He marvelled at this immediate escape. The work was done. He could hardly believe it. He fought with an almost irresistible longing to lie down on the pavement and sleep. But this sort of faintness—a drowsy faintness—passed off quickly. He walked faster, making his way to one of the poorer parts of the town in order to look up Ziemianitch.

This Ziemianitch, Razumov understood, was a sort of town peasant who had got on; owner of a small number of sledges and horses for hire. Haldin paused in his narrative to exclaim:

"A bright spirit! A hardy soul! The best driver in St. Petersburg. He has a team of three horses there. . . . Ah, he's a fellow!"

This man had declared himself willing to take out safely at any time one or two persons to the second or third railway station on one of the southern lines. But there had been no time to warn him the night before. His usual haunt seemed to be a low-class eating-house on the outskirts of the town. When Haldin got there the man was not to be found. He was not expected to turn up again till the evening. Haldin wandered away restlessly.

He saw the gate of a wood-yard open and went in to get out of the wind which swept the bleak, broad thoroughfares. The great rectangular piles of cut wood loaded with snow resembled the huts of a village. At first the watchman who discovered him crouching amongst them talked in a friendly manner. He was a dried-up old man wearing two ragged army coats, one over the other; his wizened little face, tied up under the jaw and over the ears in a dirty red handkerchief, looked comical. Presently he grew sulky and then all at once without rhyme or reason began to shout furiously.

"Aren't you ever going to clear out of this, you loafer? We know all about factory hands of your sort. A big, strong, young chap! You aren't even drunk. What do you want here? You don't frighten us. Take yourself and your ugly eyes away."

Haldin stopped before the sitting Razumov. His supple figure, with the white forehead above which the fair hair stood straight up, had an aspect of lofty daring.

"He did not like my eyes," he said, "and so . . . here I am."

Razumov made an effort to speak calmly.

"But pardon me, Victor Victorovitch. We know each other so little . . . I don't see why you . . .?"

"Confidence," said Haldin.

This word sealed Razumov's lips as if a hand had been clapped on his mouth. His brain seethed with arguments.

"And so—here you are," he muttered through his teeth.

The other did not detect the tone of anger. Never suspected it.

"Yes. And nobody knows I am here. You are the last person that could be suspected—should I get caught. That's an advantage, you see. And then—speaking to a superior mind like yours, I can well say all the truth. It occurred to me that you—you have no one belonging to you—no ties, no one to suffer for it if this came out by some means. There have been enough ruined Russian homes as it is. But I don't see how my passage through your rooms can be ever known. If I should be got hold of I'll know how to keep silent—no matter what they may be pleased to do to me," he added, grimly.

He began to walk again while Razumov sat still appalled.

"You thought that," he faltered out almost sick with indignation.

"Yes, Razumov. Yes, brother. Some day you shall help to build. You suppose that I am a terrorist now—a destructor of what is. But consider that the true destroyers are they who destroy the spirit of progress and truth, not they who merely kill the bodies of persecutors of human dignity. Men like me are necessary to make room for men like you. Well, we have made the sacrifice of our lives, but all the same I want to escape if it can be done. It is not my life I want to save, but my power to do. I won't live idle. Oh no! Don't make any mistake, Razumov. Men like me are rare. And, besides, an example like this is more awful to oppressors when the perpetrator vanished without a trace. They sit in their offices and palaces and quake. All I want you to do is to help me to vanish. No great matter that. Only to go by and by and see Ziemianitch for me at that place where I went this morning. Just tell him: 'He whom you know wants a one-horse sledge to pull up half an hour after midnight at the seventh lamp-post on the left, counting from the upper end of Karabelnaya. If nobody gets in the sledge is to run round a

block or two, so as to come back past the same spot in ten minutes' time.'"

Razumov wondered why he had not cut short that talk and told this man to go away long before. Was it weakness or what?

He concluded that it was a sound instinct. Haldin must have been seen. It was impossible that some people should not have noticed the face and appearance of the man who threw the bomb. Haldin was a noticeable person. The police in their thousands must have had his description within the hour. With every moment the danger grew. Sent out to wander in the streets, he could not escape being caught in the end.

The police would very soon find out all about him. They would set about discovering a conspiracy. Everybody Haldin had ever known would be in the greatest danger. Unguarded expressions, little facts in themselves innocent would be counted for crimes. Razumov remembered certain words he said, the speeches he had listened to, the harmless gatherings he had attended—it was almost impossible for a student to keep out of that sort of thing without becoming a suspect to his comrades.

Razumov saw himself shut up in a fortress, worried, badgered, perhaps ill-used. He saw himself deported by an administrative order, his life broken, ruined and robbed of all hope. He saw himself—at best—leading a miserable existence, under police supervision, in some small, far-away provincial town without friends to assist his necessities or even take any steps to alleviate his lot—as others had. Others had fathers, mothers, brothers, relations, connections, friends, to move heaven and earth on their behalf—he had no one. The very officials that sentenced him some morning would forget his existence before sunset.

He saw his youth pass away from him in misery and half starvation—his strength give way, his mind become an abject thing. He saw himself creeping, broken down and shabby, about the streets—dying unattended in some filthy hole of a room or on the sordid bed of a government hospital.

He shuddered. Then a sort of bitter calmness came over him. It was best to keep this man out of the streets till he could be got rid of with some chance of escaping. That was the best that could be done. Razumov, of course, felt the safety of his lonely existence to be permanently endangered. This evening's doings could turn up against him at any time as long as this man lived and the present institutions endured. They appeared to him rational and indestructible at that moment. They had a force of harmony—in contrast with the horrible discord of this man's presence. He hated the man. He said, quietly:

"Yes. Of course I will go. You must give me precise directions, and for the rest—depend on me."

"Ah, you are a fellow! Collected—cool as a cucumber. A regular Englishman. Where did you get your soul from? There aren't many like you. Look here, brother! Men like me leave no posterity, but their souls are not lost. No man's soul is ever lost. It works for itself—or else where would be the sense of self-sacrifice, of martyrdom, of conviction, of faith—the labors of the soul. What will become of my soul when I die in the way I must die—soon—very soon, perhaps? I shall not perish. Don't make a mistake, Razumov. This is not murder—it is war, war. My spirit shall go on warring in some Russian body till all falsehood is swept out of the world. The modern civilization is false, but a new revelation shall

come out of Russia. Ha! You say nothing. You are a sceptic. I respect your philosophical scepticism, Razumov, but don't touch the soul. The Russian soul that lives in all of us. It has a future. It has a mission, I tell you, or else why should I have been moved to do this—reckless—like a butcher—in the middle of all these innocent people—scattering death—I! I! . . . I wouldn't hurt a fly!"

"Not so loud," warned Razumov, harshly.

Haldin sat down abruptly and, leaning his head on his folded arms, burst into tears. He wept for a long time. The dusk had deepened in the room. Razumov, motionless in sombre wonder, listened to the sobs.

The other raised his head, got up, and, with an effort, mastered his voice.

"Yes; men like me leave no posterity," he repeated in a subdued tone. "I have a sister, though. She's with my old mother—I persuaded them to go abroad this year—thank God. Not a bad little girl—my sister. She has the most trustful eyes of any human being that ever walked this earth. She will marry well, I hope. She may have children—sons, perhaps. Look at me. My father was a government official in the provinces. He had a little land, too. A simple servant of God—a true Russian in his way. His was the soul of obedience. But I am not like him. They say I resemble my mother's eldest brother, an officer. They shot him in '28. Under Nicholas, you know. Haven't I told you that this is war, war? . . . But God of Justice! This is weary work!"

Razumov in his chair, leaning his head on his hand, spoke as if from the bottom of an abyss.

"You believe in God, Haldin?"

"There you go, catching at words that are wrung from one. What does it matter? What was it the Englishman said, 'There is a divine soul in things. . . .' Devil take him—I don't remember now. But he spoke the truth. When the day of you thinkers comes don't you forget what's divine in the Russian soul—and that's resignation. Respect that in your intellectual restlessness and don't let your arrogant wisdom spoil its message to the world. I am speaking to you now like a man with a rope round his neck. What do you imagine I am? A being in revolt? No; it's you thinkers who are in everlasting revolt. I am one of the resigned. When the necessity of this heavy work came to me and I understood that it had to be done—what did I do? Did I exult? Did I take pride in my purpose? Did I try to weigh its worth and consequences? No! I was resigned. I thought 'God's will be done.'"

He threw himself full length on Razumov's bed and, putting the backs of his hands over his eyes, remained perfectly motionless and silent. Not even the sound of his breathing could be heard. The dead stillness of the room remained undisturbed till in the darkness Razumov said in a gloomy murmur,

"Haldin."

"Yes," answered the other, readily, quite invisible now on the bed and without the slightest stir.

"Isn't it time for me to start?"

"Yes, brother." The other was heard, lying still in the darkness as though he were talking in his sleep. "The time has come to put Fate to the test."

He paused, then gave a few lucid directions in the quiet impersonal

voice of a man in a trance. Razumov made ready without a word of answer. As he was leaving the room the voice on the bed said after him,

"Go with God, thou silent soul."

On the landing, moving softly, Razumov locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

II.

The words and events of that evening must have been graven as if with a steel tool on Mr. Razumov's brain, since he was able to write his relation with such fulness and precision a good many months afterwards.

The record of the thoughts which assailed him in the street is even more minute and abundant. They seem to have rushed upon him with the greater freedom, because his thinking powers were no longer crushed by Haldin's presence—the appalling presence of a great crime and the stunning force of a great fanaticism. On looking through the pages of Mr. Razumov's diary, I own that a "rush of thoughts" is not an adequate image.

The more adequate description would be a tumult of thoughts—the faithful reflection of the state of his feelings. The thoughts in themselves were not numerous—they were like the thoughts of most human beings, few and simple; but they cannot be reproduced here in all their exclamatory repetitions which went on in a long and weary turmoil, for the walk was long.

If to the Western reader they appear shocking, inappropriate or even improper, it must be remembered that as to the first this may be the effect of my crude statement. For the rest, I will only remark here that this is not a story of the west of Europe.

Nations, it may be, have fashioned their governments, but the governments have paid them back in the same coin. It is unthinkable that any young Englishman should find himself in Razumov's situation. This being so, it would be a vain enterprise to imagine what he would think. The only safe surmise to make is that he would not think as Mr. Razumov thought at this crisis of his fate. He would not have a hereditary and personal knowledge of the means by which a historical autocracy represses ideas, guards its power and defends its existence. By an act of mental extravagance, he might imagine himself arbitrarily thrown into prison; but it would never occur to him, unless he were delirious (and perhaps not even then), that he could be beaten with whips as a practical measure either of investigation or of punishment.

This is but a crude and obvious example of the different conditions of Western thought. I don't know that this danger occurred, especially to Mr. Razumov. No doubt it entered unconsciously into the general dread and the general appallingness of this crisis. Razumov, as has been seen, was aware of more subtle ways in which an individual may be undone by the proceedings of a despotic government. A simple expulsion from the university (the very least that could happen to him), with an impossibility to continue his studies anywhere, was enough to ruin utterly a young man depending entirely upon the development of his natural abilities for his place in the world. He was a Russian: and for him to be implicated meant simply sinking into the lowest social depths amongst the hopeless and the destitute—the night birds of the city.

The peculiar circumstances of Razumov's parentage, or rather of his

lack of parentage, should be taken into the account of his thoughts. And he remembered them, too. He had been lately reminded of them in a peculiarly atrocious way by this fatal Haldin. "Because I haven't that, must everything else be taken away from me?" he thought.

He nerved himself for another effort to go on. Along the roadway sledges glided phantom-like and jingling through a fluttering whiteness on the black face of the night. "For it is a crime," he was saying to himself. "A murder is a murder. Though, of course, some sort of liberal institutions. . . ."

A feeling of horrible sickness came over him. "I must be courageous," he exhorted himself mentally. All his strength was suddenly gone, as if taken out by a hand. Then by a mighty effort of will it came back, because he was afraid of fainting in the street and being picked up by the police with the key of his lodgings in his pocket. They would find Haldin there, and then indeed he would be undone.

Strangely enough, it was this fear which seems to have kept him up to the end. The passers-by were rare. They came upon him suddenly, looming up black in the snowflakes close by, then vanishing all at once—without footfalls.

It was the quarter of the very poor. Razumov noticed an elderly woman tied up in ragged shawls. Under the street lamp she seemed a beggar off duty. She walked leisurely in the blizzard as though she had no home to hurry to. She hugged under one arm a round loaf of black bread with an air of guarding a priceless booty: and Razumov, averting his glance, envied her the peace of her mind and the serenity of her fate.

To one reading Mr. Razumov's narrative, it is really a wonder how he managed to keep going as he did along one interminable street after another on pavements that were gradually becoming blocked with snow. It was the thought of Haldin locked up in his rooms and the desperate desire to get rid of his presence which drove him forward. No rational determination had any part in his exertions. Thus when, on arriving at the low eating-house, he heard that the man of horses, Ziemianitch, was not there he could only stare stupidly.

The waiter, a wild-haired youth in tarred boots and a pink shirt, exclaimed, uncovering his pale gums in a silly grin, that Ziemianitch had got his skin full early in the afternoon and had gone away with a bottle under each arm to keep it up amongst the horses—he supposed.

The owner of the vile den, a bony short man in a dirty cloth caftan, coming down to his heels, stood by, his hands tucked into his belt, and nodded confirmation.

The reek of spirits, the greasy rancid steam of food got Razumov by the throat. He struck a table with his clenched hand and shouted, violently,

"You lie."

Bleary unwashed faces were turned in his direction. A mild-eyed, ragged tramp drinking tea at the next table moved farther away. A murmur of wonder arose with an undertone of uneasiness. A laugh was heard, too, and an exclamation. "There! There!" jeeringly soothing. The waiter looked all round and announced to the room,

"The gentleman won't believe that Ziemianitch is drunk."

From a distant corner a hoarse voice belonging to a horrible nondescript shaggy being, with a black face like the muzzle of a bear, grunted, angrily:

"The cursed driver of thieves. What do we want with his gentlemen here. We are all honest folk in this place."

Razumov, biting his lip till blood came to keep himself from bursting into imprecations, followed the owner of the den, who, whispering, "Come along, little father," led him into a tiny hole of a place behind the wooden counter, whence proceeded a sound of splashing. A wet and bedraggled creature, a sort of sexless and shivering scarecrow washed glasses in there, bending over a wooden tub by the light of a tallow dip.

"Yes, little father," the man in the long caftan said, plaintively. He had a brown, cunning little face, a thin grayish beard. Trying to light a tin lantern, he hugged it to his breast and talked garrulously the while.

He would show Ziemianitch to the gentleman to prove there were no lies told. And he would show him drunk. Some woman, it seems, ran away last night. "Such a hag she was! Thin! Tfui!" He spat. They were always running away from that driver of the devil—and he sixty years old, too. Could never get used to it. But each heart knows sorrow after its own kind and Ziemianitch was a born fool all his days. And then he trusted the bottle. 'Who could bear life in our land without the bottle?' he says. A proper Russian man—the little pig. . . . Be pleased to follow me."

Razumov crossed a quadrangle of deep snow enclosed between high walls with innumerable windows. Here and there a dim yellow light hung within the four-square mass of darkness. The house was an enormous slum, a hive of human vermin, a monumental abode of misery towering on the verge of starvation and despair.

In a corner the ground sloped sharply down and Razumov followed the light of the lantern through a small doorway into a long cavernous place like a neglected subterranean byre. Deep within three shaggy little horses tied up to rings hung their heads together, motionless and shadowy in the dim light of the lantern. It must have been the famous team of Haldin's escape. Razumov peered fearfully into the gloom. His guide pawed in the straw with his foot.

"Here he is. Ah, the little pigeon! A true Russian man. 'No heavy hearts for me,' he says. 'Bring out the bottle and take your ugly mug out of my sight.' Ha! ha! ha! That's the fellow he is!"

He held the lantern over a prone form of a man, apparently fully dressed for outdoors. His head was lost in a pointed cloth hood. On the other side of a heap of straw protruded a pair of feet in monstrous thick boots.

"Always ready to drive," commented the keeper of the eating-house. "A proper Russian driver that. Saint or devil, night or day, is all one to Ziemianitch when his heart is free from sorrow. 'I don't ask who you are, but where you want to go,' he says. He would drive Satan himself to his own abode and come back whistling to his horses. Many a one he has driven who is clanking his chains in the Nertchinsk mines by this time."

Razumov shuddered.

"Call out. Wake him up," he faltered out.

The other set down his light, stepped back and launched a kick at the prostrate sleeper. The man shook at the impact, but did not move. At the third kick he grunted, but remained inert as before.

The eating-house keeper desisted and fetched a deep sigh.

"You see for yourself how it is. We have done what we can for you."

He picked up the lantern. The intense black spokes of shadow swung about in the circle of light. A terrible fury—the blind rage of self-preservation—possessed Razumov.

"Ah, the vile beast!" he bellowed out in an unearthly tone which made the lantern jump and tremble. "I shall wake you! Give me. . . . Give me. . . ."

He looked round wildly, seized the handle of a broken stable fork, and, rushing forward, struck at the prostrate body with inarticulate cries. After a time his cries ceased and the rain of blows fell in the stillness and shadows of the cellar-like stable. Razumov belabored Ziemianitch with an insatiable fury, in great volleys of sounding thwacks. Except for the violent movements of Razumov, nothing stirred; neither the beaten man nor the spook-like shadows on the walls. And only the sound of blows was heard. It was a strange scene.

Suddenly there was a sharp crack. The stick broke and half of it flew far away into the gloom beyond the light. At the same time Ziemianitch sat up. At this Razumov became as motionless as the man with the lantern —only his breast heaved for air as if ready to burst.

Some dull sensation of pain must have penetrated at last the consoling night of drunkenness enwrapping the "bright Russian soul" of Haldin's enthusiastic praise. But Ziemianitch evidently saw nothing. His eyeballs blinked all white in the light once, twice—then the gleam went out. For a moment he sat in the straw with closed eyes with a strange air of weary meditation, then fell over slowly on his side without making the slightest sound. Only the straw rustled a little. Razumov stared wildly, fighting for his breath. After a second or two he heard a light snore.

He flung from him the piece of stick remaining in his grasp and went off with great hasty strides without looking back once.

After going heedlessly for some fifty yards along the street, he walked into a snow-drift and was up to his knees before he stopped.

This recalled him to himself, and glancing about, he discovered he had been going in the wrong direction. He retraced his steps, but now at a more moderate pace. When passing before the house he had just left he flourished his fist at the sombre refuge of misery and crime rearing its sinister bulk on the white ground. It had an air of brooding. He let his arm fall by his side—discouraged.

Ziemianitch's passionate surrender to sorrow and consolation had baffled him. That was the people. A true Russian man! Razumov was glad he had beaten that brute—the "bright soul" of the other. Here they were: the people and the enthusiast.

Between the two he was done for. Between the drunkenness of the peasant incapable of action and the dream intoxication of the idealist incapable of perceiving the reason of things and the true character of men. It was a sort of terrible childishness. But children had their masters. "Ah, the stick, the stick, the stern hand," thought Razumov, longing for power to hurt and destroy.

He was glad he had thrashed that brute. The physical exertion had left his body in a comfortable glow. His mental agitation, too, was clarified, as if all the feverishness had gone out of him in a fit of outward violence.

Together with the persisting sense of terrible danger, he was conscious now of a tranquil, unquenchable hate.

He walked slower and slower. And indeed, considering the guest he had in his rooms, it was no wonder he lingered on the way. It was like harboring a pestilential disease that would not perhaps take your life, but would take from you all that made life worth living—a subtle pest that would convert earth into a hell.

What was he doing now? Lying on the bed as if dead, with the back of his hands over his eyes? Razumov had a morbidly vivid vision of Haldin on his bed—the white pillow hollowed by the head, the legs in long boots, the upturned feet. And in his abhorrence he said to himself, "I'll kill him when I get home." But he knew very well that that was of no use. The corpse hanging round his neck would be nearly as fatal as the living man. Nothing short of complete annihilation would do. And that was impossible. What then? Must one kill oneself to escape this visitation?

Razumov's despair was too profoundly tinged with hate to accept that issue.

And yet it was despair—nothing less—at the thought of having to live with Haldin for an indefinable number of days in mortal alarm at every sound. But perhaps when he heard that this "bright soul" of Ziemianitch suffered from a drunken eclipse the fellow would take his infernal resignation somewhere else. And that was not likely on the face of it.

Razumov thought, "I am being crushed—and I can't even run away." Other men had somewhere a corner of the earth—some little house in the provinces where they had a right to take their troubles. A material refuge. He had nothing. He had not even a moral refuge—the refuge of confidence. To whom could he go with this tale—in all this great, great land?

Razumov stamped his foot—and under the soft carpet of snow felt the hard ground of Russia, inanimate, cold, inert, like a sullen and tragic mother hiding her face under a winding-sheet—his native soil!—his very own—without a fireside, without a heart!

He cast his eyes upwards and stood amazed. The snow had ceased to fall, and now as if by a miracle he saw above his head the clear black sky of the northern winter, decorated with the sumptuous fires of the stars. It was a canopy fit for the resplendent purity of the snows.

Razumov received an almost physical impression of endless space and of countless millions.

He responded to it with the readiness of a Russian who is born to an inheritance of space and numbers. Under the sumptuous immensity of the sky, the snow-covered endless forests, the frozen rivers, the plains of an immense country, obliterating the landmarks, the accidents of the ground, levelling everything under its uniform whiteness like a monstrous blank page awaiting the record of an inconceivable history. It covered the passive land with its lives of countless people like Ziemianitch and its handful of agitators like this Haldin—murdering foolishly.

It was a sort of sacred inertia. Razumov felt a respect for it. A voice seemed to cry within him, "Don't touch it." It was a guarantee of duration, of safety, while the travail of maturing destiny went on—a work not of revolutions with their passionate levity of action and their shifting impulses, but of peace. What it needed was not the conflicting aspirations

of a people, but a will strong and one: it wanted not the babble of many voices, but a man—strong and one!

Razumov stood on the point of conversion. He was fascinated by its approach, by its overpowering logic. For a train of thought is never false. The falsehood lies deep in the necessities of existence, in secret fears and half-formed ambitions, in the secret confidence combined with a secret mistrust of ourselves, in the love of hope and in the dread of uncertain days.

In Russia, the land of spectral ideas and disembodied aspirations, many brave minds have turned away at last from the vain and endless conflict to the one great historical fact of the land. They turned to autocracy for the peace of their patriotic conscience as a weary unbeliever, touched by grace, turns to the faith of his fathers for the blessing of spiritual rest. Like other Russians before him, Razumov, in conflict with himself, felt the touch of grace upon his forehead.

"Haldin means disruption," he thought to himself, beginning to walk again. "What is he, with his indignation, with his talk of bondage—with his talk of God's injustice. All that means disruption. Better that thousands should suffer than that a people should become a disintegrated mass, helpless like dust in the wind. Obscurantism is better than the light of incendiary torches. The seed germinates in the night. Out of the dark soil springs the perfect plant. But a volcanic eruption is sterile, the ruin of the fertile ground. And am I, who love my country—who have nothing but that to love and put my faith in—am I to have my future, perhaps my usefulness, ruined by this sanguinary fanatic?"

The Grace entered into Razumov. He believed now in the man who would come at the appointed time.

What is the throne? A few pieces of wood upholstered in velvet. But a throne is a seat of power, too. The form of government is the shape of a tool—an instrument. But twenty thousand bladders inflated by the noblest sentiments and jostling against each other in the air are a miserable incumbrance of space, holding no power, possessing no will, having nothing to give.

He went on thus, heedless of the way, holding a discourse with himself with extraordinary abundance and facility. Generally his phrases came to him slowly, after a conscious and painstaking wooing. Some superior power had inspired him with a flow of masterly argument as certain converted sinners become overwhelmingly loquacious.

He felt an austere exultation.

"What are the luridly smoky lucubrations of that fellow to the clear grasp of my intellect?" he thought. "Is not this my country? Have I not got forty million brothers?" he asked himself unanswerably victorious in the silence of his breast. And the fearful thrashing he had given the inanimate Ziemianitch seemed to him like a sign of intimate union, a pathetically severe necessity of brotherly love. "No! If I must suffer, let me at least suffer for my convictions, not for a crime my reason—my cool superior reason rejects."

He ceased to think for a moment. The silence in his breast was complete. But he felt a suspicious uneasiness, such as we may experience when we enter a pitch-dark strange place—the irrational feeling that something may jump upon us in the dark—the absurd dread of the unseen.

Of course he was far from being a moss-grown reactionary. Everything was not for the best. Despotic bureaucracy . . . abuses . . . corruption . . . and so on. Capable men were wanted. Enlightened intelligences. Devoted hearts. But absolute power should be preserved—the tool ready for the man—for the great autocrat of the future. Razumov believed in him. The logic of history made him unavoidable. The state of the people demanded him. "What else," he asked himself, ardently, "could move all that mass in one direction? Nothing could. Nothing but a single will."

He was persuaded that he was sacrificing his personal longings of liberalism—rejecting the attractive error for the stern Russian truth. "That's patriotism," he observed, mentally, and added, "There's no stopping midway on that road," and then remarked to himself, "I am not a coward."

And again there was a dead silence in Razumov's breast. He walked with lowered head, making room for no one. He walked slowly, and his thoughts returning spoke within him with solemn slowness.

"What is this Haldin? And what am I? Only two grains of sand. But a great mountain is made up of just such insignificant grains. And the death of a man or of many men is an insignificant thing. Yet we combat a contagious pestilence. Do I want his death? No! I would save him if I could. But no one can do that; he is the withered member that must be cut off. If I must perish through him, let me at least not perish with him, and associated against my will with his sombre folly that understands nothing either of men or of things. Why should I leave a false memory?"

It passed through his mind that there was no one in the world who cared what sort of memory he left behind him. He exclaimed to himself instantly: "Perish vainly for a falsehood! . . . What a miserable fate!"

He was now in a more animated part of the town. He did not remark the crash of two colliding sledges close to the curb. The driver of one bellowed tearfully at his fellow,

"Oh, thou vile wretch!"

This coarse yell let out nearly in his ear disturbed Razumov. He shook his head impatiently and went on looking straight before him. Suddenly on the snow, stretched on his back right across his path, he saw Haldin, solid, distinct, real, with his inverted hands over his eyes, clad in a brown close-fitting coat and long boots. He was lying out of the way a little, as though he had selected that place on purpose. The snow round him was untrodden.

This hallucination had such a solidity of aspect that the first movement of Razumov was to reach for his pocket to assure himself that the key of his rooms was there. But he checked the impulse with a disdainful curve of his lips. He understood. His thought concentrated intensely on the figure left lying on his bed had culminated in this extraordinary illusion of the sight. Razumov tackled the phenomenon calmly. With a stern face, without a check and gazing far beyond the vision, he walked on, experiencing nothing but a slight tightening of the chest. After passing, he turned his head for a glance and saw only the unbroken track of his footsteps over the place where the breast of the phantom of Haldin had been.

Razumov walked on and after a little time whispered his wonder to himself.

"Exactly as if alive! Seemed to breathe! And right in my way, too! I have had an extraordinary experience!"

He made a few steps and muttered through his set teeth,

"I shall give him up."

Then for some twenty yards or more all was blank. He wrapped his cloak closer round him. He pulled his cap well forward over his eyes.

"Betray. A great word. What is betrayal? They talk of a man betraying his country, his friends, his sweetheart. There must be a moral bond first. All a man can betray is his conscience. And how is my conscience engaged here? By what bond of common faith, of common conviction, am I obliged to let that fanatical evil-doer drag me down with him? On the contrary, every obligation of true courage is the other way."

Razumov looked round from under his cap.

"What can the prejudice of the world reproach me with? Have I provoked his confidence? No! Have I by a single word, look or gesture given him reason to suppose that I accepted his trust in me? No! It is true that I consented to go and see his Ziemianitch. Well, I have been to see him. And I broke a stick on his back, too—the brute."

Something seemed to turn over in his head, bringing uppermost a singularly hard, clear facet of his brain.

"It would be better, however," he said to himself, with a quite different mental accent, "to keep that circumstance altogether to myself."

He had passed beyond the turn leading to his lodgings and had reached a wide and fashionable street. Some shops were still open, and all the restaurants. Lights fell on the pavement, where men in expensive fur coats, with here and there the elegant figure of a woman, walked with an air of leisure. Razumov looked at them with the contempt of an austere believer for the frivolous crowd. It was the world—those officers, dignitaries, men of fashion, officials, members of the Yacht Club. The event of the morning affected them all. What would they say if they knew what this student in a cloak was going to do?

"Not one of them is capable of feeling and thinking as deeply as I can. How many of them could accomplish an act of conscience?"

Razumov lingered in the well-lighted street. He was firmly decided. Indeed, it could hardly be called a decision. He had simply discovered what he had meant to do all along. And yet he felt the need of some other mind's sanction.

With something resembling anguish he said to himself,

"I want to be understood." The universal aspiration with all its profound and melancholy meaning assailed heavily Razumov, who, amongst eighty millions of his kith and kin had no heart to which he could open himself.

The attorney was not to be thought of. He despised the little agent of chicane too much. One could not go and lay one's conscience before the policeman at the corner. Neither was Razumov anxious to go to the chief of his district's police—a common-looking person whom he used to see sometimes in the street in a shabby uniform and with a cigarette stuck to his lower lip. "He would begin by locking me up, most probably. At any rate, he would get excited and create an awful commotion," thought Razumov, practically.

An act of conscience must be done with outward dignity.

Razumov longed desperately for a word of advice, for moral support. Who knows what true loneliness is—not the conventional word, but the

naked terror? To the lonely themselves, it wears a mask. The most miserable outcast hugs some memory of some illusion. Now and then a fatal conjunction of events may lift the veil for an instant. For an instant only. No human being could bear a steady view of moral solitude without going mad.

Razumov had reached that point of vision. To escape from it he embraced for a whole minute the delirious purpose of rushing to his lodgings and flinging himself on his knees by the side of the bed with the dark figure stretched on it; to pour out a full confession in passionate words that would stir the whole being of that man to its innermost depths; that would end in embraces and tears; in an incredible fellowship of souls—such as the world had never seen. It was sublime.

Inwardly he wept and trembled already. But to the casual eyes that were cast upon him he was aware that he appeared as a tranquil student in a cloak, out for a leisurely stroll. He noted, too, the sidelong, brilliant glance of a pretty woman with a delicate head and covered in the hairy skins of wild beasts down to her feet, like a frail and beautiful savage, which rested for a moment with a sort of mocking tenderness on the deep abstraction of that good-looking young man.

Suddenly Razumov stood still. The glimpse of a passing gray whisker caught and lost in the same instant had evoked the complete image of Prince K——, the man who once had pressed his hand as no other man had pressed it—a faint but lingering pressure like a secret sign, like a half-unwilling caress.

And Razumov marvelled at himself.

"A senator, a dignitary, a great personage, the very man—he!"

A strange softening emotion came over Razumov—made his knees shake a little. He repressed it with a new-born austerity. All that sentiment was pernicious nonsense. He couldn't be quick enough; and when he got into a sledge he shouted to the driver:

"To the K—— Palace. Get on—you! Fly!"

The startled moujik, bearded up to the very whites of his eyes, answered, obsequiously,

"I hear, your high nobility."

(To be Continued.)

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It is not possible for a great magazine like HARPER'S to present in advance any complete list of its notable features for the new year. To do so would be to limit its elasticity and breadth of scope and would rob the best things of the charm of novelty. But a few important things already scheduled for publication may properly be mentioned.

Margaret Deland's New Novel "The Iron Woman"

From "The Iron Woman"

THIS is a story which has in it the true qualities of greatness. It does not represent the work of a few months, but of *years*. Mrs. Deland has been almost constantly at work on it since the completion of that remarkable novel "The Awakening of Helena Richie," which was published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE more than five years ago. The result has justified the work. "The Iron Woman" is a novel of extraordinary power, a work such as no other American writer could produce. It is astonishingly vital, the characters which Mrs. Deland has created seem actually to live—one comes to look upon them as personal friends. There are scenes of delightful humor, and others of the tensest dramatic quality.

This remarkable serial begins in the current (November) number. It will be illustrated by F. Walter Taylor, whose most brilliant and sympathetic pictures add greatly to the charm of the story.

He Talked with Napoleon

A MANUSCRIPT has just been brought to light in England which is an historical revelation of the greatest importance. In November, 1814, an English merchant, Bingley Richards, was at Leghorn. All the world was then talking of Napoleon, recently exiled to the island of Elba. Mr. Richards visited the island and obtained an audience with the Emperor. Napoleon talked with him freely and at length. Mr. Richards, realizing the importance of what the Emperor had said, immediately wrote down a detailed account of his visit and a verbatim report of the conversation. This manuscript has remained in the hands of Mr. Richard's family, and will shortly be published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. No such remarkable human document has appeared in years.

NAPOLEON'S HOME AT ELBA

An Unexplored Corner of the World

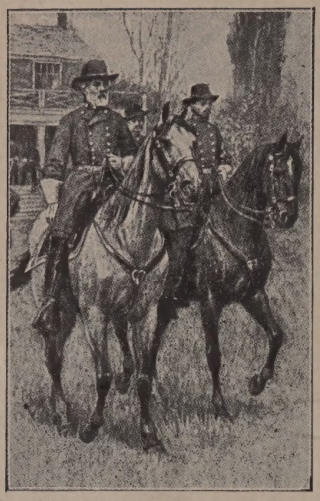
THERE remain to-day only a few corners of the world which have withstood the daring of adventurous spirits and remain *terra incognita* to the civilized world. The most interesting of these is the Arabian Desert—a vast territory lying inland between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. It is peopled with warlike tribes—fanatics in religion, who have steadily resisted all attempts of foreigners to penetrate this region of mystery. At length, however, an explorer of wide experience and knowledge of both language and people has been found who has risked his life in a daring expedition into this land. He is G. W. Bury, the well-known English traveller and writer. He is making the venture alone for HARPER'S and, like Sir Richard Burton, disguised as a native. The true story of his adventures will be more fascinating than any romance.

In an American Desert

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, of the Department of Geography of Yale University, is a traveller who, having made many expeditions into strange lands, is now turning his attention to his own country. He has written a group of important papers in his recent expedition in the desert country of Arizona. Among his papers is one which seems to settle the question as to who were the first Americans.

The Work of Making Men

LAST year we announced that Norman Duncan would write of some more men who, like Dr. Grenfell, are giving their lives to the work of helping their fellow-men to help themselves. Only one article was the result—that remarkable paper on Higgins—the lumber-jacks' sky pilot. Mr. Duncan is a careful and conscientious man. He will not write about men of this sort unless he thoroughly believes in them. At last he has found two other men in whom he does believe and who are doing remarkable work in two curiously important fields near to us all. The first of these articles will appear soon.



GENERAL LEE

General Robert E. Lee By One of His Staff

THE great main facts of the Civil War have been told by historians, but there remain unpublished many fascinating personal chapters of real history which give new life to the days of the great conflict. Major A. R. H. Ranson, formerly of the Confederate Artillery, has set down his recollections in a way which will prove of vital interest. Among them is a pen portrait of General Robert E. Lee, on whose staff he served and whom he had known from boyhood. He gives a curiously intimate and appealing picture of the great commander. Other chapters from his reminiscences deal with personal experiences, things which history neglects, but more interesting than any history.

The Last Thing that Mark Twain Wrote

THE last thing that Mark Twain wrote—a strangely touching and beautiful tribute to his daughter Jean—will be published soon in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It was written as the final chapter in his autobiography, and was completed just before his death.

History, Letters, and Literary Reminiscences

IN the field of American history there will be some new revelations—new, at least, to the lay reader. Professor George P. Garrison, of the University of Texas, tells of an almost-forgotten episode in the history of that State when it was an independent republic—how the Texan navy ran away and offered their services elsewhere. William Elliot Griffis presents a new view of Millard Fillmore, our thirteenth President, showing the real importance of his position in our history. William Rossetti, the brother of the famous poet, and himself a prominent figure in London literary society for many years, writes of the attitude of the English toward us during the years of the Civil War.

In the field of letters and literary reminiscence the outlook is particularly attractive. Two groups of hitherto unpublished letters of two of the most famous English men of letters to an American friend will be an important feature. There will be more of Ford Madox Hueffer's literary reminiscences, frequent delightful social essays by Edward S. Martin, and others by Edmund Gosse, Thomas R. Lounsbury, etc., etc.

Travel in Many Lands

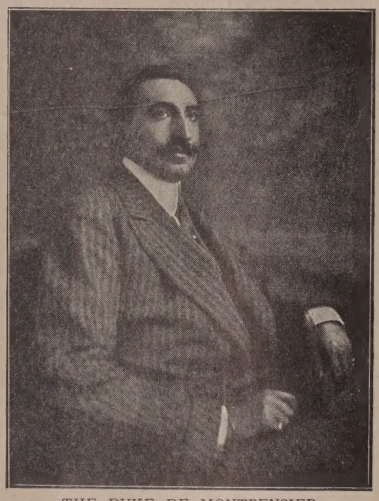
TO those who have travelled widely and to those who stay at home the travel articles of HARPER'S MAGAZINE are, alike, among the most appealing features of the MAGAZINE. New fields are opened up to the reader and old and pleasant memories revived. Charles H. White, the well-known etcher, is now in Europe gathering material for a new series of articles to be accompanied by his own etchings; and Louise Closser Hale will contribute more of her charming articles, with illustrations by Walter Hale. Charles W. Furlong, F. R. G. S., will give a vivid account of the famous French penal colony of Cayenne—"the dry guillotine," as they call it in France.

The World of Science and Medicine

THIS is the age of science. Every day discoveries are being made which change the whole course of our industrial life. Nothing is so interesting, nothing so stimulating to the imagination, as the work which the great investigators are doing in their laboratories. This is a field which HARPER'S MAGAZINE has made its own. Because it has published only authoritative scientific articles from the highest sources, the great men of science and savants of the world are willing and ready to write for HARPER'S. No other non-technical magazine has so high a standing in the scientific world. Among the famous contributors in this field are: A .D. Hall, F. R. S., Director of the Rothamstead Experimental Station, England; Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan, of the University of Pittsburg and the University of Kansas; Professor George W. Ritchey, of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, etc., etc., etc.

A Royal Explorer in Indo-China

THE Duke de Montpensier is a nobleman who has already made for himself a reputation as a traveller and a mighty hunter. He has just started on a journey by automobile into the hitherto unexplored hinterland of Indo-China. His expedition will make its way through a country little known and where, of course, no automobile has ever been seen. The Duke himself will write the story of his adventures and discoveries.



THE DUKE DE MONTPENSIER

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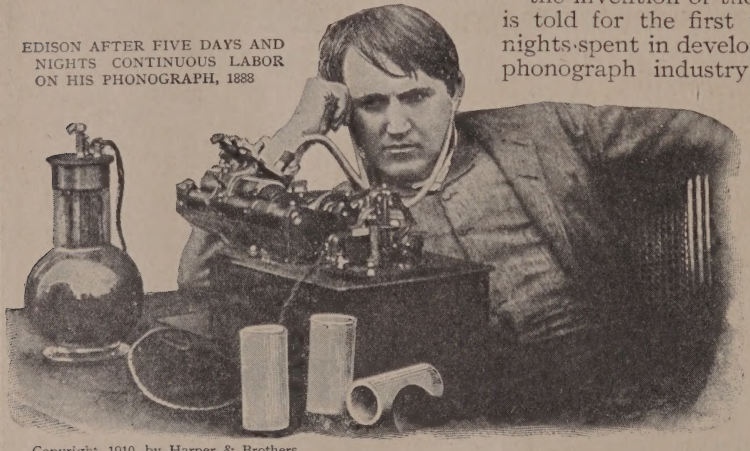

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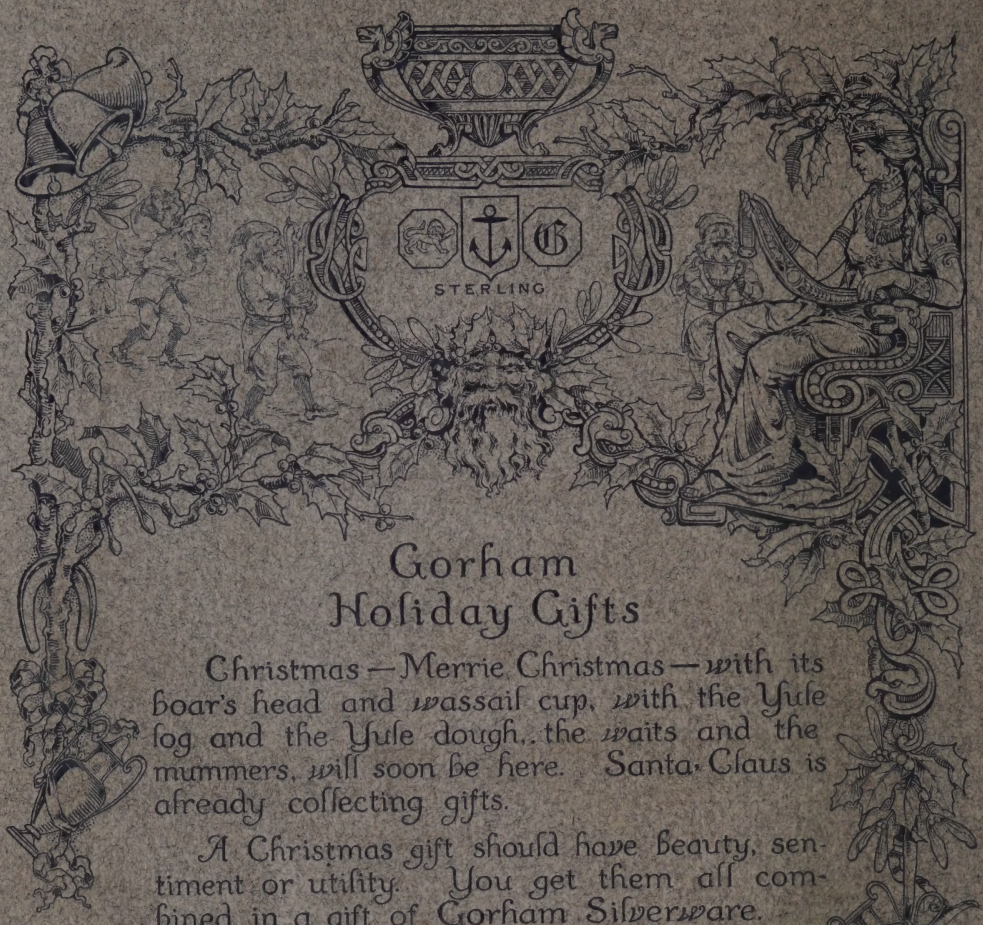

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